

THE 'INSTEAD OF' MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

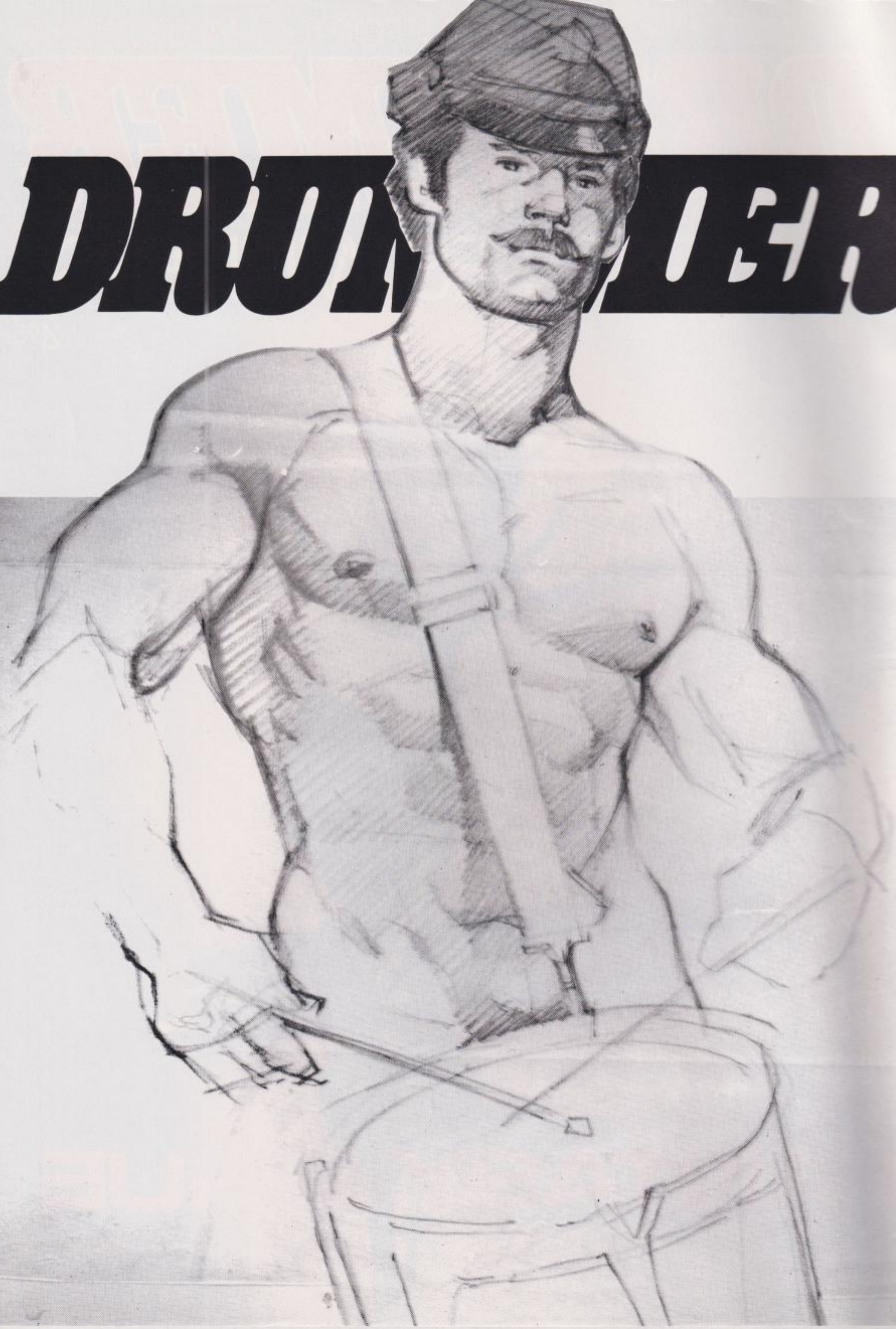
SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS!

495

FANTASY ISSUE

ISSUE 98

DRUMMER



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



FANTASY FICTION ISSUE

- 4 TRASH AND LEATHER**
A junk yard approach to leather with a taste of class.
- 6 A DOG'S LIFE**
It ain't all Gravy Train and Alpo, kid.
- 8 IS THERE SEX AFTER DEATH?**
Is everything over, or is it just a new beginning?
- 10 WITNESS by Phillip Gaudreau**
A slave's life is not an easy one, but it has its rewards.
- 12 A WEEKEND WITH DADDY by William Kilmer**
Fantasyland becomes Babyland with a trip to the kennels.
- 15 REPORT**
All the shit that's fit to print leatherwise.
- 16 FORUM**
A scathing attack in a new book on poppers and the industry.
- 18 MALECALL**
- 20 DRUMMEDIA / MOVIES**
- 23 DRUMMEDIA / VIDEO**
- 26 LEATHER NOTEBOOK by Larry Townsend**
- 27 BOOK SECTION**
A second helping of Robert Payne's 1990 blockbuster!
- 36 BOUND FOR GLORY by Mason Powell**
"The War Against Rhengfel."
- 47 ADVENTURETIME with Etienne**
Rape on the subway and Sailor Beware.
- 56 DEAR SIR!**
The biggest classified section in our history.
- 74 DRUMSTICKS**
To tickle your funnybone.
- 86 LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD by Frank O'Rourke**
- 87 DRUM by Bill Ward**
- 90 MANWATCHING IN RINGOLD ALLEY**
South of Market's annual daytime bare chest extravaganza caught by the magic camera of Richard Law.
- 96 TOUGH CUSTOMERS**
- 98 IN PASSING**
With a word from Drummer's new publishers.

Cover: Photo by Jim Moss.

Opposite page: Illustration by Harry Bush.

You have in your hand what I presume to be the last issue of DRUMMER with yours truly as publisher. Alternate Publishing has announced the sale of DRUMMER, MACH and FQ magazines to Desmond Publications, formerly of Chicago. Eleven years, going on twelve, is a long time for this experience that has certainly had its extreme joys and pleasure, triumphs and disappointments. At this point and time we have celebrated our anniversary in June, selected a new Mr. Drummer for the year and completed just about everything except putting out issue 100. That we will have to leave to the new publishers. It will be out in November.

What has been accomplished these past eleven, going on twelve, years? DRUMMER has become one of the most respected of gay publications, in spite of its subject matter.

DRUMMER has fostered the leather lifestyle nationally and internationally, somewhat unifying the leather community through the years. We like to feel it has brought humor and understanding to an area that was deemed humorless and misunderstood. It has been DRUMMER'S pleasure to present many hitherto unpublished writers, artists and photographers, being in its own way a patron of the arts, producing a showcase for a branch of creativity that had nowhere else to go.

It has had its imitators and detractors, many of which have been left by the wayside, lacking DRUMMER'S loyal following. On going back through many of the back issues, I never cease to be amazed at how really good parts of them can be. The standards have been high and our contributors have made them even higher.

An English art magazine has called us the best of the American gay slicks but the nicest things said about us in recent memory came from one of our favorite contributors, writing for the *New York Connections*:

"Of all the popular gay publications, DRUMMER is the only one with real balls; it's unafraid to take chances, to boldly go where no gay magazine has gone before.

"DRUMMER is also the most politically astute of the gay magazines...generally representative of the frontline of gay political thought, indeed, the entire magazine can be seen as an act of radical politics. DRUMMER gets to people in ways 'safe' gay magazines don't...this portrayal of gays as a strong, proud people, not the odd bits of leather and sexual paraphernalia in the photos is what's revolutionary about DRUMMER...a pleasure to read and a pleasure to write for."

And it has been a pleasure to have been around. I'll be reading DRUMMER as enthusiastically as I ever have in the time to come.

—John H. Embry



TRASH AND LEATHER

CURT HAMMER

Tuesday nights in Houston are pretty tame—most of the time. After a big party weekend, everyone usually stays home to rest up for a couple of nights.

The last weekend had been different. Due to work, I had missed out on the weekend and by Tuesday, I was horny as shit. After jacking-off to a video I was still climbing the wall. I layed there rubbing my thick knob, teasing it until I felt my load about to pop, each time stopping my rhythmic stroke as I felt the heavy juices start to boil within me.

I couldn't take it anymore. I stood up, my heavy piece bobbed between my thighs. I knew I needed the real thing tonight.

I pulled on a pair of my trashiest jeans, my most rumpled shirt, and my new boots. My huge prick ached from the restraint of my jeans as I crammed the dangling member into my pant leg next to my muscular inseam. The thick outline fascinated me as I inspected it carefully in the mirror before me.

Somehow the boots looked a little out of place in contrast to the faded and ragged jeans. The smooth, unused surface of the protruding black toes was a dead giveaway to my inexperience.

I had just started getting into leather sex a couple of months earlier and the boots were, for all practical purposes, my first leather investment. I studied them for a few minutes, taking time to notice the fine quality of the unpolished brown stitching along the edges. I hoped no one would notice their newness.

Since I lived only a few blocks away, I decided to walk to the bar that night. I was careful to walk in the dirt along the road, kicking at piles of road gravel along the way in hopes that the dust and friction would add a little wear to the texture of the leather. I could still feel my semihard cock rubbing against my pant leg, pressed between the threadbare cotton and my flesh, with every stride. I could feel a little precum running down the inside of my leg as I grew more and more excited with each frictionous movement.

In no time I was there. I paused as I entered to notice a hunky, dark-complected man standing next to the row of motorcycles which lined the front of the building. He was decked in full leather. I paused to look at him momentarily, to study the mastery of his leather, each article worn with knowledgeable expertise. He moved a bit, his well-kept leather creaking, ever so slightly, to conform to the shift of his manly frame.

I felt a shiver of excitement as my eyes stared, first at his bulging crotch which protruded commandingly from his chaps, then to his dark, almost hypnotic eyes. I could tell by the way he pulled at the edge of his wiry black moustache that I was pegged.

He just stood there looking me over. His penetrating glare made me feel like a piece of meat as his eyes dropped to inspect my profiled ass. He paused as he examined my boots, then met my eyes like he was looking right through me. Nothing was said as I walked into the bar. Nothing needed to be said.

I went to the far side of the bar and ordered a beer. I could keep an eye on the door there as I looked around the crowd. It was unusually busy for a Tuesday night but, it didn't matter who else was out. I knew what I wanted.

I kept thinking about his bulging basket as I finished my beer and ordered a new one. Every once in a while someone would brush my ass as they passed. I arched my spine and stuck my butt up slightly, remembering the way he had looked at it earlier.

I guess I must have smiled a bit at the thought because a few

strangers started getting real frisky as they walked by. Occasionally, someone would grab my well-rounded and anxious ass. Their big hands brought a warmth to my body as they began to work my muscular flesh. I closed my eyes and pretended it was him as I stood facing the bar with my legs spread slightly. I could feel the heavy fur of the tempter's arm as it slipped into the back of my jeans and slid down my peachy crack.

By this time nearly fifteen minutes had passed. I knew he had not yet entered the bar. I was getting hornier by the minute as I felt the mysterious hands from behind groping between my warm thighs, massaging my bulging piece to life.

I ordered another beer, smiled at my mysterious groper, and excused myself as I walked to the leather shop. I could smell the heavy scent of fresh leather throughout the shop. The intoxicating odor reminded me of my earlier acquaintance outside. I wanted him. I would do anything to serve him.

It was on my fourth or fifth beer that I began to realize that he wasn't coming. He must have been waiting for someone else, I thought. What a dumb ass I had been for even thinking that he would be available to someone as undeserving as me. I was trash and I knew it.

I talked to the leatherman behind the counter for a few minutes and decided to buy a cock ring. He talked me into one with small spikes which pressed into the cock and balls. By this time I was feeling no pain so I was ready to try anything.

"Undo your pants," he ordered.

Not quite sure how to respond, I looked at him with surprise, then reluctantly consented. I realized if I ever wanted to get serious about leather I should do what I was told. I popped my fly open and stood there as my jeans dropped slightly on my half-exposed ass. I knew there was someone behind me, watching, ready to crawl right into my deep, exposed crack. I shifted my weight slightly offering my best show. By now I really didn't care.

The leatherman behind the counter grabbed my cock and balls and pulled them to the edge of the counter. My long, sagging sack shot with momentary pain as he pulled me to my toes, applying just the right tension to my suspended nuts. I winced slightly as he tightened the leather cock piece around my unguarded crotch meat.

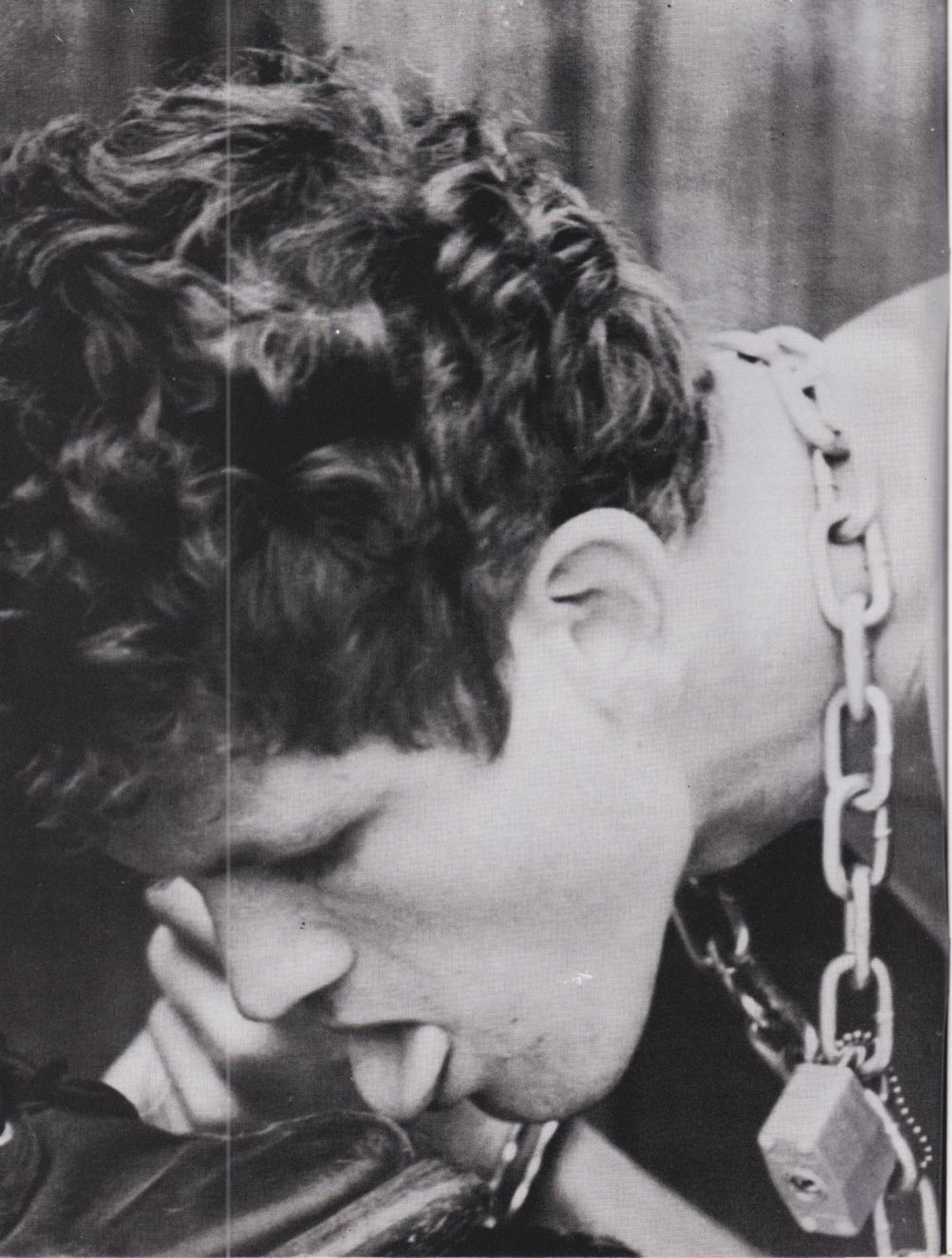
I stood there looking at my cock as it swelled. I could see the huge, purple veins jutting out of the side of it as it grew. The fat, bulbous head took on a deep reddish tone as its contents filled the pourous nerve endings to what seemed to be beyond its capacity. My pants slipped, almost to my knees, as I stood there admiring the black band which pressed into my groin.

By this time onlookers had gathered to view my naked ass in the dim light of the leather shop. I felt a hand come from behind, groping my tight buns and fingering my wet, hairy bunghole. I could feel my asshole tighten around his nubby fingers as he poked his way into me. First one finger, as it slid deep into my waiting hole, then another as he pryed my bud open still further.

"Bend over and show us your ass, kid," a gruff voice ordered from behind. The thought of me standing there, bent over in a vulnerable exhibition caused me to remember the commanding look my fantasy leatherman had given my ass earlier as he inspected it with his cold, dark eyes.

I pretended the voice from behind was him as I stuck my ass shamelessly toward the crowd for inspection. I wanted to make sure that everyone saw it as I poked it high into the air. After all,

continued on page 83



A DOG'S LIFE

I guess this is really a warning rather than a story, but I'm going to tell it as my story for that is actually what it is. I had dreamed of being a slave and had had several temporary slave Masters. But each one was really only a prelude to a stricter one later on. Each fantasy fulfilled, was but the tip off that there were yet more fantasies to be fulfilled.

It was about three years ago. . . (I have not been able to keep any accurate count of time since then) that I walked up the long walk to a secluded house in Santa Maria and knocked on the door. I had gotten the address from calling a number I read on the john wall in a library. The conversation had been short:

"You want to be my slave?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Come to. . . tonight before seven."

"Could I make it nine, Sir?"

"Forget it!" and he hung up.

All afternoon I could think of nothing else and about 6:30 I arrived at the address he had given me. I had dressed carefully in the sexiest cutoffs I could find. I left my Ford LTD in front of his house and knocked on the door. A fantastic handsome giant of a man opened the door. He was dressed in a smoking jacket and had a pipe in his mouth and the newspaper in his hand. "Yes?"

"Sir, I talked to you on the phone this morning."

He seemed uninterested. "Oh, yes. Come in."

He looked me over, but only a glance. I noticed that he locked the door and then went over to a big easy chair and sat down. He began reading his paper. I felt very awkward. I didn't know what to do. I was just left standing there. After a minute or so, I ventured: "I want to be your slave, Sir."

"Yes, well I will get to you when I have time. You can take your clothes off if you wish."

He was reading the paper, and I didn't like the way things were going at all. I stood there for a few minutes thinking of leaving, but then I remembered that he had locked the door. There really was nothing to do but take off my clothes. I took them off slowly and folded them up carefully and put them on a chair. He never even glanced up at me—just reading his paper.

I stood there without a stitch on waiting for him. It seemed like hours. I had put my watch in the pocket of my cutoffs so I could not tell exactly how long it was. But it must have been at least twenty minutes before he looked up casually. He put down his pipe and newspaper and began to get up. I thought he might ask about who I was, but he seemed totally uninterested in me. He never asked my name or where I was from or anything. He went to a cupboard and took out a dog collar with a chain about two yards long on it. He put the collar around my neck and then took out a small padlock and locked it. "Down on all fours!"

I quickly obeyed, but he kicked me in the butt anyway.

Suddenly he began to lead me to the next room and then down some stairs. I had a hell of a time going down the stairs on all fours and keeping up with him, but I made it. We arrived in his basement. It was an unfinished basement and he had done very little toward finishing it. The beams all were showing and in one part the floor had not even been laid, and there was just dirt. He led me to that part and said, "This is your home, Fido. Sit!" He dropped the chain and went back upstairs. Soon he returned with two bowls. One had water in it and the other was empty.

When he had put the bowls in the corner, he began slowly taking off his pants, revealing a beautiful cock and large balls which hung down. He had also brought himself a beer and he leaned up against a post and began drinking it. He seemed to be oblivious of my presence.

After a little while, he said, "Want some beer, Fido?"

I said, "Yes, Sir, I'd like that."

He went over to the bowls and pissed in the empty one without saying a word. I realized that this was my beer—recycled. I really did not want to drink it, but I was afraid of what might happen if I didn't. I crawled over to the bowls and sniffed them both. I realized that I was a dog and I was acting like a dog. It came naturally to me. I did not have to think about it.

I began to lick up the "beer." While I was doing this, my Master came over and took the end of my leash and fastened it to a bolt in the wall. Inevitably, he padlocked it. I didn't like the warm beer, but I was afraid to stop lapping it up.

When I finished, he lay down beside me and put his cock in my mouth. I realized that he wanted it sucked. I gave him a great blow job—the best I could. He enjoyed it, but said nothing. When it was over, he got up and walked away.

He had gone upstairs. There was nothing for me to do but lie down on the dirt floor. I assumed he would be back in a few minutes, but this guy was strange. I waited what seemed like about half an hour and then I began to panic. Was he coming back or was that all?

After a few more minutes I began to try to think what I could do. I was thirsty after the beer and I lapped up some water. I was afraid to drink it any other way. What if he should return and see me drinking like a human? Finally I had a plan. I drank up all the water and then began squealing. It was a long time before he appeared at the door. He had on his pajamas. He looked at me with disdain. "You keep me up tonight and you'll be sorry." With that he threw a bone in my direction and then noticing that I was out of water, he took the water bowl and filled it in the next room. When he came back, he muttered: "Have a treat," and pissed in the other bowl. Then he left. Obviously to go to bed.

It couldn't have been more than nine o'clock. He goes to bed

continued on page 81

DRUMMER 7



YES, THERE IS SEX AFTER DEATH

by BEN DAVIS

I was soaping my balls when he stepped into the shower room and looked around as if he weren't sure he belonged. He did. Guys like him go with shower rooms like marines with boot camp; guys like me only tour the shower rooms like sightseers along Sunset Boulevard.

I had seen him before, walking from the weight room to the pool and back again. His body was a knockout. The muscles in his arms alone stood out like boulders perched on the edge of a cliff. This guy was a 200-pound barbell, out of my class. Look, but don't touch.

So I nearly dropped my soap when he began talking to me after he had run the shower two stalls from mine.

"Are you a professor here?" he asked. Not too original, but I recognized openers when I heard them. Nevertheless, I played it straight. That was my intention, anyway. A hunky kid like this one in a place like this was

too dangerous to play games with.

"No," I shouted back. The running water of the showers was drowning out the words. "An alumnus."

"Me, too," he tossed his words back to me. "When did you graduate?"

"A long time ago." My age is my business. Not that I'm ashamed of it. Just a little self-conscious when a guy twenty years younger than me innocently jams his age down my throat just by mentioning it.

"I just graduated a year ago." Sure enough he jammed it down my throat as carelessly as a baby pulling the tail of his pet dog.

I decided to keep up my side of the chit-chat. "Where do you work?" He seemed a little embarrassed as he said, "The Defense Department in Washington. I'm an engineer." He was embarrassed alright, like most graduates today of a liberal-oriented college would be to admit they worked for the Defense Department. I held back my sarcasm because he was too vulnerable.

But I was surprised. Didn't this kid realize the danger of telling a stranger whom he may be cruising that he worked for the Defense Department? The military was highly allergic to queers in their employ. How did he know he could trust me? I chalked it up to his naivete.

We chit-chatted for a couple of minutes while we both continued to leisurely soap certain parts of our bodies. I watched his hands massage his huge balls that looked like the kid brothers of the boulders in his arms. Then they gradually moved to his cock which, even soft, seemed to almost reach the floor, and began slowly and thoroughly soaping it. I tried hard not to stare. I hoped I wasn't too obvious as I watched his cock slowly work its way to a horizontal position. It was big enough to serve as a bridge over a gorge.

His eyes rapidly shifted between my face and my hands, which were washing my balls and cock. My balls always seemed to take the cue from my cock and harden as my cock stiffened. Sure enough, it was happening like clockwork. Meanwhile, we continued our chit-chat like two regular guys.

It was lucky we did. How long could we have had the showers to ourselves? Two jocks walked in, laughed at some joke between themselves. My hunky kid jerked his body around to hide his hard-on from them and nervously washed the soap off his body. Since my back was already facing the entrance, they didn't see mine. He turned his shower off and walked past them to the lockers without saying a word to me.

I was relieved. A university shower room was too dangerous to play these games in. That hunky kid was also too dangerous. His body was a lethal weapon which shouldn't be handled just anywhere. It could do big harm. Obviously, he hadn't learned that yet. And I had almost let him wound me. I should have known better.

I leisurely cleaned the rest of my body while the two jocks were showering and talking at the other end. That kid had been too skittish. These jocks had hardly noticed us. Since our shower game wasn't part of their own repertoire of sports, naturally it wasn't part of ours, either. Not unless we had been screaming queens or mincing fairies. We weren't. We were a respectable middle-aged man, trim for his age, and a young, spectacular he-man. I left the shower room to dress and go home. It was late; I was tired and wanted to get to sleep.

As I exited the gym into the night, its breezy blackness smacked my face like a peevish lover who had been kept waiting too long. So did his muscular voice. "Would you like to have a cup of coffee with me?" It hit me like a ton of bricks and left me whimpering. I managed to whisper, "How about my place?"

On the short walk to my apartment, I sweated to keep my cock down as his voice continued to pound me with its nervous chit-chat. But my cock knew what I wanted better than I did. He had to have seen my rising bulge; his chit-chat was sounding more and more nervous.

When I opened the door of my apartment and switched on

the lights, I felt ashamed. The crumpled shirts heaped like manure on the chairs and the odd shoes scattered like carcasses on the floor embarrassed me for the first time since Mack had died. The place smelled of loneliness.

He walked in just as he had walked into the shower room, uncertainly looking around to make sure this was the right place. It was and I was in charge now. It was alright for him to discharge his gun here. But, since he was like a suspicious young buck ready to leap for safety at the first wrong move, I proceeded cautiously.

"How about that cup of coffee," I said as I picked up the shirts and dumped them into the first open drawer I could find and then threw the odd shoes into the closet. I looked around. It would have to do.

"Sure," he said. I took one of his boulder arms and led him to the sofa. He sat down obediently. "What do you take in it?" I asked. "Nothing, just black, thank you." I had to give him credit; he was well-mannered. Too well-mannered. This wasn't teatime during a social call to his auntie.

"Nice place you have here," he lied. He had left the sofa and come into the kitchen. I was tense. I wanted to rip open his pants and suck his bridgelike dick. But, instead, I waited for the water to boil. He prowled the kitchen waiting for me.

Finally I could hand him his cup of instant coffee. We returned to the sofa and sat down. I couldn't keep my hands from shaking. It wasn't just the hulking chest looking like two soccer balls straining the threads of his tee-shirt or the weighty thighs almost touching mine. It was the memories of the frenzy that a chest and thighs like these used to arouse in me. A frenzy all mixed up with lust and love. It seemed like another time.

My hand shook too hard and some of the hot coffee spilled on his pants leg. He yelped more in surprise than pain.

"Oh, Christ, I'm sorry." I didn't know what to do. He had stood up and was holding the pants away from his leg. I gave him a wet cloth with which he wiped the large spot. Since they were only jeans, the spill wouldn't leave a mark.

"Take them off and let them dry," I commanded. He obeyed. He folded the pants and then faced me. His growing cock threatened to rip open his BVDs. "Let's go to the bedroom," I said and took his hand, which was too large for my fingers to fit around. I grabbed a thick finger, instead.

In the bedroom he ripped off his BVDs and shirt. When I started to take off my clothes, he stopped me and began gently undressing me. Off came my shirt; and onto my right nipple and then my left one flicked his tongue. It ambled across my chest from one nipple to the other. The moans erupted from my throat. Then his tongue flicked down my stomach and stopped above my belt. On his knees with his thick cock now touching the floor, he fumbled with my belt and pushed my hand away when I tried to help him. My pants finally lay around my ankles and he massaged my cock through my BVDs. I couldn't believe it. All the actions were the same. Had Mack returned to me? An ecstasy like that of a kid returning home at last swept all through me.

He lifted each of my legs and removed my pants from my ankles. Then his boulder arms swung me up and cradled me while he lay me down on the bed and began removing my shoes and socks from each foot. His tongue moved up, down, and around each toe and gently massaged the bottom of each foot like a soft sponge.

I had to stop him before I came. I had to put his giant into my mouth. I pushed him onto the bed and ate his cock. I chewed; I bit; I sucked; I swept my tongue back and forth, up and down, around and around the smooth mushroom crowning his stem. I ran the insides of my cheeks down, up, down, up against the smooth marbled surface of this giant stem. I frantically jammed it further into my throat. I choked. I didn't care. His cock started twitching involuntarily. He was coming. Harder, faster I pounded my head, like a piston propelling the wheels of a train. I couldn't stop.

But he stopped me. "No, please, don't. Not yet," he pleaded.

continued on page 80



WITNESS

by PHILIP GAUDREAU

It must have been around 4 A.M.; I was slowly driving home from a late party at a friend's house, when I saw him: a young man, staggering along the sidewalk, completely naked! I couldn't believe my eyes. Was he drunk? Or really wiped out on drugs? Or had he been mugged? I pulled over to the curb and stopped the car, watching him for a moment through the rear-view mirror. He was stumbling from storefront to storefront, clinging to the walls of the buildings for support as he went, stopping for a moment to sag against a doorway to catch his breath, then slowly, clumsily, almost painfully, moving on. The street was deserted except for the two of us. I wondered if he were ill, if I should get out and try to help him. Maybe he was really crazy from drugs and dangerous! I toyed with the idea of trying to contact the police on my CB radio. But just then he ran into a large public trash receptacle and collapsed over it, clinging to the rim desperately. I decided to try to help. Locking the car, I walked back toward him.

As I got closer I could see lash marks on his back and buttocks, bruises on his wrists and ankles and a small line of dried blood stuck to the skin of his right cheek. He wore a studded black leather dog collar around his neck, but otherwise he was totally naked; and he had been shaved from head to toe! I stopped about five feet from him and watched for a moment. He was crying softly.

"Can I help you?" I said.

A moment passed. He stopped sobbing and slowly raised his head to look at me.

"Do you need help?" I repeated, surveying the bruises on his body: whip marks on his back, rope burns on the ankles and wrists, several cuts on his head and arms and legs where a razor had dug too deep into the skin with small patches of dried blood clinging to them.

He shook his head "No," sagged against the trash bin, then began to sob again.

"Were you mugged? Who did this to you?" Realizing as I said it that this was obviously not the result of a street crime. This guy was somebody's slave, turned out into the street, naked, to find his way home in the dark. Suddenly the thought sent a shudder through my body and I felt my cock swell. Yes, I thought, that's exactly what had happened. He'd been kicked out into the street, naked, by his Master! I looked at him somewhat differently now. He was about 23 or 24, slim, not overly muscular, about 5'10" tall. His eyebrows were the only hair that remained, they were dark. He looked up and saw me staring at him and suddenly he must have felt embarrassed and he attempted to cover his shaved crotch with his hands.

"I'm nothing," he cried, "I'm nothing, don't look at me, go 'way."

The full impact of the scene struck me like a shot. My heart leaped out to this boy, this slave, who was feeling so abused, so humiliated, so abandoned.

"Did your Master send you out like this?" I asked.

He stared at me for a moment, searching my face, realizing that I knew what had happened, what he was.

"He threw me out!" he gasped. "He beat me and whipped me and shaved me and made me do all those other things and..." He stopped, tears running down his face, his features contorted with anguish. "I love him! I told him I love him, and then he beat me so hard I couldn't stand it and still I wanted him to beat me harder and harder—just so I could show him how much I love him and how much I would endure for him! Oh God, I love him so much, I'd do anything for him! I told him so. I said, 'Please, Master, I love you. Please hurt me, please use my body. I want to show you how much I love you. Please,

please!'... But then he grabbed me and threw me out the door, like this, naked! and told me to go on home.

"He called me an asshole. Oh God, I love him so much, and he called me a turd and kicked me out! What'll I do? I need him! I love him! God, help me!"

Then at last, I understood more completely what had happened. This guy's Master had realized how deep a love was here! And how devoted a slave could be created from this boy. He had decided to give him a real opportunity to demonstrate his love and devotion. But how? The beating and shaving and verbal abuse he gave him at his apartment were not enough. This slave needed the opportunity to prove himself by being publicly humiliated. Yes, that would do it! Send him out, naked, into the street, completely stripped of everything except the marks of his beatings and the dog collar which showed to the world that the boy belonged to a real Master! I looked again at this boy, this slave, standing before me in abject humiliation, crying. And I smiled at him.

"Hey," I said, "don't you understand? Your Master has done a wonderful thing for you. He saw that you needed an extreme way of demonstrating your love and devotion for him. Now he is allowing you to show the world that he controls your mind as well as your body by forcing you to be humiliated like this. This is a beautiful thing, guy! Don't you see? Stand up and show me your nakedness, show me your bruises, show me where your Master beat you and shaved you and whipped you. Show yourself proudly! And show me how gratefully you endure all this because you love your Master and will do whatever he asks of you to demonstrate that love!"

The fellow looked at me. His tear-stained face slowly softened.

"Oh my God! You're right! Oh yes! Yes! I'll show you! I will do that for him. Yes, I want to show you how much I love him. Look! Here! Here is where he punched me, here is where he kicked me, here is where he whipped me—Oh God! that hurt so much! But I took it! I cried from the pain, but then I told him I loved him and I begged him to hurt me some more. And that's when he cut my cheek with his knife and made me lick the blood off. Oh God, how I was burning inside for him! I wanted him to take me and crush me and destroy me and make me part of him, part of his body! He's wonderful, you know, so strong and bright and handsome. And I belong to him! Yes! That's the most wonderful part. I am his entirely! Here I am, standing in front of you, naked, telling you that. Telling you that I love my Master, and I am doing all this for him. I am naked in the street for him, and I am suddenly so happy!"

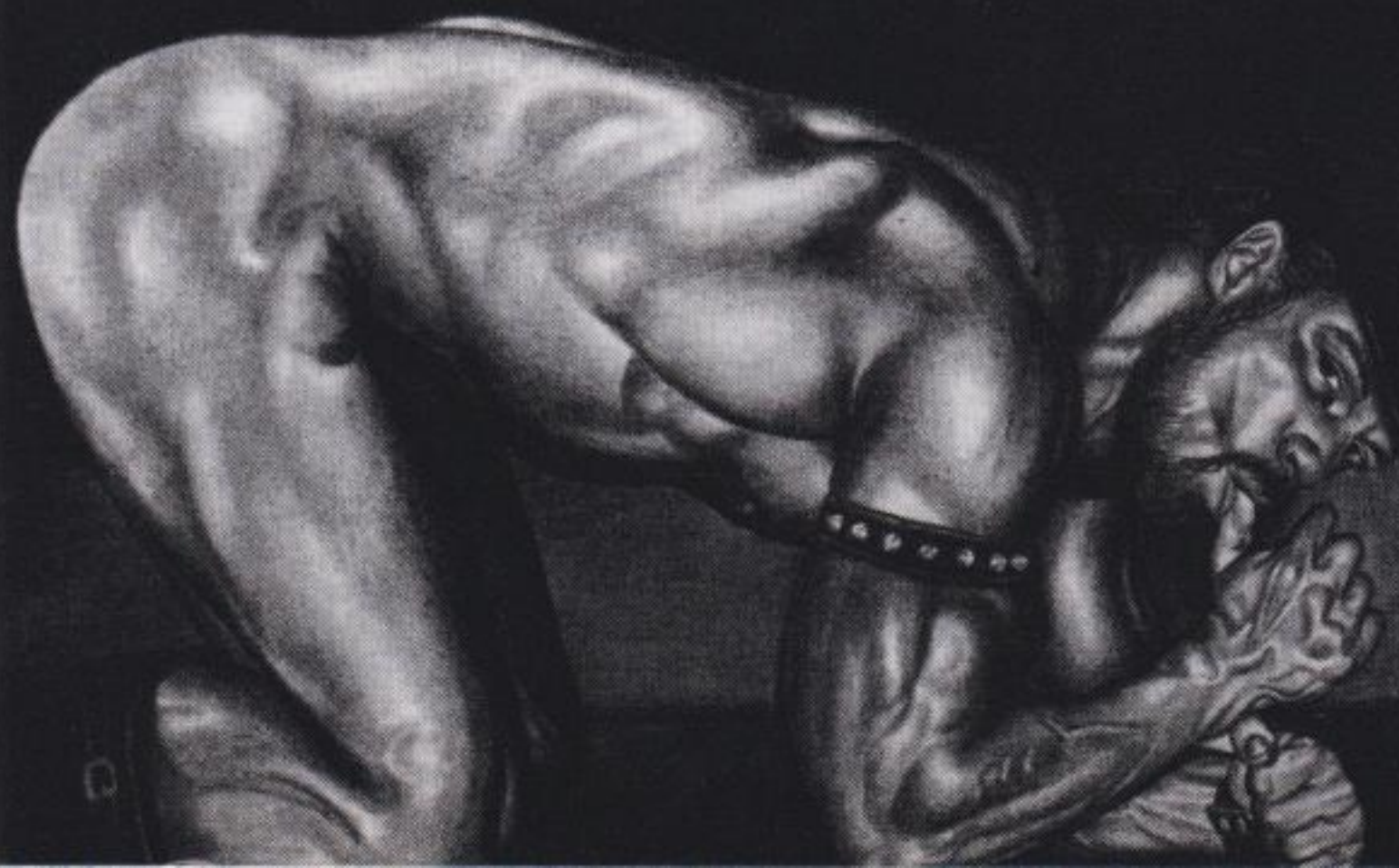
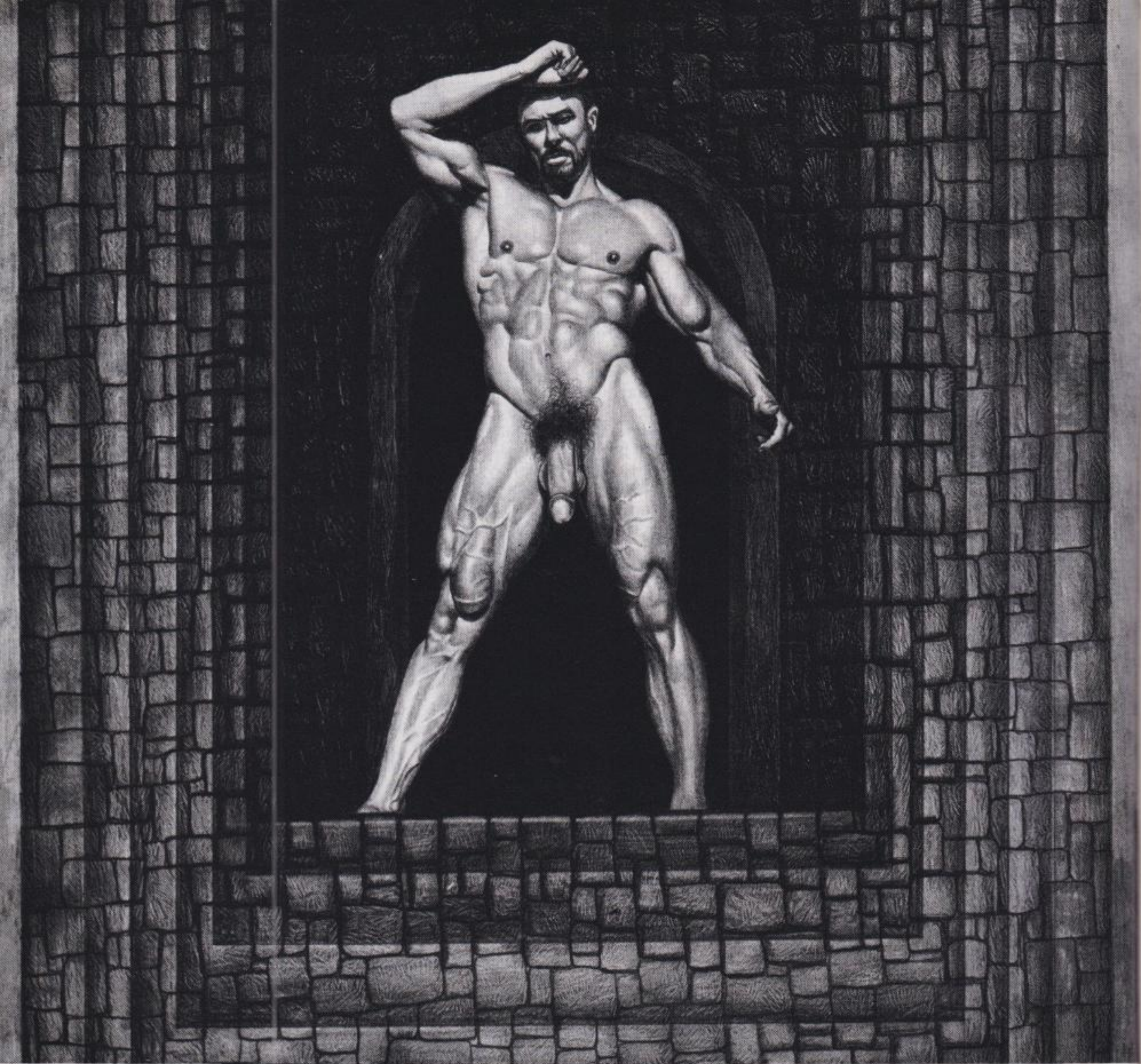
Suddenly his face fell. "Oh my God. How can I thank him? How can I ever tell him how wonderful he is?"

"I'm sure he'll know just by looking into your eyes the next time he sees you. Maybe though, when he summons you, you might ask him if you could appear at his door naked. Ask him if that would please him. Then, when he opens the door, you could kneel before him, put your head on the floor and place his foot on your head to demonstrate your total submission to his will. That would be the way to thank him."

I looked searchingly into his eyes. He was smiling! He stood up, wiped the tears from his face with the backs of his hands and "Yeah, good. Oh wow! I'm okay now. Thanks."

He looked around, then slowly walked on down the street. I watched him, followed the movement of his bruised buttocks as he walked. Then he turned the corner and was gone. I stood there a few moments, staring after him, thinking of what had happened. What a beautiful scene it was! I smiled to myself,

continued on page 79



A WEEKEND WITH DADDY

(ANONYMOUS SUBMISSION)

I stood naked before the bathroom mirror, about to start getting ready for my trip to spend the weekend with Daddy. The disposable diaper and the bottle of baby lotion lay on the edge of the sink. I looked at myself in the mirror. A naked man stared back at me. I watched myself start sucking my thumb. Better, but not nearly enough. I took the baby lotion and started spreading it on my face. It was cool and slick on my skin. I put the stuff on my chest, paying special attention to my tits, kneading and squeezing them. I smeared myself with the lotion head to foot, putting it extra thick on my cock, balls and ass. I slipped the adult-sized diaper on and fastened it. I looked in the mirror again. This time a baby looked back at me—Daddy's baby.

I finished getting dressed. The shirt and jeans felt a little funny on my skin, and the jeans only made me even more aware of my diaper. It was starting. My mind was getting in gear for when I got to Daddy's house. When I was with Daddy I wasn't a man; I was his baby, slave, toilet, dog; whatever he wanted me to be, whenever he wanted me to be it.

I took a cab to the bus station. Daddy lived too far away for me to see him more often than a weekend every other month or so. When I'd drive it'd take four hours to get there. Daddy decided I should start taking the bus instead.

I'd packed a suitcase with a box of disposable diapers, the baby lotion and a package of Polaroid film. That was all I'd need for the weekend. When I got on the bus and took a seat I pushed it back, and leaned back and closed my eyes. I started letting myself relax, getting myself ready for when I got to Daddy and he took control of me. He used hypnosis to have even more control over me, and now I was using a little self-hypnosis to get ready for it. He would make me into a baby, and I would forget everything I knew as an adult—how to walk or talk or go to the bathroom—I would wet my diaper without even thinking about it. It was the same if I was his slave, dog or toilet at the moment. He made me feel completely naked, helpless and totally controlled. I'd have no memory of any other life—in fact, I would remember his control of me being the only life I'd ever had. I'd suck him off and he'd piss down my throat or on me as he chose. He'd have all the choice, not me. Sometimes he'd have me crying and bawling, unable to stop until he told me I could.

I had a hard-on as I rode along. Daddy like me to stay hard inside my diaper. Sometimes when he was changing my diaper he'd either let me jack off or do it for me. He'd have me come on

my wet diaper and then lick up my cum.

After a while I began needing to piss. I relaxed and let it flow, and the warm wetness gathered around my crotch. The diaper trapped and held most of the fluid. A little seeped through and made a dark patch on my jeans, but not really anything to worry about. I was wearing new jeans that were still dark, and hardly anybody was going to get an accidental peek at my crotch where I was sitting. Beyond that I didn't care. I didn't really care about walking through the bus station, at least I didn't quite give a damn about what any strangers might think. Daddy lived in a small redneck town. I hated the place for the fundamentalist pinheads who made up most of the population. I didn't care what such people thought, because as a rule they don't think, anyway.

In due course the bus ride ended, and I took my suitcase and went looking for Daddy. He was waiting for me on a bench in the station. Our eyes met, and he rose and walked out to his car. I followed him and put my suitcase in the back set and got in the front. When I pulled the door shut behind me, my fate was sealed, for the weekend, anyway. I was now under Daddy's control, and would be until he brought me back to the bus station Sunday afternoon for the trip hom. Even though we hadn't seen each other for a couple of months, there'd be no small talk.

There was an ice chest on the seat beside me. I knew what it was there for and what was inside it, but I only sat waiting for him to get in the car. I would do what I was told, and nothing I wasn't.

Daddy got in and started the car. He didn't say anything until we'd left the parking lot.

"Hello, baby," he said softly.

"Hello, Daddy," I answered, the little-boy tones coming out automatically.

He reached over to feel my still-damp crotch.

"Oh, baby's gone and wet his diaper," he smiled. "Have to get him home and get him cleaned up to play with."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Is baby thirsty?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Was baby a good little boy all the way down here?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Then baby can have something to drink so he can relax."

I opened the ice chest. Several cans of beers lay packed in ice. I opened one and went to work on it.

"That's right, baby, drink it all down," he said, and I did.

When I finished it he took the empty can from me and told me to take off my shoes and socks. I handed them to him, and he tossed them in back and told me to start on another beer.

Two more beers later we pulled into the driveway of his house. He told me to strip, and I was down to my diaper by the time he stopped in the garage and had the door down. I sat waiting for him to walk around to the door on my side. I crawled out of the car and stood on all fours at his feet, head bowed—I never looked Daddy or anyone else in the eye when I visited his house; it was one of the rules.

"Is baby going to be good for Daddy?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"And suck Daddy's cock and be Daddy's toilet all the time?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"That's right," he stroked my head, "Daddy's got himself a good little cocksucking baby slave dog toilet. And baby can start sucking Daddy's cock right now."

"Yes, Daddy," I said, and opened his fly.

I took his cock in my hands, cradling it and his balls, and then started sucking on the cockhead, rolling and kneading it with my tongue. Then I swallowed it all the way to the root and started moving back and forth along its length.

"Yeah, baby, that's the way," he sighed, "baby knows how to make Daddy happy, all right."

He was close to coming now, and I could taste his precum. Presently he took hold of my head and pulled it all the way down on his cock, and came. I swallowed all his cum and sucked his cock clean.

"Good baby," he said as he pulled out of my mouth. "Come on, baby. Daddy's gonna get baby all nice and clean, and in a nice, dry diaper."

"Yes, Daddy," I said, and crawled along behind him into the house. He led me to the bathroom. He pointed at the bathtub, and I crawled into it and stood waiting on all fours. He turned me around and sat me down in the tub. He filled the tub a few inches, then washed me with baby shampoo and a sponge. He was washing his property, getting it ready for his use. He played with my cock and tits, sponging the warm, soapy water over me, fondling and stroking me. Then he rinsed me off and drained the tub. He got me out and towed me dry.

Now it was time for my enema. I felt the plastic tube slide up into my asshole, and heard the water begin flowing through the hose. Then I began feeling the pressure building up inside me, stretching me. It was getting close to the limit of what I could take, but Daddy had already trained me not to make a sound while he gave me a bath or enema. He opened my mouth and put his cock in it, and started sucking on it. He started pissing. My throat relaxed, and his piss streamed on down into my stomach. By the time he was finished, the enema bag had emptied into me as well. Daddy put my ass over the toilet bowl and pulled the tube out of me.

"Shit, baby," he said.

I let go, and it splashed out of me into the toilet. He wiped me clean and flushed the toilet, then led me into a small bedroom that he'd turned into a nursery. He laid me on my back, and poured some baby lotion in his hand. He rubbed the lotion into my skin everywhere, especially on my tits, crotch and ass. He slid his finger in and out of my asshole a few times, and I let out a few little baby sounds or pleasure, and raised my legs back toward my head.

"Oh, baby likes having his little asshole played with, doesn't he?" Daddy chuckled. "Well, he's gonna get it played with a lot, yes, indeed."

He sprinkled baby powder all over me and put a fresh diaper on me. Then he led me to the living room, and sat in an armchair while I sat at his feet. He picked up a pacifier on a ribbon loop from a table by his chair, slipped the loop around my neck, and put the pacifier in my mouth. I started sucking on it.

"Oh, yes, baby looks so cute," he said. "Daddy's really missed his baby, and he has some really nice surprise for baby."

He leaned forward and took the pacifier from my mouth. Then he laid me down on my back. He stood up and switched off the lights.

"Close your eyes, baby," he said. "Relax."

I did as he told me. He set me to counting backwards. As I did, I began concentrating on the sound of my voices, and it got harder and harder to remember the next number. By the time I was down to thirty my voice was low and slurred. I don't think I made it past twenty. Then I heard Daddy's voice, low and monotonous, making me relax even more, putting me in a deep sleep but still able to hear everything he said, and nothing else. He took complete control of me, and took away my memory and will, making me completely dependent on him. From now on, until he told me to wake up and be myself, I would trust him completely, do anything and everything he told me, be anything and everything he told me to be. The only thing that mattered was that I was his property, and I had been all my life. I had no purpose or desire but to serve and obey and please him and anyone he told me to. I was his slave, baby, toilet, dog and toy. He gave me the rules I was to live by as each one of the things he turned me into. I would know them and obey them without being told, and I would change from one thing to the next as he ordered. When he would tell me to open my eyes I would still be under his control; and when he told me to sleep I would, and when he woke me I would still be under his control.

He told me to open my eyes, and turned on the lights. I lay there, staring up at the ceiling, not a single thought in my head. He sat back in his armchair, wearing only his jeans now.

"Slave," he said, "get over here."

"Yes, Sir," I said, and knelt at attention at his feet, eyes down.

He took hold of my hair and pulled my face against his crotch.

"What are you?" he asked.

"Your slave, Sir," I said, the words coming out of me on their own, matter-of-factly.

"What kind of slave?"

"Your cocksucking, pissdrinking slave, Sir."

He placed a bare foot on my diapered crotch, squeezing it with his toes.

"What's that thing in your diaper, boy?"

"It's my—your slave's cock, Sir."

"Does it need servicing?"

"Only if you say it does, Sir."

He pulled out his own cock. It was getting hard.

"What's this, shithead?"

"Your cock, Sir."

"It needs attention. Get to work on it, asshole."

"Yes, Sir," I said, and slipped my mouth over it. The task at hand—or rather mouth—quickly became the only thing of which I was aware. Sucking the cock right was important; it mattered. Soon I wasn't aware of anything but the cock and my mouth. I was only vaguely aware of pressure, hands on the back of my head, moving me. Finally the cock rewarded my labors with a load of sweet-salty cum. Somehow I had the feeling of being fed and cared for. Not that I could have had such a thought just then, but it was the most satisfaction I'd ever had from a load of cum shot in my mouth. I was still at it when some cars pulled up on the driveway and the doorbell rang. I didn't stop because I hadn't been told to, and those were just sounds to me.

"Come in," Daddy called out.

I still didn't break stride when the door opened and footsteps and male voices came into the room, nor did I look up.

"Well, will you look at that," someone said. "What the shit have we got here?"

"We got a cocksucking, pissdrinking little asshole slave," Daddy said. "I'm still working on breaking the little mother-fucker in. He's kinda on the stupid side. You boy's wouldn't mind lending a hand, would you?"

"Hell, why not?" another man said.

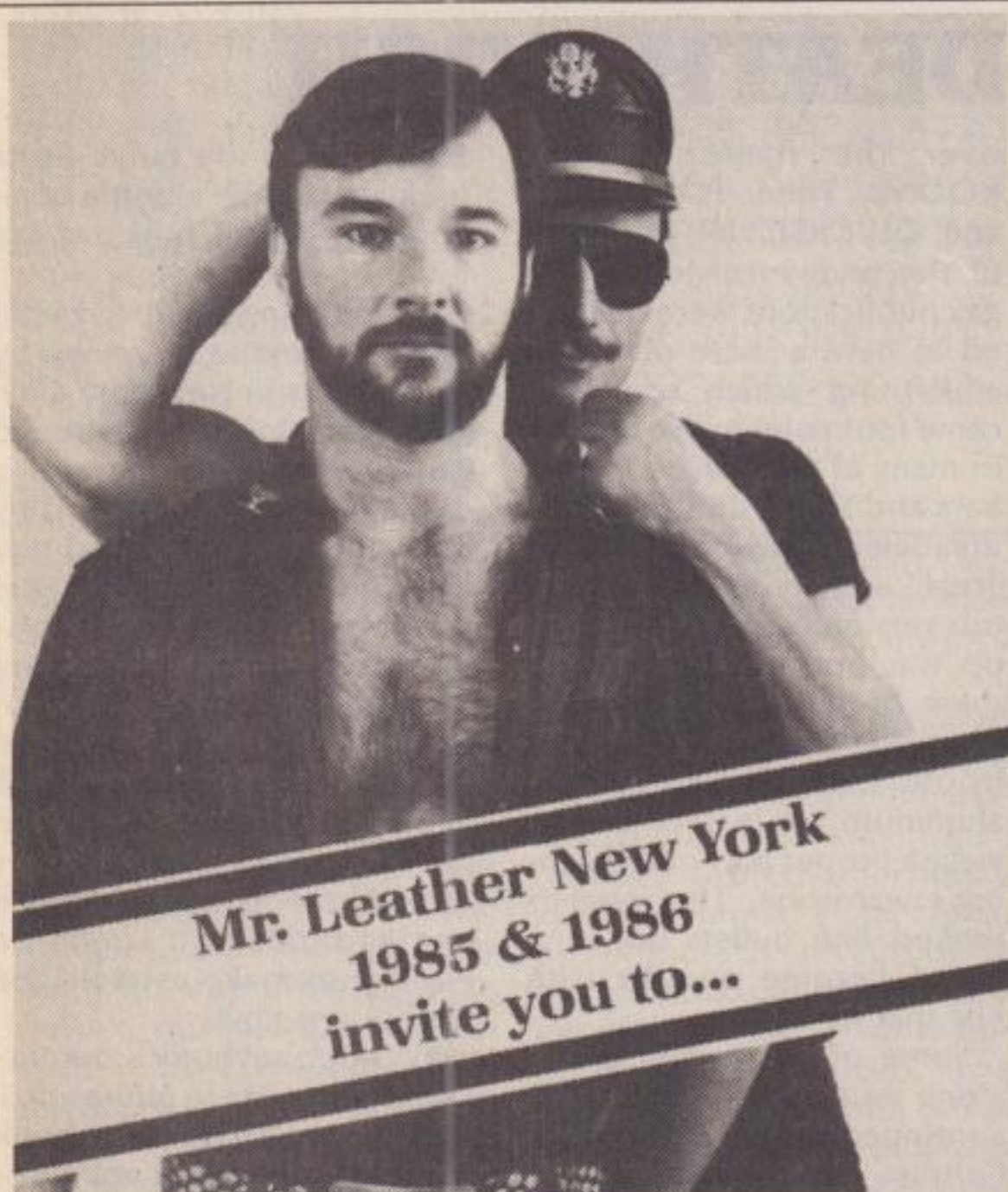
"Slave," my Master said, pulling me off his cock, "go greet my guests."

continued on page 75

DRUMMER

REPORT

SEND YOUR ENTRIES FOR THIS NATIONAL LEATHER UPDATE TO:
DRUMMER REPORT, PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314



SLAVERY IN TEXAS

"Live from the bunkhouse, it's Shock Time!" said the voice on the tape recording in a macabre attempt to imitate a radio deejay. The sound of a buzzing cattle prod and screams followed. "Scream louder—louder, you s.o.b.," a voice commanded. "If you don't scream louder, you'll wish you did." "I like to see the sparks fly," said someone else. "And now a word from our sponsors," the first voice calmly announced. "Having trouble with your neighbors? Try Hot Shot. For hours and hours of enjoyment, tie them up anywhere and shock the hell out of them..."

The above is quoted in *Newsweek* of June 2, 1986, from a tape played to a Kerrville, Texas jury at the opening of the trial of Walter Ellebracht and several members of his family who are charged with kidnapping and murder. Between 1981 and 1984 they allegedly lured as many as 75 drifters to their

central Texas ranch with promises of food and jobs. Once there they were kept in dilapidated barns and forced to work. If they tried to leave they were chained and/or tortured.

charged with kidnapping and murder. Between 1981 and 1984 they allegedly lured as many as 75 drifters to their central Texas ranch with promises of food and jobs. Once there they were kept in dilapidated barns and forced to work. If they tried to leave they were chained and/or tortured.

Anthony Bates, whose screams are heard on the tape, cut his leg and refused to work. He was tortured, killed and cremated according to two ranch hands who have admitted their participation. When Travis Boyd tried to leave the ranch, Ellebracht, his son and several ranch hands forced him to write a suicide note, then tied him to a tree and tortured him with a cattle

prod—saying "Welcome to your nightmare!" He later escaped and alerted authorities who raided the ranch and found seven men and one woman living in degrading conditions. Further investigation unearthed the story of Bates' murder—and his cremated remains.

This is only one of the 49 alleged slavery cases currently under investigation by the U.S. Justice Dept. We thoroughly support the practice of slavery—and torture. But only when all parties involved are fully consenting adults.

MR. LEATHER NEW YORK

The 1986 production of the Mr. Leather New York Contest is under way, set to be held at New York's Paradise Garage, November 1, 1986, beginning at 8 P.M. sharp. In addition to many raffle prizes, the winner of the title will receive \$1,000 cash. Second prize will be \$500 and third prize will be \$250. These cash prizes have all been donated and will not be taken from the proceeds, all of which, after expenses, will go to the AIDS Resource Center (ARC).

Contestants may be sponsored by individuals, clubs and bars as well as organizations. Local contests and competitions are encouraged in order to provide contestants.

The program itself will be centered around the leather experience, with entertainment throughout the evening. Featured will be Gotham and Herb and Potato. Other entertainers will be presented and a great evening is guaranteed. Plans are also under way for an exhibit area with merchants presenting a great variety of goods.

Those desiring contestant applications, event tickets (\$25 in advance, \$30 at the door) or raffle tickets should write: The Mr. Leather New York Contest, Box 410, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

NOT ALL NEWS IS BAD! WIN ONE:

In June, Maine's voters overwhelmingly rejected a referendum proposing the criminalizing of pornography and sent a very strong message to the country.

The question: "Do you want to make it a crime to make sell, give for value or otherwise promote obscene material in Maine?" The reply: 72% no, 28% yes.

WIN TWO:

In the first case brought under North Carolina's obscenity statute, two clerks have been acquitted of felony charges for "disseminating obscenity." Three magazines (*Bisexual Desires* Vol. 1; *Lashes*; and *Beg for Cock*) and a videotape (*She-Male Encounters*) had been purchased by an undercover officer at Player's Bookstore on October 2, 1985, one day after the new law went into effect. On July 3, 1986 the two clerks who had been arrested were found not guilty—because the jury ruled that the material was not obscene.

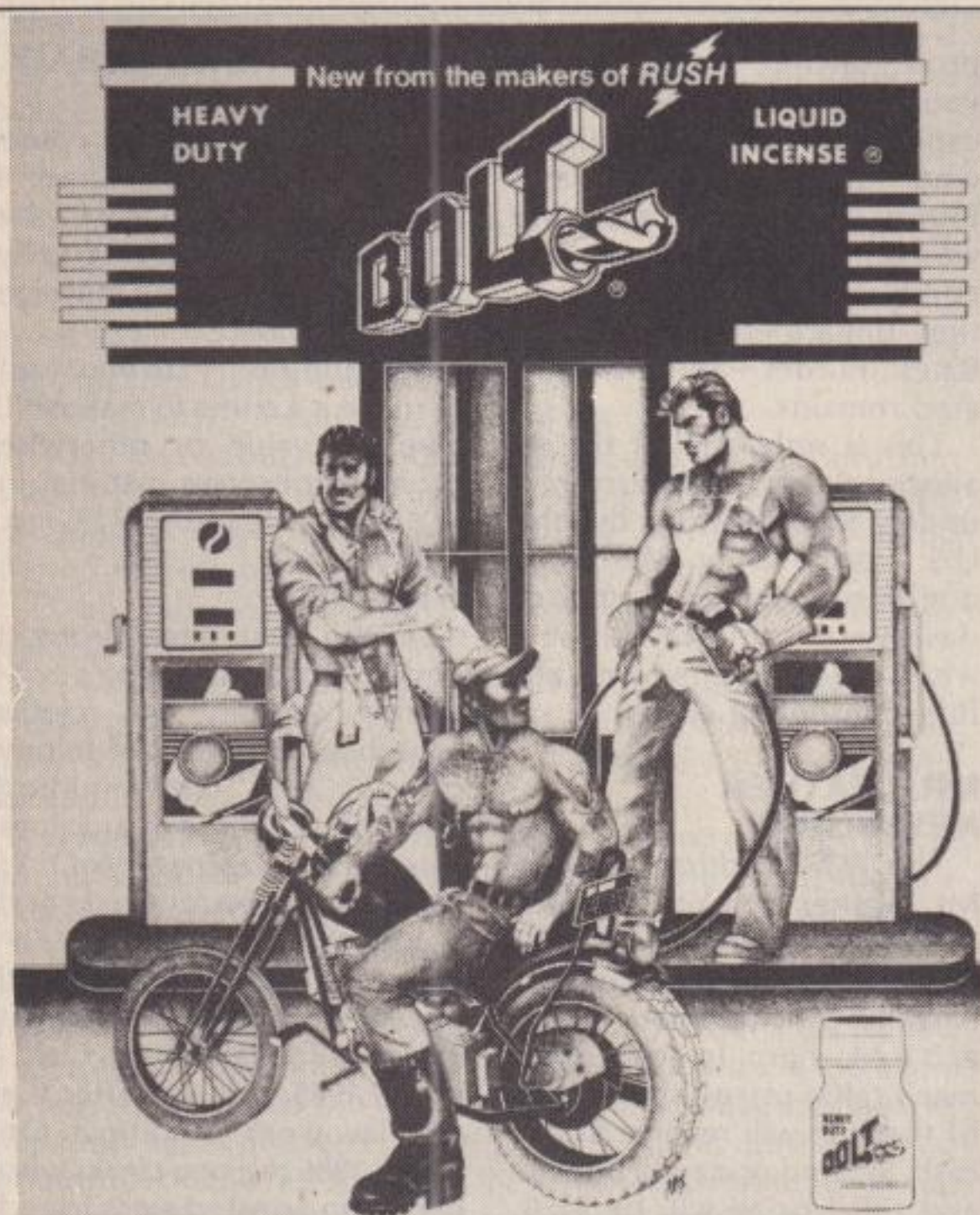
WIN—WELL, AT LEAST DIDN'T LOSE—THREE:

British Customs authorities have dropped charges against Gay's the Word bookstore and has returned most of the inventory of imported gay books that had been seized many months ago. The not-for-profit gay bookstore has lost thousands of dollars worth of business because of the seizure, but the owners and staff are relieved that the case has been dropped.

A few titles, principally Boyd McDonald's *Meat, Flesh*, and other such collections from *Straight to Hell*, were declared obscene and not returned to Gay's the Word. However, instead of holding a book burning—which has been the custom office's previous practice, the "obscene" titles were returned to Giovanni's Room in Philadelphia, Gay's the Word's main supplier.

DRUMMER

FORUM DEVOTED TO THE DRUMMER PHILOSOPHY, WHATEVER THAT MAY BE...



As with any other great happening, I can remember the first time I was exposed to poppers. It was in someone's cramped little apartment in the Hollywood environs and I was having so-so sex with someone that I was beginning to wonder why I ever went home with. And from his performance, he was probably wondering the very same thing. All of a sudden he broke a capsule under my nose and said, "Sniff this." I could see myself hooked to some sordid dope habit for life, shamelessly craving more and more and, after a whiff of something that smelled like overripe socks, my one-night host turned into a Rock Hudson lookalike and I floated away on a cloud of short-term ecstasy. I wouldn't know the guy now if he was sitting in my lap but I will never forget his part in my introduction to the seamy world of erotic drugs. In a very short time I was going to the little cut-rate drug store on Holly-

wood Boulevard and paying \$3.75 for a box of yellow capsules, nylon-net wrapped. It was amyl nitrate and I experienced many a happy climax under its influence.

Later on, the federal government noticed amyl's surge of popularity and made drug-gists dispense the stuff only with prescription. Some of us with the right kind of connections had little trouble continuing to get the wonderful little capsules and the rest of us had to settle for a commercial version in the liquid form, still called "poppers" but was now a version of butyl nitrite, which required no prescription since its manufacturers had convinced themselves and the Feds the little bottles were being sold as "Room Odorizers"—in spite of the fact that it smelled like a mixture of Clorox and dirty socks.

These mixtures were given brand names like BOLT and RUSH after the two pioneers in the field finished fighting

DEATH RUSH

over the name LOCKER ROOM. Then HARDWARE and QUICKSILVER came out of the midwest. Most of the gay publications were delighted to have a share of all this advertising which soon became four color in five figures. In many of the heavier leather bars and shops one could get unlabeled brown bottles of "real" amyl or at least a bathtub version as well. The markup was horrendous both on these products and the paraphernalia that proliferated for its use. Little inhalers of spun aluminum on leather thongs were a proper part of an evening's wardrobe. The inhalers looked like bullets and one brand became popular with just that name.

Some of these companies, along with their offshoots, continued to stay in business. Others, perhaps too full of their own product, dropped by the wayside or were taken over by less frivolous businessmen, both gay and otherwise.

Everybody knew that these products were not good for them. Analyzed, some brands showed traces of chlorine and God-knows-what-else mixed in with the alcohol base. The manufacturers claimed their version was "purer" than competitors'. "You don't get a headache with our products," was a favorite phrase. In truth most of the manufacturing ended up being done by a handful of "labs" who bottled the same stuff under any brand name one wished. Wholesale cost was usually around a dollar, give or take, depending on how well advertised the brand was.

Which just about brings us up to date. We all realize that poppers are not good for us. But then neither is smoking or drinking. And, of course, comparing a bottle of HARDWARE or RUSH with some of the other recreational drugs that are proliferating the

scene makes the butyl nitrite look almost like a bottle of vitamins. After all, how bad can it be for you?

Which brings us up to a little book just sent us for review by Pagan Press in New York City. Its authors, John Lauritsen and Hank Wilson make quite a case against butyl nitrite. They have certainly convinced me, and *Drummer* thought it was important enough to commission me to get something more than a book review out to its readers. The book's title is *Death Rush, Poppers & AIDS* and if its authors are only right in half their accusations against the popper industry and its product, it would be enough to make us avoid the stuff at any cost.

Without anybody's permission, I am going to quote you a few lines from the book beyond its opening and closing lines which are the same—"Don't use poppers."

"Poppers have become an accepted, even obligatory part of the gay male lifestyle. With regular use, they become a sexual crutch and many gay men are incapable of having sex, even masturbation, without the aid of poppers. Since poppers have become necessary for them to function sexually, giving them up... would seem like giving up sex itself.

"Five different studies found that exposure to amyl or isobutyl nitrite, either through injection or inhalation, caused immunological deficiency in mice. One of those studies further found that the mice exposed to nitrite vapors suffered gross pathological lung damage, weight loss, and most significantly, reversed T-cell rations. In a sixth study, mice exposed to low dosages of isobutyl nitrite vapors developed methemoglobinemia and thymic atrophy. Poppers are known to cause methemoglobinemia in humans and methemoglo-

binemia is typically a form of anemia where the blood turns brown and where the oxygen supply to critical organs is reduced. Autopsies of AIDS victims show the thymus gland to be destroyed in 100% of the cases. No thymus gland, no immune system.

"A seventh mice study could not be carried through to completion. All of the mice died."

However the point that I find most important in the book is this:

"The government's insistence that the 'HTLV-III' virus is the cause for AIDS, sole and sufficient, has stifled independent research and thinking, and has misled people as to the risk factors for AIDS. Intravenous drug users have not been told to quit using drugs, only that they must stop 'sharing needles.' (Actually, there is no evidence that all, or even most, of the IV drug users with AIDS did 'share needles'.) Gay men have been told that they must restrict their sexual activities, but not that they ought to stop using cocaine, heroin, quaaludes, amphetamines, ethyl chloride, PCP, marijuana, LSD, barbiturates, poppers and the other 'recreational drugs' (a sick euphemism) that are prominent in the lifestyle of many.

"The government's unreasoning dogmatism is well expressed in Robert Gallo's statement: 'If you get run over by a truck, you don't need co-factors.' The 'AIDS virus' is hardly a truck, and it may be the 'co-factors' that cause AIDS." (Emphasis ours.)

The authors go on to indict those who manufacture, sell and advertise these dubious products.

According to the book, Dr. James Curran, assistant director of the Center for Infectious Diseases in Atlanta was infuriated that Joseph F. Miller, of Great Lakes Products, Inc., "the nation's largest manufacturer of nitrite-based odorants," said in a press release, that his company is "greatly relieved to know that recent government studies clearly show that such misuse poses no health hazard."

Dr. Curran sent an angry letter to Miller with a copy to the *Advocate* (which never printed it). In part:

"Other health hazards from misuse of these drugs have been documented. Your press release and advertisements in the *Advocate* are misleading and misrepresent the CDC findings and their implications."

"THE CHRONOLOGY IS SUGGESTIVE: POPPERS BECAME A FAD AMONG GAY MEN BEGINNING IN 1972, JUST SEVEN YEARS BEFORE THE FIRST CASES OF AIDS BEGAN TO BE DIAGNOSED."

Dr. Sue E. Watson sent a letter to Robert McQueen, Editor of the *Advocate*, in which she stated:

"Our studies show that amyl nitrite strongly suppresses the segment of the immune system (cellular immunity) which normally protects individuals against Kaposi's sarcoma, pneumocystis pneumonia, herpes virus, Candida, amebiasis and a variety of other opportunistic infections. The upshot of this research is that persons using nitrite inhalants may be at risk for development of AIDS... Publication of this letter in the *Advocate* will serve to alert the community to the health risks of using amyl nitrite. I hope you will see fit to include this information in the news section of the *Advocate*."

After receiving no response, Dr. Watson telephoned editor McQueen. She was told, "We're not interested."

In 1978, the leading poppers manufacturer, W. Jay Freezer financed a \$200,000 study which concluded that butyl nitrite products were safe "when used for odorizing purposes." On the basis of this impudently irrelevant study, the California Department of Health permitted poppers to be sold, free of any regulation, testing or control, provided only that the products be advertised as 'room odorizers or incense.'"

Which could be tantamount to would-be distributors of cocaine labeling their packaged product as dance floor wax.

W. Jay Freezer died of com-

plications due to AIDS on March 27, 1985. He was preceded by New York's "Poppers Bill," the first poppers manufacturer to die of AIDS.

Here's more:

"A recent study compared two groups of gay men who were antibody positive to the HTLV-III virus, people who were clinically sick with AIDS and people who were not sick. Usage of the nitrite inhalants proved to be one of the most important risk factors for developing AIDS and especially Kaposi's sarcoma. The heavier the popper usage, the greater the risk."

"Finally, there is the crucial point that for five years AIDS, unlike a truly communicable disease, has remained compartmentalized. Gay men accounted for three-quarters of the nation's AIDS cases five years ago and account for the same proportion now in 1986.

Poppers are used by gay men. They are used by very, very few straight men and by virtually no women at all.

I finished the book and went around the house, seeking out anything with a RUSH, RAM, THUNDERBOLT, LOCKER ROOM, HARDWARE, DOUBLE EAGLE, CLIMAX, QUICKSILVER, HEAD or CRYPT TONIGHT label and tossed them into the garbage. Room odorizers indeed! Lauritsen and Wilson's book has me so worked up I even look askance at cans of RENUZIT and GLADE.

I'll end this article the same way they ended their book: DO NOT USE POPPERS.

Period.

Death Rush, Poppers & AIDS, John Lauritsen and Hank Wilson, Pagan Press, 26 St. Mark's Place, New York, NY 10003.

—Robert Payne

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DRUMMER MALECALL

CONTROL-T ALIVE AND WELL

After reading Mike Hippler's "Scanning the Obituaries" in *Drummer* 96, many friends called to see if the Mark Powers whose death was mentioned was me. I assured them all that this Mark Powers is still alive and well and in the spanking video business.

Mark Powers
Control-T Studio

BE A STAR

I've recently started reading *Drummer* magazine which I feel is the best magazine available for gay men. Obviously, your company feels this way also. Your full-page ad for "Master Barber" on the back cover is fantastic. If I had a VCR I'd buy it. I love your description of the movie, and the photos are priceless, the one on the left is superb.

The reason I'm writing is because I feel this type of video is entertaining. I don't enjoy the stereotype gay films where the guys meet and for an hour or so you get to see them fuck and suck. I enjoy more something like the picture on the right. This guy has no control, being restrained, and that cream all over his body is great. And his Master looks like he's going to smash him right in his face with the cream. That is what I love.

These movies are really erotic. I love them. Well, I'll get to the point. I really would like to be involved with this type of work. I am a slave, currently without a Master. I would enjoy being in these movies. I've always wanted to be in porno. I would like to appear in helpless situations, any type of bondage, humiliation, hoods, rubber. I want to do this because I would enjoy it.

I genuinely enjoy being dominated by men, and I think I look good. I have nicely styled dark hair, hair on my body. And I have a small moustache. If you have a "Master Barber II," you can turn my styled hair into a GI, smash cream in my face, shave the moustache, cream my body and shave the hair. I would be honored.

B.M.
Philadelphia, PA

(Editor's note: This question, or some variant of it, is a common one. If you'd like to see yourself in a video, or in a photo spread in *Drummer*, let us know. Send a couple of good, sharp photos, including at least one nude and a good facial shot. If you don't want your face seen, modeling is possible—but we prefer to be able to see all of you. Include your vital statistics, info on your special interests and abilities, and a signed "over 21" statement. Be sure to put your name and address on the back of each photo. If you are willing to have the photos you send in published, indicate this on the back of them and sign them. Mail to PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.)

WE HEAR ANGELS SINGING

If it pleases you, do me the honor of printing this open letter to Mr. Mark Venaglia of New York City:
Mr. Venaglia, Sir:

I have just read your letter to *Drummer* Malecall, printed in *Drummer* 96.

If you bought *Drummer* in hopes of finding "color pics of good-looking men," then you did indeed waste your \$4.95.

However, if you bought *Drummer* as my partner and I do, for the news, advice, ideas, erotic and artistic photography, humor, fiction and nonfiction that stimulates the mind, as well as the libido, and for a better understanding of our fellow men, then that \$4.95 was well spent.

Drummer is not a picture book for illiterates looking to get their rocks off. It is a sometimes erotic, always informative chronicle of our unique community.

My partner and I have enriched our relationship with ideas taken from *Drummer*. Some things that are discussed in *Drummer* we will never consider, but, even so, we are enlightened and educated.

We don't need the personals, either. We have been together and monogamous for quite some time, thank you.

Many of our gay brothers are not as lucky as we are, and are not in a fulfilling relationship. Perhaps you, Mr. Venaglia, Sir, are alone in this world.

For these men, Dear Sir provides a valuable service. The opportunity to meet other men with similar interests, and possibly find a special person to complete their lives.

Maybe if you answered a few of those ads, you wouldn't have to spend so many lonely nights getting prick-teased at Charlie's.

If all you want for \$4.95 is color photos to stimulate yourself with, then buy Advocate Men.

If you want to improve your sex life, expand your awareness, increase your intelligence and stimulate yourself, buy *Drummer*.

With all due respect to you, Mr. Venaglia, Sir, I am

Very humbly yours,

Gabriel
Los Angeles, CA

FOLSOM QUARTERLY?

I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed *Drummer* 96, but especially the article on the Slot Hotel. I was really very sorry to hear of the demise of some of the businesses on Folsom Street. Perhaps in the future, Folsom can regain its character and not get taken over by the yuppies of the Financial District. I sure hope someone can take some of those old buildings and restore them and add new bathhouses that meet the approval of health authorities.

Could you please tell me (also) if FQ stands for Folsom Quarterly?

H.W.
Martinsville, VA

(Editor's note: FQ currently stands for Foreskin Quarterly. However, your suggestion is interesting...)

EVEN DADDIES NEED DADDIES

I have enjoyed *Drummer* magazine tremendously over the years, especially since it is one of the few magazines, and maybe the only one, that presents older men. However, I have not seen one aspect of older men sexually depicted in *Drummer* that I would love to see and I am sure many others would like.

PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY
CO-PUBLISHER MARIO SIMON
EDITOR ROBERT PAYNE
ART DIRECTOR B.J. BRADFORD
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR JAMEO SAUNDERS
TYPOGRAPHER BRENT WIRT
CLASSIFIED AD DIRECTOR ERIC DANIELS
LEGAL BROWN & FALK
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR FRANK HATFIELD
(415) 864-3456

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Fledermaus, Frank O'Rourke, Mason Powell, Larry Townsend, John F. Karr, Steve Warren
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Adam & Co., Joe Altman, B.J. Bradford, Rose De Castro, Richard Law, Falcon Studios, Robert Pruzan, Rink
ARTISTS: Cavelo, Etienne, The Hun, Olaf, Bill Ward
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That is, portrayal of sexual interplay between submissive, middle-aged men, ages 35 to 59, with dominant, elderly men, ages 60 and over. There are vast numbers of middle-aged men, or daddies, who want and desire to take a passive role sexually with a senior man.

They long and need to submit themselves to the demands of granddaddies. They hunger to be spanked and/or paddled, to experience the humiliation of being buttfucked by a senior male: of being forced to be submerged in thick, gooey mudbaths by a much older gentleman: being given haircuts and other forms of humiliation and submission.

The number of men over the age of 60 is constantly increasing and they are looking for a magazine to fulfill their desires. And the daddies that are in the late middle-age bracket are not getting younger.

J.A.P.
Detroit, MI

TULSA UNDERGROUND OKAY

I want to thank Steve, Tom and you, *Drummer*, for a new leather bar, The Tulsa Underground. Without *Drummer's* inspiration, there wouldn't be a place for leathermen to go to in Tulsa.

Thanks again, *Drummer*. Still enjoy your magazine. Even though I don't subscribe, I go down to the bookstore to get every issue you've come out with.

Mr. Boots 1986-87
Tulsa, OK

BEST YET

While I'm not in the habit of writing to editors, I wanted to let you know that a great job was done on *Drummer 95*. I have been an avid fan since issue one (and still own every issue except for two which escaped me) and this last issue is undoubtedly the best!

At long last there seems to be a recognition of the fact that many of *Drummer's* readers read the mag for stories and photo spreads about real, adult men, not for pretty boys. God knows, there are sure enough of the pretty-boy mags on the market that we don't need more of the same in *Drummer*. And that's what was great about *Drummer 95*—men, even men who had been Masters were turned out, and made slaves of, by guys a little more masterful (okay, so they were boys, but let us not quibble).

Just when I had begun to fear that formula writing had taken over the stories in *Drummer*, you surpassed yourself. Congratulations! More, more! And as for the photo spread on the guy with the tits, wild!

R.C.
Carbondale, IL

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ON YOUR BACK

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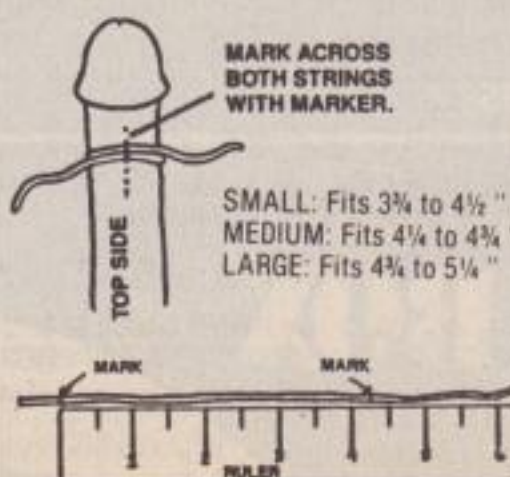
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MOVIES

SUMMER MOVIES WIMP OUT

After Sylvester Stallone's killing spree (in defense of truth, justice, the American way and ridding the streets of weird people on motorcycles) in *Cobra* and Arnold Schwarzenegger's muscularity with a sense of humor in *Raw Deal*, it proved to be a pretty wimpy summer at the movies.

"Que es mas macho?" Laurie Anderson asks in her concert film, *Home of the Brave*. Which is more macho—"a light bulb or a school bus?" She doesn't explain her answer—a light bulb, of course—but the reason is obvious: Who ever heard of anyone taking a school bus up the ass?

A feast for her fans that may have increased their number, *Home of the Brave* presented the androgynous performance artist as one of the few people with balls on summer screens.

Que es mas macha? Farrah Fawcett is more crazed than tough as the intended victim who gets the upper hand on rapist James Russo in *Extremities*, an issue-oriented, movie-of-the-week kind of movie that might appeal to your bondage proclivities but is too intense in its violence, too vague on where it stands for most viewers.

At best Farrah had to duke it out with Bette Midler of *Ruthless People* for a distant second place in the machisma stakes. The clearcut winner was Sigourney Weaver in *Aliens*, the best movie of the summer—no contest.

Aliens begins slowly as Ripley (Weaver) is found floating in space in hypersleep, which explains why she hasn't aged in the 57 years since *Alien*. (It seems like only seven—time flies when you're having fun.)

When it appears that the creature that wiped out her crew has multiplied and taken over a human colony on the



ANOTHER BUTCH BROAD: Grace Jones as Katrina performs her exotic ritual before preying upon yet another one of her victims in *Vamp*.

death planet, a reluctant Ripley returns, acting as bodyguard to a platoon of marines ("There's nothing they can't handle"), male and female. "Have you ever been mistaken for a man?" one of the guys taunts Jenette Goldstein. "No, have you?" retorts the woman who serves as the film's machisma symbol until Sigourney gets mad.

That doesn't happen until she's lost another crew and appointed herself surrogate mother to young fellow survivor Carrie Henn.

We're talking two hours into the movie here, and most of the aliens have been blasted to kingdom come while the

rest are set to be nuked. Then Sigourney discovers Queen Alien nesting protectively on a shitload of eggs. Weaver straps on her artillery to kick alien ass, but Big Mama puts up a fight that's out of this world, finally being left drifting in space to spawn *More Aliens*, or *Aliens Beyond Thunderdome*, or whatever *Alien III* will be called.

Directed by James (The Terminator) Cameron, *Aliens* is a better action-adventure than *Alien* was a horror flick.

ONE BAD SUCK

Another of the summer's butch broads was Grace Jones, who makes a major impres-

sion in a minor role in the next-to-worthless *Vamp*. She has the envious task of sucking Robert (A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part II: Freddy's Revenge) Rusler. Actually she does a rather messy job of chomping on his neck after some heavily erotic foreplay.

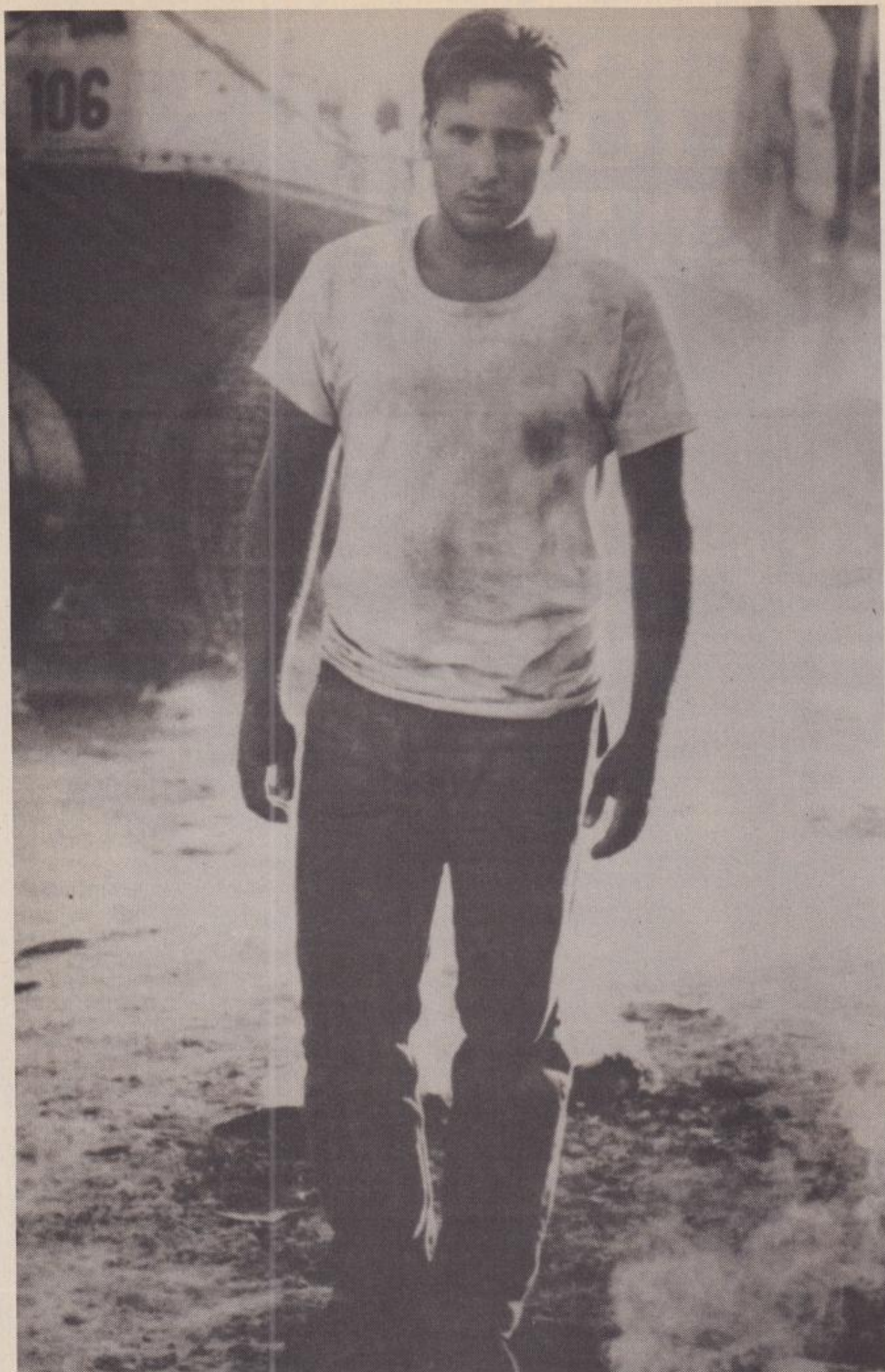
Rusler and college chum Chris Makepeace (who has lost the babyfaced charm he showed in *Meatballs* and *My Bodyguard* but hasn't replaced it with anything) have come to a vampire nightclub looking for a stripper for a fraternity party. Rusler's fall from Grace changes their relationship. He wants to suck his friend off but knows that in his vampire state if he sucks him, he'll off him.

Even Grace is far from her best, but her scenes are the only reason we bother to mention *Vamp*.

As *People* magazine noted, the summer's male sex symbols were Rodney Dangerfield and Danny DeVito. Their closest competitors were *The Fly* and *Howard the Duck*, for crissake!

Jef Goldblum does a nice gymnastics routine and gets carried away at arm wrestling in the process of turning into *The Fly*, after his teleportation device mixes his molecular-genetic structure with that of an insect, in David Cronenberg's worthy remake of the 1957 classic. Geena Davis (of TV's *Sara*, which you never saw because it was opposite *Dynasty*) is the woman who loves him through his changes, despite the jealousy of her ex, John Getz ("I'm finally onto something big." "What—his cock?").

Howard the Duck is a not-so-special effects opus George Lucas should be ashamed to have his name on. The one good thing about this major lameness is that it promotes safe sex—Howard carries a condom in his wallet (duck-



CHEAP THRILLS: Emilio Estevez isn't wimpy but too existential to be sexy in Stephen King's *Maximum Overdrive*.

billfold?). Otherwise it proves the disadvantage of film to videotape—can't be erased.

These insect and waterfowl heroes were leagues ahead on the machismo scale of the human competition from mild-mannered comics Tom

Hanks, Robin Williams, Ted Danson and Gene Wilder in the mediocre to awful movies *Nothing in Common*, *Club Paradise*, *A Fine Mess* and *Haunted Honeymoon*; and Jack Nicholson, who was emasculated by costar Meryl

Streep and writer Nora Ephron in the delightfully bitchy but ball-breaking *Heartburn*.

Emilio Estevez isn't wimpy, but too existential to be sexy in *Maximum Overdrive*, a '50s horror movie with '70s effects and two '80s characters, Este-

vez and Laura Harrington. The story of machines, particularly trucks, revolting against humanity, provided some okay cheap summertime thrills.

BABY BUTCH

Another variation that's been in vogue for summer movies since *E.T.* and *The Goonies* is *machismo*, or baby butch, represented this year by *Flight of the Navigator* and *Stand by Me*.

Navigator star, 12-year-old Joe Cramer, pilots a pleasant but suspenseless Disney adventure that combines elements of *Back to the Future* and *Explorers*.

The four heroes of *Stand by Me* are 12 and 13, but the target audience is about three times their age. Their boyish adventures in an overnight hiking and camping trip to see a dead body are based on an uncharacteristic Stephen King story. In a style more like Ray Bradbury's it makes telling points about looking back at growing up—for instance, after their brief absence the boys have matured enough that their hometown seems smaller.

The film's sex symbol for other than devout chicken hawks is Kiefer (son of Donald) Sutherland as the leader of the town bullies, to whom young Wil Wheaton finally stands up with "Suck my fat one, you cheap dime store hood!" It's a total turnabout from Sutherland's sensitive performance in *The Bay Boy*, and come to think of it, I wouldn't mind turning him about myself. Nor would I mind sucking Wheaton's, if it's really fat.

The second summer movie, after the forgettable *Out of Bounds*, to show physical affection between brothers, *Stand by Me* also lets the boys get physical with each other—in a nonsexual way, but did you ever wrestle with your friends at that age without getting a hard-on?

Stand by Me is the best (only?) adult movies about preteen boys since *Lord of the Flies*, and San Francisco leathermen roared at the line, "I knew *The \$64,000 Question* was fixed. Nobody could know that much about opera."

—S. Warren

BOX REVIEWS

If you're like me, you buy and rent your porno by the boxload, led on by the intemperance of hype and the extravagance of pictorial engorgements on the outside. But what disappointment follows when you find that the package was more provocative than the video inside.

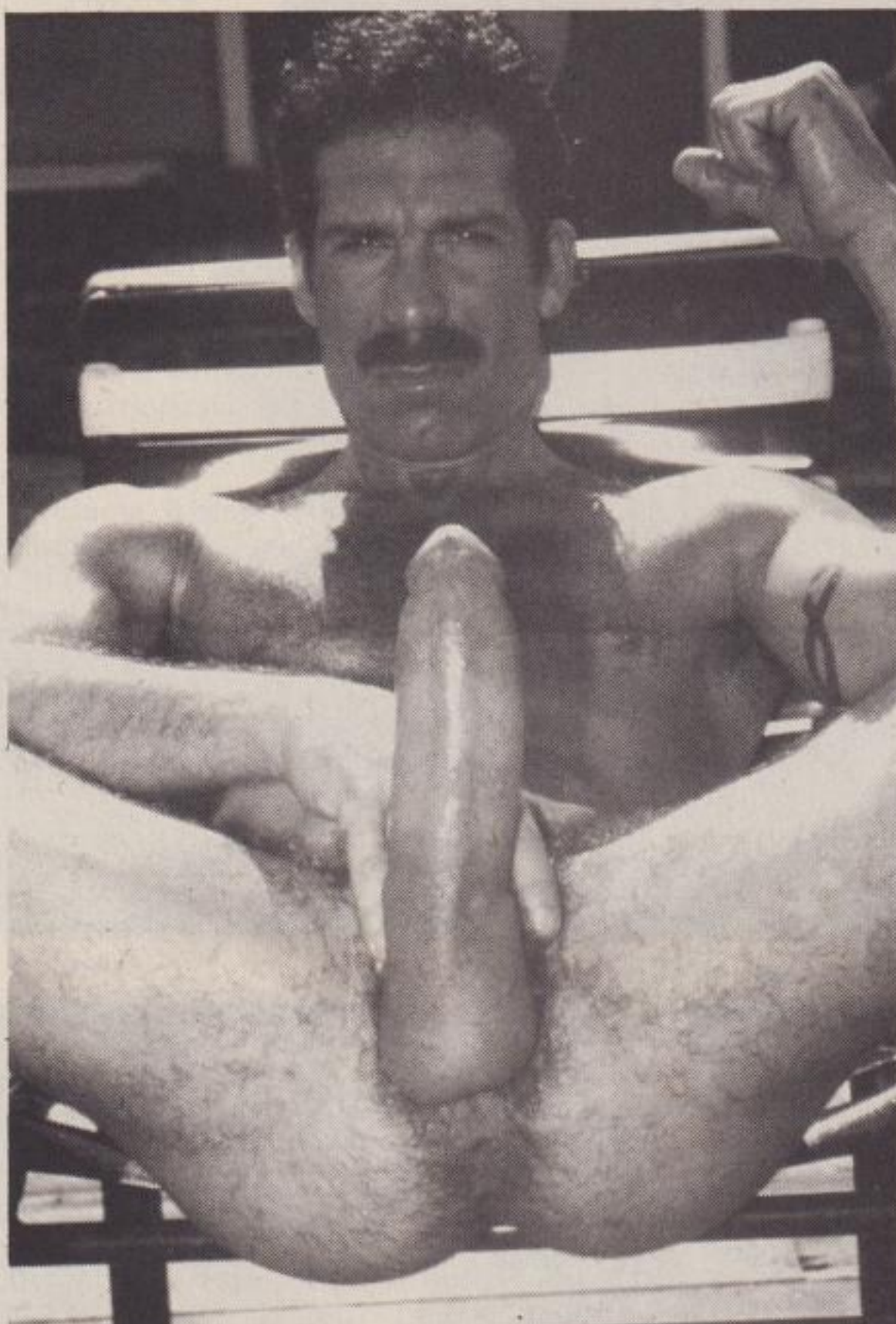
With the relative ease of video production adding innumerable amateur video-makers to the lists as the packaging of their dross becomes ever more slick and beguiling, it seems a new profession is called for—Box Reviewers. Oh, to save the time and effort, to avoid the *tic douloureux* of finding ever new and clever ways to describe what is, after all, the unchangeable in-and-out which constitutes porno, if reviews could run thus:

"Did you like the video?"

"No, but I came on the box."

If I sound disgruntled, it is certainly not because video has allowed the expansion of the porn field, but because that expansion has taken place without an attendant expansion of quality. Any fool can aim a video camera at two guys humping, but few people within the industry either can or care to arrange that humping interestingly, tape it with a theatrical sense and edit it with skill. And that's not even mentioning their taking any responsibility for depicting safe sexual practices.

Some producers and directors with years of experience still can't get it right; that's simply disdain for the consumer. Others grow immeasurably each time out—Colt Studios has an unchanging, iconographic stance for its demigods (and perhaps rightly so), but their cinematography, mood and musical scoring is always bettered. Matt Sterling is another; even within his tight formula he increases the intensity. Falcon Studios in



SPRING BREAK: Chad Douglas is featured in Falcon video's latest.

particular is among the first in discerning and providing contemporary mood, technique and content; i.e., sexual heat. But more on Falcon later.

No, my current dissatisfaction stems from the dozen videos received this month alone, most of which seem more concerned with getting anything on video that will earn the producer a buck than with satisfying a customer. From Le Salon and Marathon Video comes more of their regularly disappointing hatchet jobs, but with at least one fortunate exception; and from HIS Video, which distributes the work of many independent video makers, comes

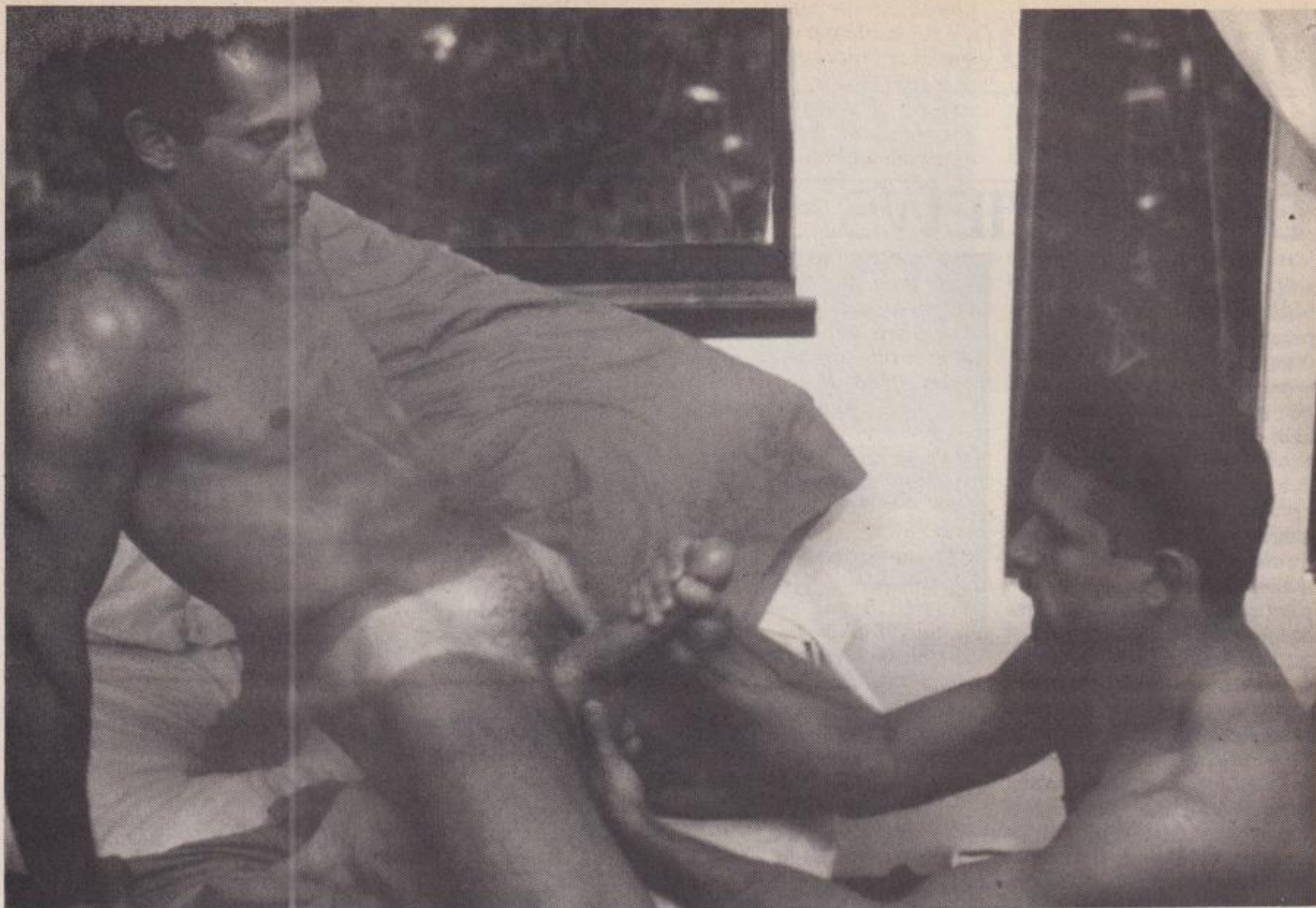
a disappointing grab bag enlivened, thankfully, by a few successes. (Seems that fewer releases might allow an increase in quality, as well as longer-lived consumer credibility.) And finally, thank Goddess, there is the scorching *Spring Break* from Falcon.

All too frequently, it is the names and pictures of our current favorite studs on the video boxes which entice us to their purchase. Yet even our favorites can show up too often and in the wrong hands. With the industry based almost entirely in L.A. and the models competing to earn a living, they swarm between

companies like locusts between stalks of wheat. And although the pervasive use of the "nom de porn" hinders knowledge of exactly who is responsible for which outbreak of "artistry," we can only wonder why one company renders a model godlike and another makes him pathetic. Witness the ubiquitous and thrilling pumper David Ashfield, and the sturdy Chaz Halderman. Their names are on every box nowadays, and their presence usually guarantees tropical heat. Yet Marathon records them both with only moderate warmth. And the charismatic youth, beauty and frenzy of Cory Monroe in Falcon's *Spring Break* is nearly unrecognizable and sluggish in the HIS production *Bait*.

Once again, the boxes are no clue to the contents. I did rejoice to see new names on production and direction credits, only to be played false. David McCabe has written, photographed, edited and directed the Le Salon release, *Manheat*. But though McCabe's name may be new, his faults are old. His lead-ins are the most tired of ploys, and his musical accompaniments come and go whenever he remembers to move the needle back to the beginning of the record. Perhaps in a misguided attempt at being hip, McCabe has attached his camera to a Cuisinart, and it revolves dizzyingly around the bodies. Are the actors standing on the wall, or should I hang by my heels to see this correctly? There's some good rimming (upside down), and a clear fuck or two, but by and large, this antigravitational camera work will have you calling for Dramamine. It even disfigures the otherwise impassioned fuck of Ashfield and a foulmouthed blond.

Another new name, Michael Leon, has brought us some exciting men in a tedious film, *The Best Men*, a Marathon film released by Le



THE OTHER SIDE OF ASPEN II: *Tony Bravo and Giorgio Canali get it on.*



SAFE-SEX FISTFUCK: *Special guest star Chris Burns shows us how.*

Salon. This disheartening video has a disjointed plot with an unbelievable "surprise" ending. It has no foreplay, no atmosphere, no insertion shots, mechanical sex with little style or finesse, and the same repetitive music for ninety minutes.

The one Le Salon video we can offer thanks for is *Stud Struck*, on which newcomer producer, director and star Peter DeMetri shows how it ought to be done. DeMetri is masculinely handsome, lean and intense; his rapacious asshole receives expert workouts from the husky and tattooed Blake McDonald; a bigger and fiercer-than-ever Tico Patterson; the featured return to film of Ed Wiley; and a top-to-bottom change-partner frenzy featuring the bold, hairy and cock-ringed Dwan. DeMetri's steady camera sees all; the rimming in particular will ravage your tongue. *Stud Struck* skips the dull lead-ins, adds a little foreplay and gives us nonstop and gritty fucking. Welcome, Mr. DeMetri.

HIS releases two and three videos a month, and although this is America, we must momentarily discount the teaching that More Is Better. Their *Naked Lunch* features uncomfortable and unexciting sex performed under tables and on top of stoves in a restaurant, all inbetween incredibly stupid and badly acted dialogue. Their *The Spirit is Willing* is insultingly ageist. Gay men do have more control over their destinies than portrayed by the purposefully pot-bellied, loathsome seniors picked to play "mature" gay men in this movie—the point being that only the young and pretty can be sexy or have fun. That's a load of crap, largely disproven by the mechanical, dull sex these kids have, which has been badly edited to boot. The music is a ripoff of *Bijou*, and the special effects laughable. The whole video should have been left on the cutting room floor.

A newer HIS video is an import called *The British Are Coming*, but they might as well have stayed home. Yes, they are uncut, street-type punks instead of the Southern California smoothies so popu-

lar here, but the blandness of their sex made me want to do something more exciting—like read *A History of the Colonization of Northern Wales*.

We're saved then, by the continuing anthologies of hot stuff put out by HIS, and at bargain prices, too. Here we also reach material catering more closely to *Drummer* tastes than the preceding elementary suck and fucks.

Hot Shots consist of strong scenes from otherwise weak movies. Piled up together in these well-planned anthologies they can prove quite effective. Volume 5 was devoted to leather scenes, with some good sling work, a moment's dildo action, but a basic centering on leather as the turn-on.

Volume 6 got better; it's subtitled "Kink," and includes Christopher Rage and J.D. Slater in a shaving and visibly painful clothespin fest; a slave in a sling protesting an extensive hot wax treatment; a lengthy enema ordeal; Daniel Holt soloing with a fat dildo; and Chris Burns getting stuffed by two large leathermen. Volume 7 is "Daddies," and Volume 8 is "Orgies." Go for 'em.

HIS has two other dependables: *Stiff Sentence* and *Oasis*. More about them next time.

And then, finally, there is Falcon Studios, one of the few industry dependables, known for the chemistry of their couplings, their attention to atmosphere and music, the quality of their cinematography and the clarity of their editing. You'll see some of those familiar star names here, but never looking better, bigger, or more into the action.

Falcon's recent video was *The Other Side of Aspen, Part 2*, and although it seems clear from the footage that we're not in Aspen, Colorado, but Lake Tahoe, California, it doesn't really matter. We soon leave the ski slopes for the bedrooms of a lodge where there's less snow than cum and the favored locale is not a mountain but the North Slope of Anus. Six scenes compete for attention; rigid Jeff Turk is my favorite, caught in a three-way, and Giorgio Canali and Tony Bravo win awards for deep rimming and deeper



FLIP-FLOP: Eddie Marks and Chris Lance explore each other's athletic equipment in *The Other Side of Aspen II*.

fucking. Goddess knows why "The Mystery Skier" keeps a mask on, but it can't undercut the fun of the video's final septet, an answer to the orgy which ended the First "Aspen" epic. With Scott O'Hara urging everyone on, the action is extensive.

Even better, though, is Falcon's latest, *Spring Break* (Videopac 48). School is out, glands are swollen, and the boys visit each other in various groupings. David Ashfield pumps to his fullest glory, Jeff Converse reveals a movie star beauty of a face as well as an asset no Hollywood star would open up, an asshole acquiescent to heavy ass-pumping.

But the highlights are yet to come. Poker-faced and butch Chad Douglas, the thickest-dicked porn star in some time, treats his "nephew" Cory Monroe to a startling fuck before sealing him with a butt plug and dragging him off to a dungeon sling for some excessive dildo play, which for once is dwelled upon by the camera instead of momentarily passed over. This, in turn, is a prelude to the safe-sex fistfuck of guest

star Chris Burns. Those of you to whom sense of mind precedes sensitivity of membrane might ask, "Can there be safe-sex FF when FF itself is rarely considered safe?"

Although conservative on the subject of FF myself, I must answer, well, yes—if you do it the new, improved safe-sex way, which includes the use of surgical gloves. Why gloves? They keep nicks or cuts on the hands or the delicate tissues of the ass from exchanging body fluids—and that's what it's all about today. You don't have to give up any sex games—just find new ways of doing them (there are even "surgical dams," thin membranes, which allow one to rim in safety)!

By the way, this last dildo-and-FF sequence of *Spring Break* is not included in store-bought copies of the video, so order yours direct by mail from Falcon Studios. And by the way, Falcon lives up to the heat and cum-on of their boxes and brochures...so get on their mailing list for pictures galore!

—John F. Karr
DRUMMER 25

LEATHER

NOTEBOOK BY LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry "SIR":

I am a 23-year-old slave, living in Los Angeles—as yet unowned by any Master. I am writing to you because I don't know where else to turn... I am not new to the leather/SM scene. I have experienced a good deal of what this culture has to offer and have evolved into a very dedicated bottom/slave. The problem is that in this area it has been nearly impossible to find a Master interested in more than a night or weekend fantasy. I am very serious about my need to serve and be trained in the strictest sense by a capable, experienced Master. I am looking for a dead-serious commitment. How does someone like me move into the circles of *dead serious SM* relationships in the L.A. or California areas? I don't believe I can find this Master in the personals or in the bars on Saturday nights. I am 23, 5'9", blond hair—high and tight, an ex-Marine, body builder, blue eyes, 7½" thick, 18" neck, 19" biceps, 52" chest, 30" waist, college graduate. I am very physical and athletic and great-looking. Please write soon and help me learn how I can move into the world of servitude.

Slave R, Los Angeles

Dear Slave R,

I am going to devote a good portion of this column to answering you, because I feel that your problem is an absolutely classic example of the problems a great many people have in fulfilling their SM desires. Unlike so many others, you have the physical attributes to make you a desirable quantity. So, the reason you are failing is not because you're too old or too homely to attract the sort of man you wish to meet. Neither, by the tone of your letter, are you a shrinking violet who is afraid to approach another guy.

Because you were local and sounded so great I made personal contact with you. We had an hour or so of conversation before I took you down to my dungeon and did a little further "research." I subsequently referred you to a friend of mine who is a very active, experienced top, because I wanted to see how you might do with him. Both sessions left a good deal to be desired, and I would like to share my thoughts on this with you—since you wrote to me through *Drummer*—with our readers.

First, let me note that you did not make any deceptive claims as to your physical attributes. You were exactly what you said you were in this respect. In speaking with you, I felt that you made all the

correct responses, except that even before we went into a scene I picked up on the first problem—one which is very common to bright, educated young men. This is the tendency to intellectualize your past and projected sex experiences. I am very cognizant of this tendency, because I went through it myself at your age and had one hell of a time forcing myself to overcome it. You simply cannot respond on a basic, physical (animal?) level when your mental process is set on this other wavelength. It holds you back from a full participation in the scene. Your body is there, but your mind is elsewhere. And despite any claims to the contrary, a top is not looking for a gentleman or an intellectual encounter session; he wants a physically attractive, responsive subject.

Secondly, you claimed a quasi-slave status, or at least orientation. You are not a slave; you are a bottom. But as a bottom, you again manifest another classic syndrome of the bright, basically aggressive young man. You want to submit in the respect of being bound and subjected to a degree of humiliation. But you are unwilling to relinquish control of the interaction. There are certain things you want done to you, but beyond this relatively narrow range, you resist the top's direction. This happened first in our session; and because I thought it might just have been me, I referred you to my friend and he reported the same responses.

This, again, is not an insurmountable problem, but it is one you will have to address before you achieve the type of relationship you seem really to desire.

Then there is the "road block" of your appearance. It's all to your advantage in attracting the top, but once the contact is made you've got to forget how beautiful you are. The weapon that wins the cruising battle becomes overkill when you permit its attendant vanity (however justified it might be) to impinge upon your relationship with this man to whom you have supposedly submitted. When you tell your top that you are going to do something you wish to do because you are "younger, bigger and stronger than he is" you are completely shattering the Master/slave facade. Coming in the first session, as happened with my friend, it can turn him off so completely he really won't care if you come back or not. In fact, his comment was: "Sure, he's beautiful, but I've got two other guys coming to me who are just as gorgeous. Who

needs to put up with this bullshit?"

So there you have it in a nutshell. You have what it takes to get the top interested, but if you want more than one-night stands (and marginally satisfactory ones, at that) you must look to yourself and reevaluate these facets of your own personality and the responses which they manifest. A good top is not easy to find, and for that reason he can generally be just as selective as you in picking the partner with whom he is going to establish a relationship. It's really a matter of suppressing your own ego; i.e., subordinating it to that of the top.

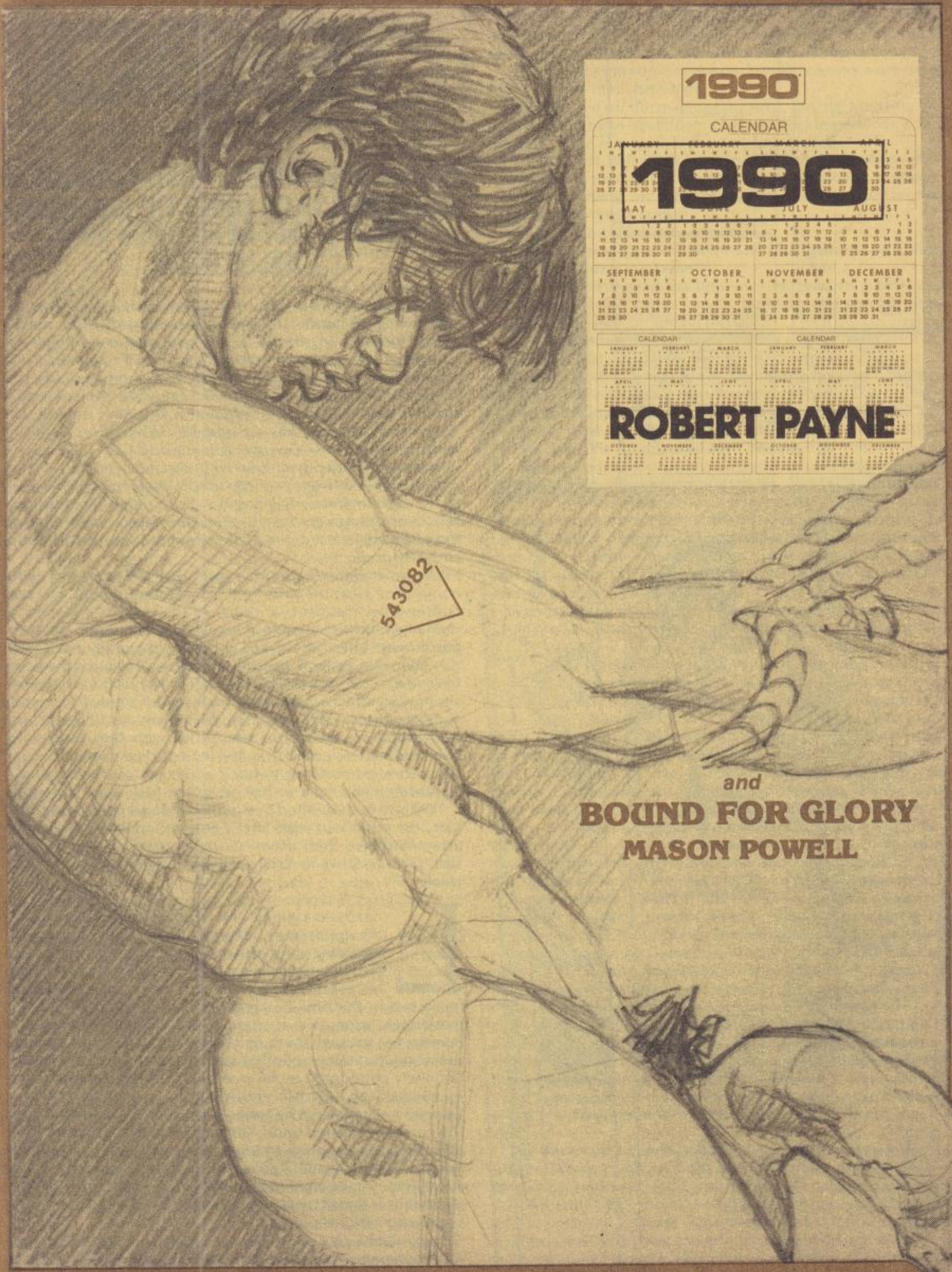
Dear Larry,

I'm middle-aged and pretty well off financially—in business, etc. I feel that my basic interests are better served by the goals of the Republican Party than the liberal big-spenders on the other side. Recently, though, the actions by Ed Meese and others in the administration have begun to scare the shit out of me. As a gay man, I don't want to end up in a concentration camp, or have my property confiscated because I am what I am. I remember your comment on this type of situation in the *Leatherman's Handbook II*. What do you foresee? Are we really in as much trouble as I think we are?

Name withheld

Dear Withheld,

I hear you loud and clear—more so because I've been up front for so long, and have a couple of million words in print on the very subjects "they" consider so negatively. So far, the powers that be have only been able to rack up real victories against the purveyors of kiddie porn. I think that Georgia sodomy case was probably a set-up, poorly conceived and done at the wrong time. Although the Supreme Court made a rather narrowly defined decision, it was still a terrible blow psychologically. It is all very frightening, with most of the cards seeming to fall into the wrong hands. There were a lot of Jews in pre-WWII Germany who thought "it can't happen here." I think we have to realize that it can happen, if we don't support the people and organizations who are trying to prevent it. If that means voting for a neosocialist in order to elect a man (or woman) who possesses a modicum of humanity, so be it. If we all sit back bemoaning our fate and doing nothing, we will have no one to blame but ourselves.



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1990

CALENDAR

JANUARY				FEBRUARY				MARCH				APRIL			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3
26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
MAY				JUNE				JULY				AUGUST			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SEPTEMBER				OCTOBER				NOVEMBER				DECEMBER			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

ROBERT PAYNE

and
BOUND FOR GLORY
MASON POWELL

1990[®]

by ROBERT PAYNE

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FINALLY DECIDES ON SOMETHING TO DO ABOUT THE AIDS CRISIS AND IT'S ONLY AN ELECTION AWAY. HALLELUJAH!

In Robert Payne's 1990, the conservative new American administration has begun sending people with AIDS, people testing positive to the AIDS test and now even "high-risk groups" (read gays) to internment camps for "treatment." The personal property of these individuals is being seized by and through a plethora of governmental agencies, primarily under the direction of the administration's Attorney General. The government thus far has established "Liberty" camps in the appropriate states of Georgia, Arizona and Utah. The latter is where much experimentation with ultraselect military chemicals on these prisoners is reportedly happening. There are other experimentations going on at the other "medical centers" as well as government health authorities trying to discover the cause and effect of the AIDS phenomena along with homosexuality itself.

The new administration has just taken over and sets about completing what the prior one has put into motion. The new conservative President, as much in the mold of the prior as humanly possible, is going along with the hierarchy that actually runs the government. The victims are, naturally, the American people in general, but the real scapegoats, more than ever in modern history, are the tenth of the population who a few short years before had made such strides toward becoming first-class citizens, the gays. Gay lib is a shambles, its leaders and its hierarchy are back in the closet with the door either slammed shut or locked from the inside or out. Liberalism is on the defensive and the political direction of the country is toward fundamentalism. The era of the dark ages has begun.

1990 is to be published by Alternate Publishing by the end of 1986, not quite four years ahead of time and only one election away. We'll see if Mr. Payne is any more or any less accurate than George Orwell's 1984 or Sinclair Lewis's It Can't Happen Here.

Logan was a yuppie and Logan was a jock. Logan gave the appearance of having all the right connections including hairstylist, tanning salon, haberdasher and Nautilus-equipped gym. In truth, he was born with his good looks and his even tan was the product of being out in the sun. He jogged of late in the park near his moderately expensive apartment and his clothes were well chosen, not so much for their labels, but for the way they clung to his athletic young body. His career was going well and he was definitely considered by his peers as a young man on his way up. But all this was not enough to keep him from getting shipped to Utah when he tested positive in the mandatory test the company insisted upon, supposedly to test for drugs. After all, everybody was being tested for drugs these days, ever since Reagan's drug crusade. And why should Logan object? He sure as hell didn't take anything stronger than a No-Doz occasionally when working late at night on office business to impress his supervisor with his output.

Logan had a new and different supervisor now, here at the camp, one who had taken a liking to this blond, all-American stud and had him assigned to keeping the camp commander's



quarters immaculate. After hours, Logan didn't have to go back to the barracks like the other workers. He reported to his supervisor, and the day's real work began.

Along with Logan's good looks and bright demeanor, he had been blessed with one hell of a set of family jewels. In college he was the envy of the guys in the gym and the girls on campus. His tight white designer jeans showed more than the bulges of his muscular thighs or oversized calves. Now, when he began his evening chores, which extended to daytimes on weekends, he wore no jeans or Ralph Lauren polo shirt or even Gucci loafers. Only a bull harness made from a nearby farm that fit around his big balls and ponderous cock. His superior at the camp had also fitted him with a leather collar, originally intended for one of the guard dogs, and Logan, after weeks of some strongly enforced discipline, had learned there were ways of impressing a superior other than taking office work home or handling difficult customers on the phone with a disarming charm. The head of security, who had inherited Logan's services, taught Logan things that he never considered himself capable of learning. There was much floor scrubbing, boot polishing and other chores that demanded that Mr. Most Likely To Succeed be on his knees for long, agonizing periods of time.

Right now he was on all fours scrubbing a kitchen floor that had been scrubbed the night before. He watched his own big organ bobbing up and down as he backed over the vinyl floor, pushing the scrub brush back and forth over the gleaming surface. He was momentarily thankful for the fact that they required him to masturbate into a vial every few days, or his damned thing would be standing out like a pole, dressed or undressed. His superior never let him touch it, even to urinate.

"How long is it going to take to clean that floor, asshole? As often as you do it, it shouldn't take more than a couple of minutes. Ten at the most."

"Yes, Sir."

"Come over here and clean up these fucking boots. Shit, I had to walk around in the fucking mud leaving the barns. Those cocksuckers never will get the fucking roads finished."

"Yes, Sir." Logan crawled over to his superior's boot and rolled up the pants leg as he lowered his head and began licking the toes of the boots. It still tasted of the polish he had arduously applied the night before. It tasted of the day's grit as well, but Logan was used to that. He crawled over to a cabinet which he opened to retrieve a tin of polish. He opened it and began applying it with his bare hands to one boot, being exceedingly careful not to get polish on the cuffs of the khaki pants.

The man who was standing gave Logan a kick with his boot, pushing him onto his back on the wet floor behind him. He placed the boot on the harnessed groin and applied his body-weight. Logan made no effort to get away or resist. Who knew what would happen to those much admired cock and balls if he protested in the least.

"First, you clean the fuckers, then you polish 'em, asshole."

Logan immediately began licking again, painstakingly going over every inch including the soles. He knew better than to leave out the soles.

He wondered why he never was made to lick anywhere else. The man insisted on his being naked all the time. He enjoyed making Logan's cock so hard it was painful. But he only seemed to enjoy forcing Logan to humiliate himself, never to use him in direct sexual ways.

After the boots were polished to his superior's satisfaction, Logan was directed to finish the floor. "I got some guys comin' over for poker."

When the guys arrived, six in all, Logan was kept busy bringing in the beer, emptying ashtrays waiter style and then was directed by his superior to do more boot polishing. Not all the guests had boots on and after they were all licked and polished dutifully, one of the men wanted to know what the hosts' cocksucker was going to do for him. Logan crawled over to the man's feet and began taking off his tennis shoes. The man automatically pulled his foot back but then returned it to

Logan's thigh as though it was a footstool. Logan finished unlacing the shoe and removed it. He began massaging the man's stockinged foot with his hands and the man relaxed.

"Hey, I gotta get some of the cocksuckers on my work detail to do this for me," he laughed.

Logan pulled off the man's grimy sock, but this time the man didn't resist. Logan bent down and began licking the man's bare foot just as he had been trained to lick his superior's.

"Look at that, will ya? What else does this piece of shit do?"

One of the men said sotto voce, "He sucks cock, dummy."

"With a whang on him the size of that, he runs around sucking other guy's cocks?"

"How do you think he got here?"

The top man snapped his fingers and Logan stood up. "Show these men your cunt, asshole."

Logan turned around and bent over. He reached around past the almost-healed marks on his buttocks and spread them. There was no hair on his ass or balls.

"The man wants to know why you are here, asshole."

"Because I am a cocksucker, Sir. And a pussy, Sir."

The man with the bare foot was rubbing his crotch. "If he's got AIDS, can't I catch it if he blows me?"

"He hasn't got AIDS, asshole. And you ain't at risk, he is."

"Is that what you use him for, Jack?"

"No. But if he is any good at it, I might."

That satisfied the barefoot man and he put his big toe in the puckered hole of Logan's proffered ass. Logan turned around, got back on his knees and lowered his head to the man's crotch. The man unbuttoned his fly and whipped out enough meat that he should have had no reason to be embarrassed. Logan went to work, still with his hands behind him stretching his buttocks and his asshole. His superior would tell him when he could assume another position.

Eventually the man ejaculated noisily and when Logan finished his duty, looked up at his superior to await further orders.

The Reverend Jimmie Bob Faltland was frankly worried, but he seldom showed it, not even to his most trusted advisors. And that was who he had sitting around him now at the President's Prayer Conference. Jesus, how much could one man manage, he thought. His fucking Bible College had become a university, however unaccredited, and registration was growing by leaps and bounds. It cost money to train those young people, not as much as did two and three broadcasts a week on over a hundred television stations to raise the money for the University and the missionaries and carrying on God's political work. His appearances on television were important for only one reason and that was to keep the cash flow up to strength. The people he talked to on TV were already convinced of his message, and whatever converts he made simply usually came from other churches or other faiths. The ungodly were still out there, spending their millions on pornography and voting Democrat. But the goddamn faggots were on the run, he and God had seen to that. If they didn't die of the plague from their own sexual excesses, they were safely out of the mainstream in those camps and could be pointed to as examples of what happens when man doesn't pay attention to God's word. Men loving men indeed. Jesus and the disciples should have come out a hell of a lot stronger than they did in the New Testament on that subject. Of course, Paul did have some things to say about it, although Paul wasn't exactly perfect either. He had founded the fucking Catholic Church, hadn't he?

The Reverend's mind wandered as he led his own disciples in prayer. Words came naturally to him and the prayer went on almost by automatic pilot, you might say. Maybe it was God speaking through him, he thought. He was grateful for this gift and for many others. He was grateful for his following which had grown by leaps and bounds, for the big church which the townspeople could still remember as a former supermarket. He was grateful for his Learjet sitting in readiness at the municipal

airport, waiting to take him to the centers of power and properly conservative settings for his appearances. He avoided most major cities, especially New York and San Francisco. He was big in Southern cities and they loved him in Dallas and Houston and Phoenix. The size of his personal appearance audiences didn't make that much difference anyway. Hell, more people saw him on the tube each week than there were in those big liberal cities.

He rather wished that the homosexuals had put up more of a fight. He had been right, however. There were a lot of closet bigots out there and when the gays, (he refused to use the vernaculars that his associates so relished, "faggots," "fairies," "pansies," "niggers," "kykes," "hymies" and "junglebunnies.") Thank God he had broken himself of that habit. You have to love people in order to hate them. That was something he could never get some of his older ministers to realize. "Hate the sin, but love the sinner." It paid off. They were loving the cocksuckers to death! But after the gays were gone, who would be the next scapegoats. History had proven over and over that great movements need someone or something to direct great hatred toward. Godless Communism couldn't last forever as the bogeyman. And the fairies—rather the gays—had folded up so easily, abandoned their political power and gone back into their closets where they belonged. And he and the Justice Department had seen that those closets had bars on the windows and locks on the doors.

Pornography was a big multibillion dollar sin that needed to be cut down to size. The new America had to be taught to think pure thoughts. Hollywood had made fortunes beyond counting on tits and ass, but they had been kept pretty harmless until one day somebody proved you really didn't need anybody's approval to make and show a film depicting hard sex. Well, he was putting an end to that. Just as the crusaders of his daddy's generation (actually his father was a hard drinker) put an end to demon rum and its hold over America's youth, now he was going to do some prohibiting of his own, and woe be unto anybody who stood in the way of God's righteous power.

I know a way out of this camp," whispered Stan, whom Bif referred to as "our Pollock in residence." Stan was a wide-shouldered fellow of medium height with blue eyes, intense nature, and had what Geoff called, "an IQ of about room temperature." Stan was barely a generation removed from the old country and Bif felt at times that everyone might be underestimating him.

"I know a way, too. Out the front gate."

"How'd you know?" asked Stan in all sincerity.

There had to be more to it than that, thought Geoff, so he asked, "What do you mean, Stanley?" He knew Stan hated that version of his name. It might prod him into coming to the point.

"Uniforms," declared Stan simply and directly, and with a pleased look on his simple, direct face.

"Do tell us more, Stan."

"We get dressed up in uniforms and we go out the front gate."

"Brilliant! Where do we get these uniforms?"

"I'm into uniforms," added Don whatever his name was. "Could you fix me up with a Los Angeles police outfit. Something suitable for a motorcycle."

"Yeah," said Stan. They were catching on. His eyes flashed. "Motorcycles!"

"Well, it's a butch way out. Where do we get the motorcycles, Stanley dear?"

"Motorcycles, hell. Where do we get the uniforms?"

"Same place the guards get uniforms. Their lockers. That's where I work."

Geoff's mind was racing far ahead. Let's say they got a half-dozen suitable uniforms and boots to dress in. There was the problem of these goddamn camp haircuts to contend with. No, wait. They'd need helmets. The couriers on bikes wore black helmets with big white numbers on them. But motorcycles.

30 DRUMMER

Who knew shit about motorcycles? He hadn't even ridden a bicycle for years. Then after they got out, what?

Don was saying something about wanting a "fifteen and a half, thirty-three sleeve and at least a thirty-four waist. I thought with AIDS you lost weight!"

"With AIDS you do, sweetie. You also lose your appetite. You haven't got no AIDS." That was from LeRoy who referred to himself as one of the last pure-blooded American Indian princesses. Don referred to him as a "Chicago nigra with social aspirations." Actually, his ancestors probably hailed from the Caribbean somewhere.

"So we get out. Then what?"

"We could start a revolution. Overthrow the Republican Party."

"Fairies ain't gonna fight. Those queens are so back into their closets they'd probably turn you in just to get in good with the Health Department."

"We need another Stonewall."

"We need an organization." Don felt the old juices flowing again. Not for nothing had he spent all that time with NGTF and Save The Whales.

"You can be President, man. They always shoot the President and the Vice President first."

"I'd rather be Madame Chairman. They always go into exile."

"Right now I'd like to be exiled anywhere but this goddamn country. Never thought I would think about it like that."

"You're entitled, baby. If you ask me, we all are."

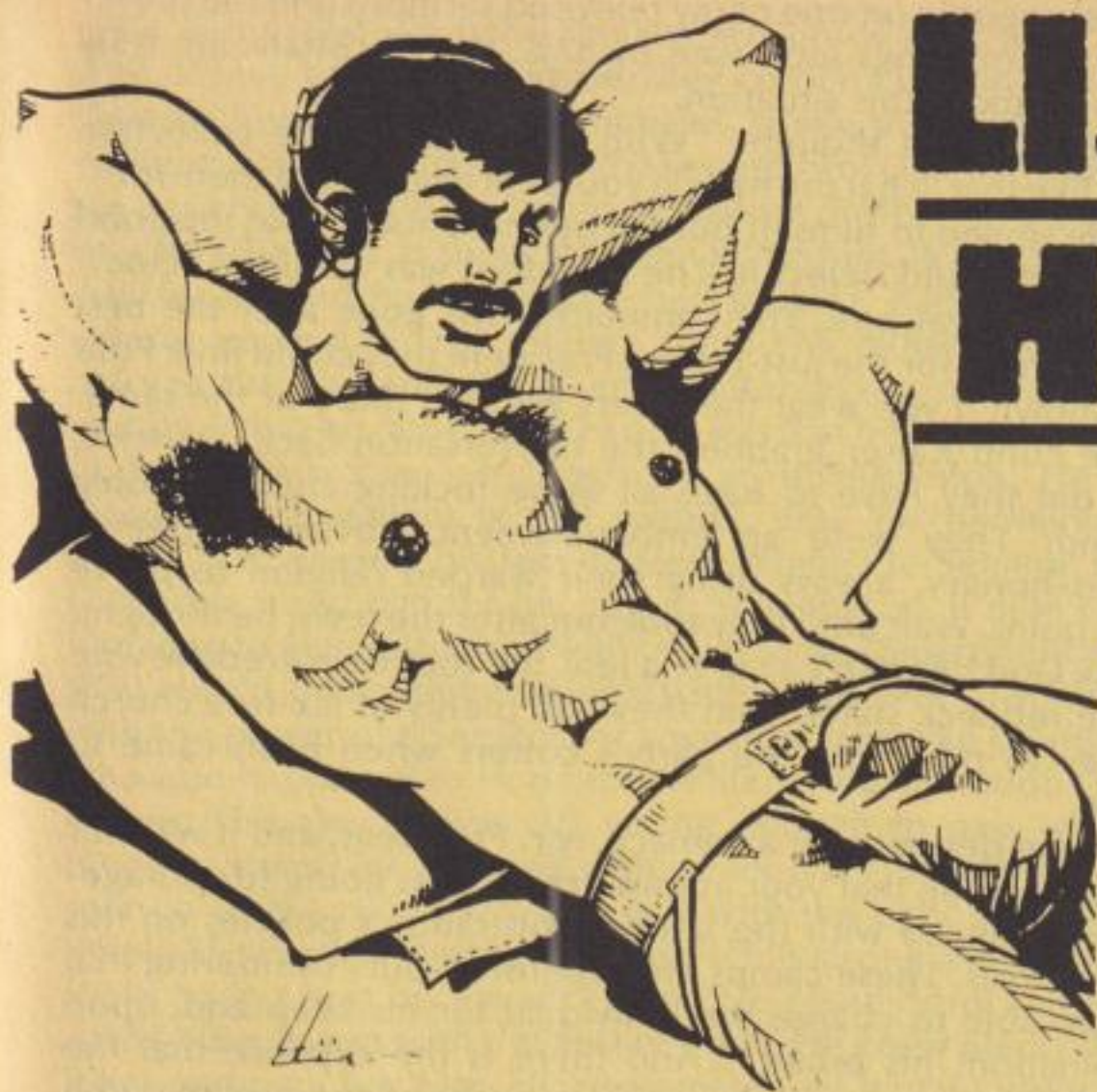
The President sat at the head of the conference room table. The Oval Office was being remodeled to "put his stamp on it." Actually it was being redone by a decorator that his wife imported all the way from Texas. "Probably a fairy," thought his Attorney General, who saw them everywhere. But the man had his clearance papers, along with a legal wife and an adopted child. The Attorney General was not about to take on the first lady on the subject at any cost.

The President was obviously not overwhelmingly interested in the meeting. He yawned and stretched every few minutes and his eyes had begun to glaze over. But the agenda was important to his attorney general. It was becoming apparent he would agree to anything to get the hell out of there. The other wheel of note at the table was a big backer of the party and an organizer who was largely responsible for the party's carrying several key states. Or so he claimed.

Under his affable exterior he was a man who knew what he wanted. And what he wanted at the moment he was going to get at this meeting the Attorney General had set up. The man looked at the handsome new President intently as he stated his own case. Well, they had certainly gotten their money's worth, he thought as he spoke. It cost more to get this sonofabitch in office than it had Reagan. The Democrats had put up a good fight for a change and had been passed from one conservative to another. The last administration had sure as hell left the country hopelessly in debt, but we owed money to ourselves anyway. Or at least mostly to the corporations and banks this man represented.

"It is imperative, Mr. President, that these camps be built. We finally have a solution to the homosexual problem, but it is infecting the general population. These people, these high-risk carriers must be isolated just as fast as we have room for them. They are the first step in our having some control over the least desirable elements of today's society. These people are carrying and susceptible to a lethal disease and they are spreading it as easily as if it were influenza or..." and he paused, cleared his throat, and added more delicately, "gonorrhea." After all, he was a man of principal, and you didn't sit in the chief executive's presence talking about the clap. It was bad enough having to say "homosexual."

The Reverend Faltland interjected, "Mr. President, if we are to do God's work here on earth, in these United States, we must have the tools to do the job. Why, just the mention of the



LISTEN HARD

HOT TALK TAPES

☐ **THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 1** The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves.

☐ **THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 2** Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

☐ **KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL** Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot — too hot — and he overpowered you? Even wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his?

☐ **MY DADDY WAS BAD** The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up,

☐ **rites and Raunch** There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come.

☐ **HOT HUNG TRUCKER** Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off — then his dirty, greasy jeans.

☐ **MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY** Five hot body-builders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.

☐ **DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN** Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off.

☐ **BIKE EXHIBITIONIST** Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true — mean, dirty, muscular — leaning against his big, black Harley.

☐ **AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN** Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's cock?

☐ **GREASE MONKEYS, STARRING MASTER MARIO** Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

☐ **THE D.I., STARRING MASTER MARIO** Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

☐ **MARINES OVERHEARD** Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...

☐ **THE COP, STARRING MASTER MARIO** A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force.

☐ **COP WORSHIP** We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to...

☐ **DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY** Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

☐ **THE COMMANDER SPEAKS** "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about... your tongue is going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet."

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Godless people on one of my televised sermons and the prayer response offerings increased by 57%. We Christians are truly alarmed about this situation."

The President thought, "With an upturn in the collection plate like that, what the hell do you want to get rid of them for?" and he smiled to himself but not openly enough that the good Reverend could detect it. The President was a trained actor if ever there was one. The committee had gone after the best replacement for the just-retired President they could find. Polls had shown it was what the voters wanted, more of the same.

The Fund Raiser grabbed the conversation back. Dammit, why did they have to have all these fucking church people around? They were an embarrassment, obviously greedy, power-hungry, always using their warped religion to prove their point. Wait until they took out after the Jews, he thought. Thank God he wasn't a fag or a Jew. But they delivered the vote in the redneck states. And they had plenty of tax-free church money to pour into the party's coffers when push came to shove.

"These perverts are a menace, Mr. President, and it was our understanding that your administration was going to courageously go ahead with the last administration's policies on this health crisis. These camps are expensive, but considering that we are able to charge the individual for his keep and, upon termination, his estate... And there is the expense that the government has been committed to by the congress of research on the disease. The last poll showed approval of 89%. This disease must be controlled."

The man from the Health Department mentally noted that the Fund Raiser didn't use the word "eradicated" or "cured." Hell would freeze over before any government serum, other than experimental, was used on anybody being shipped to the quarantine camps. But the man was used to meetings like this. You might call him a professional meeting attender. He never forgot a name, followed through—or at least his staff did—in hours on anything required of him. That was how he got where he was. Now he was at cabinet level, the result of both his perseverance and the fact that the country hadn't seen anything like this plague since the outbreak of the influenza epidemic at the early part of the century. There was another name for what was being accomplished here. When other governments did it and were discovered, it would be called genocide. But that was the wonderful thing about AIDS; you could wipe out any segment of the population under the pretense of helping them.

The Reverend Faltland was sitting back, buddhalike, smiling and nodding at the facts and figures being presented by the underlings from the Health Department. Like most everyone else in the room he wasn't listening to a word of it. He had to leave this meeting when it was over and fly in his private jet to New York City, which he usually avoided, to meet with the archbishop and another bunch of goddamn Popists, to put on a united front against a liberal outbreak in the government in that accursed city. The New York governor didn't like what these camps were all about, nor did the mayor, although the governor and the mayor were always at loggerheads. And they were both under pressure from the Jew-liberals that controlled politics in the Big Apple. Catholics made him nervous, all that pomp and tradition, that real estate and political clout. He always felt like a poor Georgia boy in the archbishop's presence. Big Apple indeed. Give him a Georgia peach anytime.

But praise God for giving him this challenge, these homosexuals. They were like shooting fish in a rainbarrel. They were easier targets than Jews would have been. Well, that battle had been fought sixty years before. Great progress had been made, but they bounced back, established a homeland and became even more of a menace to the world. At least with gays, when you got rid of them, you were rid of them. They didn't procreate. And if they were dead, or locked up, they couldn't recruit from the strong, fine, young men like those at his Bible College.

He wondered what the female version of gays were like. Well, if they were truly female, they couldn't be too bad. The Reverend was sincerely into females, praise the Lord!

The young legal attache for the Secretary of Defense shuffled the papers back into his briefcase and sat down. He had stated his case, the facts as they had been given him. While he was a civilian, he had had a military background, had come from several generations of military men. His father was disappointed that he had left the service after serving only one tour of duty. What his father didn't know was that he had come close to being nailed in San Diego by an investigation. He had thought it expedient to not reenlist, take his unblemished record and pursue his law degree. When the Senator from California hired him for his staff in Washington, it didn't take him long to get established with the Defense Department. Hell, they would do anything to ingratiate themselves to someone with the power of a Senator for a wealthy state like California, who also happened to sit on the Military Appropriation Committee. The attache was still young enough to pass without being married. He roomed with an ex-Navy buddy, but was seen in all the right places, usually with the right people. His whole life was a lie, but whose wasn't? His strong, athletic good looks hadn't hurt his advancement. He could drink and go to Army-Navy games with the best of them. He knew plenty of fag jokes and very few fags. His roommate told him he was a shit, but then Mike was in the private sector. You had to be a shit to be in the Defense Department.

The figures he had quoted were mostly projections and everybody knew they were subject to error. A few in the room probably realized they were also subject to complete falsehood. But nobody could do it better than the military and when they quoted figures, the figures were always in the millions or better. Everybody in the military or under the control of it right now was being tested for everything imaginable. Drugs, AIDS, loyalties, anything that could make a difference in their performance of their duties. With the actions in South America, this country was in for a long, thankless fight and the toll would be high. He wondered if this new President with the untroubled face and the easy smile realized what he was in for. The Reverend was smiling at him right now, probably due to the fact that the report was concluded. Shit, that old fart gave him the willies. He reminded the attache of the devil himself; well-fed, dressed in his five hundred dollar suit with a private jet waiting for him to get his fat ass aboard so he could go somewhere and make a pitch for the starving heathen in Africa or somewhere. The young man was sure that the starving were probably colored, and he was also sure that wasn't the Reverend's favorite color.

He had a plane waiting himself, as well. It wasn't private, but it was somewhat personal. He had to take a military flight down to the Reverend's stomping grounds of Georgia to check out an old Army hospital that they were turning over to the Department of Health. He couldn't take Mike because of, well for a lot of reasons. Maybe Mike could or would take a commercial flight and meet him there to spend a few days. He could get away with taking the extra time. He had it coming after this command performance.

The Attorney General was now thanking them all for being there and telling them that the President and his appropriate cabinet members would take the situation under advisement. The President rose and so then did everyone else. "Hail to the Chief," thought Charles E. Hightower, II, wondering how impressed Mike would be that he had been at a meeting with the President himself, since neither one of them had voted for him.

They entered the nation's capitol without incident, if you don't count hot-wiring a government van and breaking into a wig boutique an incident. Such behavior was new to Biff and Geoff, if not to Nick and Leroy, although it was Biff

who had finally succeeded in getting the Ford Econoline started.

"Fords are a snap," he said modestly as Geoffery looked at him with relief when the engine finally fired up. The van was a particular blessing since it was virtually windowless and the sight of a half-dozen young men with bare scalps wouldn't be quite as apparent. Hence Leroy's sudden inspiration as they passed the wig place.

"Honey, being a hair bender, when I ain't hustlin', comes in handy sometimes."

"So does being a hustler," said Geoff sotto voce.

Nick did the driving, since he claimed to know his way through the turnpikes and toll bridges. Nick suggested holding up a store along the way for some money but his businesslike suggestion was vetoed by Biff.

"We may need the money but we don't need the attention."

"Hell, we're as illegal as you can get right now anyways."

The whole experience was exhilarating. Who would have thought that any of them, save possibly Nick and maybe the female impersonator who claimed his name was Tanya, would be wanted criminals in a stolen car on their way to who knows where to do who knows what. Maybe Leroy might have operated outside the law on occasion too, but surely never to this degree. And if they were caught, what? They'd end up back at square one, in the camp. Wouldn't be too much worse off than when they started, considering what had already happened to them.

Nick drove like the professional he was. With his uniform and the government green van, he was able to con his way through the toll plazas. Sometimes someone might yell something at him but he would just wave to them and pass through. Who was going to pursue them this time of night? He never waited for a reaction, even if there was to be one. Only once did they see a police car and it paid no attention to them whatever. Its occupants had other fish to fry somewhere else.

With the interior lights on, they tried on the dozen or so wigs that Leroy had grabbed from the salon. Everyone thought black Leroy in a fire-orange curly monstrosity was a laugh getter, like little Orphan Annie gone blackface. "But he'll never pass."

They eventually tried one as similar as possible to their own hair color. Leroy assured them that the minute he got his hands on some "good cuttin' scissors" he'd comb and style them out to a passible appearance.

"The rest o' yo' body, you gonna have to raise hair of yo' own," and he laughed at his own humor.

As they drove through the city, Geoff, who still had a couple of credit cards, suggested they pick a first-rate hotel. "More respectable, they don't ask a lot of questions."

Nobody had a better idea so they pulled up to the Washington Hilton. "Ditch the van, stupid. That is what they definitely will be looking for." They put the van in a parking garage, told the man it would be a couple of days and the van was immediately buried, very out of sight.

Their rooms at the hotel were spacious and full of accommodations. "I'd almost forgotten what it was like to be comfortable," said Biff sadly. "On edge, maybe, but with a few creature comforts."

"On edge gets the juices flowing," returned Geoff. "We've got some heavy thinking ahead."

They all got together around the table by the window in Biff and Geoff's room. The stolen uniforms were hung in the closet after a session in the bathroom for the steam to remove the wrinkles and make them as fresh-looking as possible. "Thank God for Dacron," said Tanya, who knew about such things.

Leroy was cutting hair, Nick's to be exact. At least it was on Nick's head. Leroy seemed to know his business. So did Tanya who then combed it out and made the dead material come to life. When they were finished Nick looked downright presentable. The hair had to be long enough to cover his lack of sideburns, but his face was young enough to get away with that much hair.



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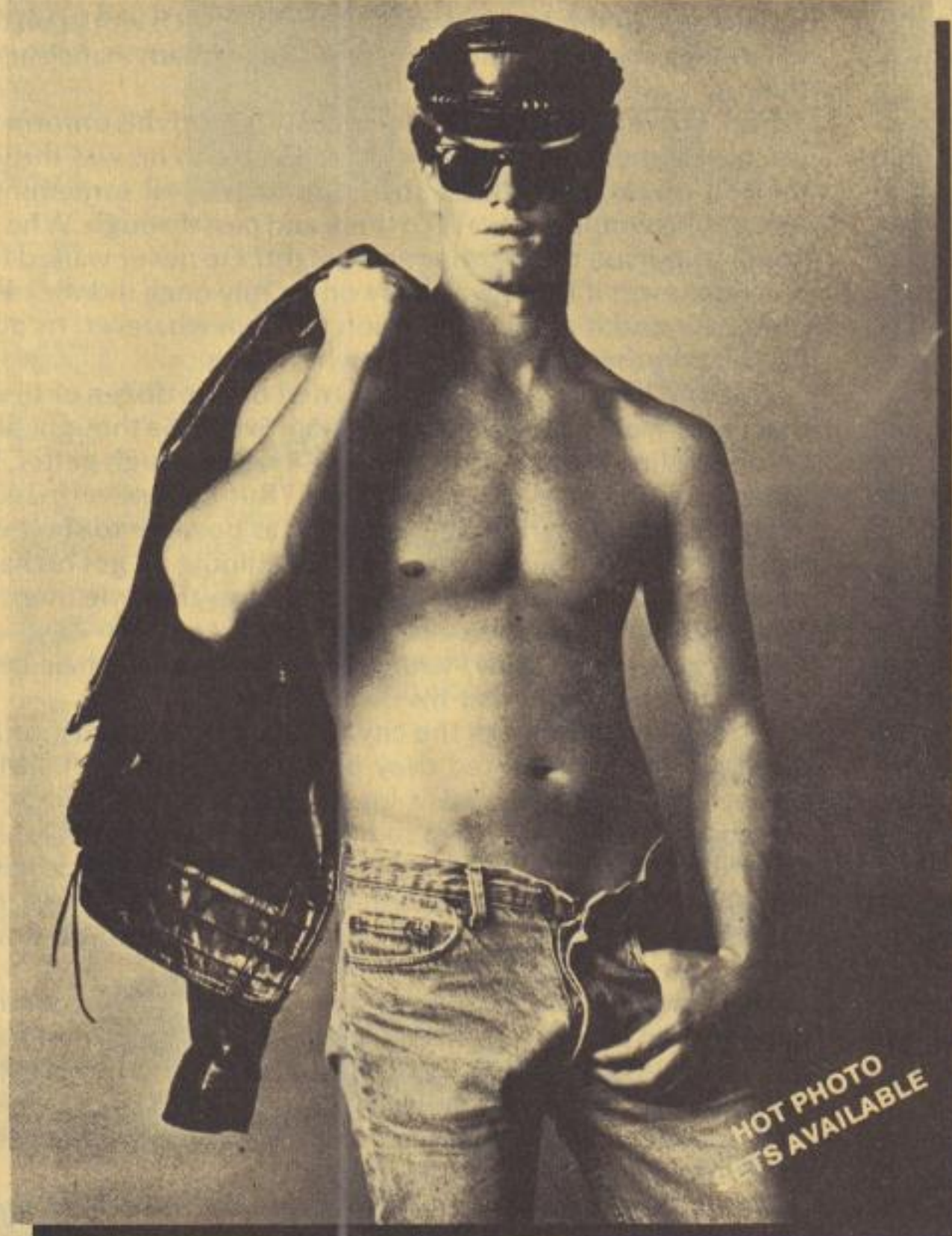
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They saved Biff until last and Leroy and Tanya did their piece de resistance. The wig was more or less Biff's own shades of blond and Leroy cut it as short as he could, without its revealing itself for what it was. He had had the foresight and presence of mind, and sense of theatre, to steal some gum arabic to keep the hairpieces in place on shaven heads.

Afterward, Leroy announced that, "When things get tough, the tough go shopping," gave a big whoop and put on his clothes. He said Tanya was too easy to spot so he would take "the quiet one," the sixth member whose name nobody could remember.

Nick drank the rest of his cup of coffee and announced he was going to sack out. Biff said he was going to try to get in touch with someone he knew in Washington. At this, Geoff said nothing, then headed for the bed. Everyone went to their own rooms.

Biff sat down on the side of the bed. "The guy is just a friend from a long time ago, buddy. He is with someone else now, they've been together for years."

There was no pretending of the "I don't know what you're talking about" genre, as Geoff said quietly, "We're fighting for our lives right now. I have to believe in something." He paused and looked at his square-shouldered partner-in-crime, still in his new hairpiece.

"Believe in yourself, fellow. No, I guess you can believe in me if you want to," Biff reached over and ran his hand down Geoff's midriff. He imagined the hair pattern that had been there prior to his being shaved. He raised his hand up, over the chest, around the neck, then behind the head. He bent over and kissed his friend.

"What are two young men like us—of great expectations—doing in a free country, holed up in a hotel with four other faggots, hiding from everyone we know."

"This isn't a free country. Not any more. And the others are our brothers. They are looking to us to get them out of this, just as we are looking to each other."

"Well, there is one thing that I am looking only to you for, little buddy."

Geoff moved over and Bifford got on the bed beside him. "You know, in the barracks this was the morning for a semen sample." His exploring hand wandered down to Geoff's groin.

"Please, Sir. Be gentle." They embraced and forgot about everybody and everything other than themselves for a while, like the healthy, young animals they were.

The nation had finished its evening meal and was sitting back to watch some evening television. But instead of the familiar network show they anticipated, their TV announced that that particular telecast was being preempted to present a message from the President of the United States.

This naturally was followed by groans or dial changing (only to find that the other networks and the bigger locals were also carrying the special broadcast) or curiosity as to what was up, if anything.

On came the Presidential seal and the voice-over declared, "From the capitol in Washington, DC we bring you a special announcement from the President of the United States." Redundant, perhaps, but that is how these things are done. The President came on and began his prepared text. Nobody, but nobody, was prepared for what was to follow.

Cables connected the Oval Room to the technicians in the mobile studio outside. Then more cables to a dish that beamed the program to the local network affiliate. The broadcast was pooled there and fed over the lines and other dishes to the rest of the world via the individual networks, their affiliates and independents. It was only in the reception from the White House dish to the local network affiliate that things went awry. The nation began to get a better show than it had bargained for, or had any right to expect.

In the semihijacked trailer on a back street, Mike's director friend waited for a pause on the President's part. The Chief

Executive was ill at ease, after all, most of his TV appearances had been on tape and were edited to perfection. This was live and to the biggest audience of his life. Not even at the convention was he this much on the spot. No cheering crowds, no supporters behind him, just technicians and Secret Service men who made him nervous anyway.

The monitor showed his handsome face and professional manner as he droned on. But all over the nation, on television sets of every size and description, another show was being broadcast. One so well put together that there was no indication anything was other than planned.

The tape showed the insides of the Georgia Liberty Camp. Pictures of sick and fragile young men were paraded through the nation's consciousness. A deep, resonant, network-quality voice-over described what the audience was seeing.

"Never has this nation faced such a crisis and, to its shame, has it done it so badly. We have violated the Bill of Rights of the Constitution. We have taken property without due process. We have imprisoned our young people with little hope of their ever being free or productive and we have offered them nothing better than the treatment accorded laboratory animals."

The voice supposedly was the President's, which was still fairly new to most people.

"Mean-minded men, cloaked in the flag, and worse, in religious dogma distorted to promote their own power-hungry goals, have forced politicians of every political stripe to sponsor and vote for emergency laws that not only cure or relieve the grief and the fear, but foster hatred and prejudice and ignorance."

Geoff, watching from a monitor in the trailer, thought, "Isn't he laying it on a little thick?" Then he remembered it wasn't the fucking President, but that hammy gay announcer, the frustrated impersonator friend of Tanya's.

"How long can we get for this?" he said to Biff who had an arm draped over his shoulder.

"Life, probably," was the answer.

"As long as it is in the same cell with you, who gives a fuck?"

"Shhh. Our beloved President is speaking."

"... The Nazis did it years ago, effectively and almost successfully. They picked scapegoats and then, even as now, homosexuals were included along with the Jews, the Catholics, people who were non-Aryan. Haven't we learned anything from the past? Didn't the terrible toll of World War II teach us anything?"

"Maybe I should have voted for the sonofabitch," declared the engineer whose hand on the dials and switches was guiding the broadcast in its override.

"I am hereby calling for a complete Congressional investigation. I am asking for the opposition party and the American people to join me in this. We must find—or release—the cure for this plague that is destroying the cream of our young people. We cannot afford to devote almost an entire generation to this monstrous plan. The American people deserve more from their government."

The tape had ended and there were patterns on the monitor screens. The director, who a scant twenty-four hours ago wouldn't have dreamed of being involved in a scam like the one he was presently up to his ears in, listened intently to his earphones. "Let's hope the asshole is about ready to wind it down..." he mumbled. He switched the White House voice on and it finished a sentence.

The President's voice, then finally his image, came on, and while it was obvious there had been technical difficulties, it was not apparent that everything wasn't as planned.

He finished saying something about cooperation with the executive and legislative branches of government, smiled a toothy smile, and the Presidential seal came on.

"You have just heard an address by the President of the United States. We now return to our regular programming." A commercial splashed on the screen.

"Jesus Christ, we did it!" yelled Bifford Hanson. Everyone was pounding everyone else on the back and laughing, even those who were wondering what would happen next. □



BOUND FOR GLORY

THE WAR AGAINST RHENGFEL Part VIII by MASON POWELL

Time was running out. It had taken Chom too long to gather troops from the mountain villages. Even Chom's glib tongue, even the presence of Gonar manifesting the god Wa-at, had not been enough to rouse the anger that brings war in such a short time. The villagers had not been subject to the terror of Rhengfel's ambition. They had no interest in the rescue of strangers from slavery. In the end it had been necessary to describe the riches that Rhengfel had won in its conquests and conveniently forget to mention that the volcano would soon erupt, destroying all before it. What could not be accomplished with an appeal to human decency was done at last through appeal to human greed. The very passion that had built Rhengfel would now hasten its destruction.

Or so Gonar hoped as they rode through the ancient tunnels the volcano had boiled out, inexorably toward Rhengfel, astride splendidly carapasoned stallions: an army that rode like ghosts beneath the ground, an army with only two days left to conquer a mighty city. For in two day's time the god had promised the volcano would erupt and the tunnels through which they now rode would be filled with flaming gasses and seething lava, and Rhengfel, and all that lay within its valley, would be buried and dead.

The priests had removed everything possible from the temples inside the crater, carrying what they could to the safety of limestone caves higher up in the mountains; including the idol which had taken life and instilled in Gonar the living presence of the god. All the village close enough to be in immediate danger had been evacuated, for the mountain people would pay attention when the priests of the volcano god spoke of destruction. Only evil Rhengfel was unarmed with the knowledge of its imminent and timely doom.

Some had argued in favor of leaving the slaves, and those of Rhengfel's citizenry who had resisted the tyranny of the king and queen, to the destruction. But Chom had persuaded them that it was not in human nature to abandon what is good to what is evil. Whatever pleasure a person may take in cruelty, however fierce a warrior may be, there dwells somewhere within a desire to cherish what is elevated in one's eyes, to preserve what is best in one's kind. To Gonar that best was Honor. To Chom—but who could know Chom's heart? Certainly not Gonar, his willing and loving slave.

...And certainly not now, when each time Chom approached him as Master the god Wa-at appeared in Gonar's body and seized the mastery!

Gonar glanced at Chom by the light of the flickering torches and wondered if ever he would be free of the god who so thoroughly despoiled their relationship. He did not want to be Chom's master, he wanted to be Chom's slave. And he was not Chom's master! Yes he was unable to resign himself to his master's use because of the god.

Chom's profile was beautiful in the torchlight as he rode. His face caught the light, his close-cropped black beard glinted with it, his black eyes sparkled. His olive complexion glowed like bronze against the cave's darkness. Gonar felt his cock start to stiffen, knew that it was futile, turned his face away.

The tunnel branched and Norem-at, the young priest with streaks of white in his black hair, led the army down a way different from the one by which Gonar and Chom had escaped. Gonar wondered about this for a moment, then realized that the new route was higher, to accommodate their horses.

Only a phase of the moon before Gonar would have trusted no priest of any cult. Now all the priests of the volcano god had met their deity housed in Gonar's body, seen the fiery glow of the manifestation. There was no longer any reason for distrust, for there was no longer any benefit in betrayal.

They came at length to a place where the cavern was sealed with a huge wooden door. Norem-at dismounted and went to a small door set into the large one. He signaled for them to douse the torches, and when they had done so he went through. Gonar sat quietly astride his horse, feeling it between his legs, smelling the hot scents of all the horses mixed with the sweat of men in leather and bronze armor. Only the smells, only the creaking and jingling of trappings and armor gave evidence of the army in the dark. Gonar clenched fingers around the hilt of his bronze sword and squirmed as he realized that, despite the futility, the blood still flowed into his big prick, still made it hard. He heard the smaller door open, close, then Norem-at spoke in the darkness.

"Lord Chom, it is both good and bad news that I bring. Our attack will be much easier than we could hope, for the populace is again gathered for the games. But there will be far fewer people for us to rescue. The queen is mad and the bloodletting since you left has been greater than all that was done in the last year."

Gonar heard Chom's angry intake of breath in the darkness, then Chom's tight, controlled question: "Does the king still live as well?"

"He does, my lord. And he rages and he fears, for he does not know how you escaped him or where you went. He was slightly wounded by the lizards, but otherwise unharmed. He still fears the queen, but now rightly so. She is said to be horribly mutilated because of the fire. She does things so terrible that even the trainers live in terror."

"What things?" asked Chom.

"They say that her apartments are now ornamented with men and women and children, alive but with their skins peeled off. She has them hanging about the room so that she may hear their anguish like the music of wind chimes. And there are worse things..."

"Enough!" Chom snapped. "The retelling will not cure the sickness. We must go forth as soon as we can and put an end to

this horror. What are our points of attack?"

"There are three, my lord," said Norem-at. "The first is the arena, where the king, the queen, and the royal guard now revel in these nightmares. Most of the populace will be gathered there, as well as those captives doomed to the arena. The second point of attack will be the barracks where the off-duty soldiers of the guard are housed. The third point will be the great gates in the Rhengfel Wall, for that is the only way out of the valley. That will be the hardest part, for the gates are most easily defended. That alone has made Rhengfel invulnerable—at least until Lord Gonar climbed over the impassible Rhengfel Wall."

Gonar almost laughed out loud at the sound of his name linked with the honorific "lord." Yet he did not laugh, for many of these men and women were soon to follow him into battle. Whether he felt like a lord or not, he must be one for their sake. Even more a lord of battles than a vessel for deity!

"Well enough then," came Chom's crisp closing of the discussion. "It must be this way: As much as I owe the King personal vengeance, the most difficult of the three assaults will be the one on the barracks. I, alone, am qualified to make that assault, for I alone know the ways of the palace sufficiently. That means Gonar must lead the attack on the arena; which will be justice enough, for he also has the right to vengeance against the king and queen, perhaps more than mine. As to the gates, we will all make that attack together, for we must all go through them if we are to live. Norem-at, we thank you for your help and your courage."

"It is enough," said the priest, "that I fight in a just war beside the god I serve. Few in all of time are granted such privilege."

There came the sound of a great wooden bolt sliding back, the sound of Norem-at remounting his horse near to Gonar, then a dim crack of light appeared as the huge wooden doors sealing the cavern were swung open.

Beyond the wooden doors great heavy curtains drew back, then the army looked out into the sanctuary of the temple of Wa-at in Rhengfel. A huge idol stood with its back to them, carved of the same red stone of which most of the city was made. Beyond the statue was the low altar on which worshipers had placed choice parts of animals to be burned at the hour of sacrifice. There were only a few devotees in the sanctuary now, due no doubt to the assembly at the arena, but the faces of those few were almost reward enough for Gonar. Their eyes grew wide and their faces shone with awe as mounted troops clad in Wa-at's scarlet rode slowly from behind the statue, two columns, one to either side, down the length of the temple, and out into the bright streets of the City of Torturers.

Gonar was as glad that Chebdis, Chala's brother, rode with Chom; for Chom alone could keep the castrated boy in line. He was just as pleased that the noblewoman Lharna was with his troops, for she had proved her courage in a number of ways, and she was the person best fitted for determining which of those they found in the arena were truly allied to their cause. As for Ketis, the red-haired boy whom the falconmasks had trained as a pleasure slave: Gonar feared for the boy in battle but was glad that he was with the army for the strength of his knowledge of healing. That Ketis was with Chom was part worry, part relief. Gonar knew him to be tough, but still felt like protecting him.

As the column rode it picked up speed. Had the forthcoming battle been fought in the open, against an informed enemy, this would have been the time for a battle song. But it was not an honest battle any more than falconmasks were an honest enemy. The element of surprise was important, so the thunder of hooves on paving stones, echoed back from the red stone walls of the city, had to be battle song enough.

Through the corrupt city Gonar rode, picking up speed, putting out of his mind his concern about Chom's attack on the barracks; and then the arena came into view, directly at the rotten heart of Rhengfel. From the heights of the Rhengfel Wall the circular city had looked like a wicked rose; from here it was like a wound. Gonar gave the order to draw swords, and then

his troops thundered up to the massive arch that formed the main entrance of the arena.

There was an outcry from the soldiers who lounged there, but it was too late and their reactions too slow. How could they have expected a small army to be within the city proper without warning? It did not matter. Even as they drew weapons Gonar and his troops were upon them, leaping down from their horses, attacking. The ruby-pommeled sword which the priest of Wa-at had entrusted to him bit deep. One, two, three men went down spurting blood from mortal wounds.

A thunderous cry went up from within the arena and for a moment Gonar was sure they were discovered, sure they had come upon a populace prepared. Then he realized that the cry was a cheer for some horror being perpetrated upon the very people he had come to rescue. He cut and hacked toward the entrance with renewed vigor.

As his troops gained the portal fresh falconmasks appeared from within, confused and angry but forewarned that an attack was in progress. The battle began in earnest, a hard and noisy hewing in closed quarters. Gonar swung and blocked, blocked and cut. The air filled with clangs and crashes, was punctuated by the roar of the raging crowd within, an unaware mob crowing with delight at each new horror offered them.

How they lusted for blood in the stands! Gonar thought as he fought. *How much more blood will I give them than they want!*

The falconmask before him blocked his blow, but Gonar's sword deflected upward, the flat of his blade knocking askew the headpiece the man wore. Beneath it Gonar saw the face of one of the soldiers who had captured him and used him after the betrayal of the villagers of Throm. He had only seen the man once, but he remembered the tube sliding up into his cock, the oily stuff that took away his defenses, the many ways that he had been used. He brought his blade around, threw his weight against his shield and crashed into the man, knocking him backward. The falcon headpiece tumbled, leaving the head exposed.

"Do you know me?" Gonar asked savagely as their eyes met across the top edges of their shields. "Or am I only one of many?"

Recognition dawned in the man's eyes. When Gonar saw it he brought his sword up and under, around the shield, driving the point of it in between the straps that fastened the black curboullie armour together at the sides.

"Unhh!" the man cried as the sword went in.

But it was not far enough to kill him. He struggled, fought to get his weapon around to where he could thrust at Gonar's face.

Gonar used the muscle of his powerful arm to push harder, thrusting his sword deeper between the man's ribs, twisting it, shoving. Into the lung. Through the lung.

"Arrrgghh!" the man screamed, and suddenly blood spurted from his mouth, splashing against Gonar's face.

The sword bit deeper, then Gonar yanked it out.

His opponent stared at Gonar, eyes wide. The man tried to go on fighting, but his life was already lost. Contemptuously Gonar pushed him back, to fall among his comrades screaming with what power was left in his one unpunctured lung.

Two more falconmasks came at Gonar and he cut them down, fought his way forward.

Now the king's troops fell back. Their black leather was spotted with scarlet, their invincible strength suddenly a myth in which they could no longer believe. The sudden enemy was clothed in the color of blood, Wa-at's color, and even when one of Gonar's compatriots fell there was no stain to betray the wound.

"That way!" came a cry, and Gonar recognized the voice of Lady Lharna. "To the Royal Box!"

Across a broad lobby, then up a wide stairway Gonar fought. Still more cheers went up from the crowd inside.

The battle tightened as it entered a narrow passage. There was not so much room to fight. The falconmasks threw shields across the hall hoping to hold it, but there were those among

Gonar's troops who had fought in the arena, and those who had worked there. In moments a band separated itself from the main body, made its way to the corridor that ran around the arena behind the boxes of the rich and powerful, then attacked the troops ahead of Gonar from their rear. The shield wall broke, then the way was clear except for the corpses.

They came to the heavy doors that sealed the Royal Box. The four falconmasks who had guarded it were dead, their throats cut by stealth rather than in battle. A cheer greater than any yet tore out of the crowd. Gonar wondered what spectacle the queen had ordered that so inflamed the populace, but he did not want to imagine it. The cheer went up again and he pulled open the doors.

The Royal Box had been cleared of thrones and other items of ease in order to make it into a kind of little stage. A part of Gonar's mind noted beyond it the thousands of faces that watched; noted the bloody carnage that littered the arena below; but mainly his attention was arrested by the show the queen was giving.

She was once again dressed as the White Owl, the costume in which Ketis had set fire to her with a brazier. On her fingers she had fasted brazen claws, claws sharpened like razors. So armed, she might be a formidable enemy in the arena; but here, in her box, she did not need to defend herself.

A large oaken table was at the front of the box, tilted upward so that the populace could see. A young and attractive couple had been nailed to it side by side, their bodies stretched out spread eagle, the nails driven through their hands and feet, their arms and legs, finally through their genitals. From the nature of the additional wounds, Gonar surmised it was the queen herself who had playfully disemboweled them and draped their entrails over the rail as a bait for the animals below. But this was not the horror.

The queen now stood before her people like some hideous high priestess, the object of their rapt attention. Her arms were upraised and in one of them she held a naked baby by its feet.

She had plunged her claws into the child's belly and with her clawed fingers she was tearing off small pieces of flesh and pushing them into her mouth. Her white feathers were spotted with blood.

Gonar knew not whether the worst of it was the way the baby screamed or the expressions on the faces of its hapless parents, still living, nailed to the table, watching as they died not half fast enough.

The King of Rhengfel, the Golden Falcon, lunged at Gonar with a sword.

Swinging his shield-weighted arm up to batter aside the sharp bronze, Gonar eagerly slashed at the muscular, naked, exposed arm of the King. Belling above his head, sharp bronze crunched into hard wood as his sword stuck in the door post. The King laughed as his point dipped and dived at Gonar's belly, driving up under the shield. Gonar felt the point push through his armor and prick his skin. He brought his shield down hard on the flat of the King's blade and the point was gone, but the sting of the cut remained. He felt wetness as the blood came.

Wrenching his blade free of the wood, Gonar stabbed above the King's shield—but as the golden mask flinched back, Gonar saw the tip of his bronze blade bent where he'd ripped it from the wood of the door. The tip was twisted awry, useless for thrusting! It slipped off the golden mask, past it—but Gonar, lunging forward and jerking back his wrist, spun his shoulders in a sharp, short-armed chop that lashed the edge of the bent sword across the golden mask.

Bronze sank into gold but could not cut through; yet the mask was pulled aside, the eye-holes moved: the King was blinded! Quick as thought Gonar whipped his blade down to slash behind the knee...

His knuckles rammed into the wall! There was no room to fight!

The baby's short, gasping shrieks sank to piteous whimpers. Gonar's flesh crept. The King, leaping back, ripped off the golden mask. Gonar bounded after him, away from the door. At

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His wheeling blade crashed into the King's shield. From the corner of his eyes he saw the King's sword lashing out at his eyes. Something punched the side of his head like a hammer. His shield shuddered against his arm: he staggered back. He felt blood blushing in his ear, then the sudden sharp pain...

The King's sword point darted at his throat.

With a roar of rage Gonar hurled himself straight at the point, shield pushed out before him. The sheer weight of his attack caught his enemy by surprise and Gonar's shield smashed into the sword's flat, pushing it against the King's body, trapping it between the two shields. Then Gonar's full weight crashed into the King, hurling him backward, pushing both shields down, while Gonar's sword arm heaved up, elbow bent above his bleeding head while his forearm whirled in a circle. The thick section of blade next to the hilt drove into the bridge of the King's nose, smashing the bones so that the eyes fell out and blood and brains splashed on Gonar's hand and chin.

The shattered King tumbled backward under the force of the blow. There was not even time for his legs to bend before he went over the lip of the box and plummeted to the crazed tigers who roamed the carnage below. The thousands who watched went wild screaming their approval.

Gonar put the bent tip of his sword to the red stone floor and straightened it with his heel. He looked at the White Owl. The baby still hung from her clawed fingers but it had ceased to whimper. The eyes behind the owl mask looked at him with desire.

With a single stroke of his sword Gonar cut off the head of the hideous Queen of Rhengfel. The head went spinning out over the sands of the arena and a great fountain of blood gouted up from the severed neck. Then the body jerked, and it, and the remains of the murdered child, also fell to where the tigers waited.

Gonar felt hot, acrid vomit begin to purge from his belly, but there was still one thing to be done in the Royal Box, a mercy he

could not deny.

"I am sorry we came too late," he said to the couple nailed to the table, and then he killed them, first the mother, then the father.

He puked over the wall, into the arena, down to where the dead owl woman was being torn apart by her beasts. Never, never had he encountered such horror! Yet as he stood a new monstrosity presented itself.

The citizens of Rhengfel, before whom he had just killed the king and queen, were cheering, crying out their approval; and not that the tyranny was ended.

"More! More! More!" the thunder of the arena demanded.

There was a subtle shift and the earth trembled, and Gonar knew that it was not the shouting that was causing it. He looked around and saw Lady Lharna standing in the doorway of the box, her beautiful strong features gone white with what she saw.

"Go and free the slaves!" Gonar commanded, forcing her out of the trance. "If there are any good people left in this place they will know by now to flee. For the rest—turn loose what wild animals remain into the stands!"

Lady Lharna vanished to do as she was bid and Gonar staggered from the box into the hallway behind it, his hand absently going to his belly where the blood still trickled, then moving to his head to examine that wound. His troops were following the noblewoman to help, so for a moment he was alone.

He did not want to be alone. Not because he was afraid, but because his thoughts might force him to fully realize what was going on around him. There was no great battle being fought as yet. As yet he was a hero; but for the wrong reasons! As if to confirm this analysis one of the box doors down the corridor opened and a couple emerged. The male of course was dressed in black leather, with a falconmask, but the woman was attired as a kingfisher in colors more gorgeous than anything human-kind might produce. They saw him, and spontaneously the two of them knelt before him, bowed their heads to the floor. They

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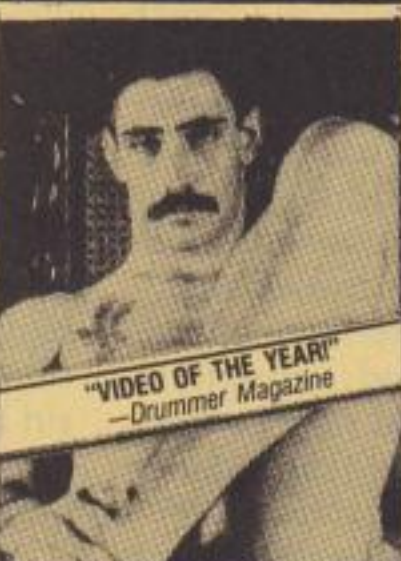
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were drunken, and they were laughing.

Gonar cut them down as if they were corn before the scythe.

The earth trembled again, and now Gonar felt the hot flush, the trembling in his flesh, the invasion that he knew was Wa-at seeking to possess him.

"No!" Gonar cried aloud, directing his words inward to the god. "Let me settle what score I have with these fiends first! You shall have them all, and their city, when I am done. And you shall have them for eternity! Let me have them for the moment of the sword, I beg you! Let me have a little of their blood to slake my anger!"

Again the earth trembled, but the burning inside him cooled. He took this as a sign of the god's consent, and moved toward the entrance of the arena.

Now there was battle, for whatever the populace might desire in the way of diversion, the soldiery of the falconmasks realized what was upon them, what danger they faced. Gonar's followers began to gather around him as he stalked through the halls of the arena, and none too soon, for groups of falconmasks were also gathering, building solid fighting bands, preparing themselves for the worst as they shook off the wine of the festival. If the King still lived, Gonar knew, the sheer size of Rhengfel's army would be enough to crush the insurrection: but the King was dead and the reins of leadership would have to pass, no matter how efficiently the succession might have been arranged.

Gonar turned a corner and ahead the way was blocked by a solid, well-formed mass in black, their weapons at ready, their shields in place, their falconmasks secure.

"Killer of Kings!" the man at the head of the group called in challenge. "Now know the vengeance of Rhengfel! I, Toris the Inheritor, call you to account!"

Gonar was surprised to hear a voice behind him answer the challenge, the voice of the young priest Norem-at: "One of Many, Toris who presumes! Only him who kills all others shall rule by right in Rhengfel. Now that one shall be not a man, but a god! Know that Rhengfel is doomed, and that Wa-at will speak with the voice of thunder and fire!"

"Soothsayer and fool!" Toris spat out, and he led his men in attack.

Gonar's troops were ready. Their blood sang with the rage of battle. They had witnessed the atrocities they had come to end. They had seen the volcano god. They thirsted for blood and for riches. They held ground at the first, thought they were outnumbered, then they counterattacked. Their hearts echoed justice, echoed the death of the king and queen of their foul opponents, echoed like the first rumblings out of the crater. As his sword cut through leather and flesh Gonar once again felt Wa-at rise in his veins. Again he fought down the god, even as he fought his opponent.

"Let me kill them!" he roared out, and it was a battle cry both within and without.

And as his voice stormed over the din of the battle another sound came, a sound that was felt through the feet and the walls. The ground began to tremble with the voice Gonar would not free in his throat. The great building shook, old plaster cracked, waterfalls of ancient dust trickled down from above.

"Mighty is Wa-at!" cried Norem-at. "His will is doom!"

Gonar's troops took up the cry, made it a battle chant.

"Mighty is Wa-at! His will is Doom!"

The enemy faltered. Eyes in falconmasks darted upward, fear showing as the plaster dust fell.

Gonar's sword found the shoulder of Toris the Presumer and hacked in. Toris fell back with a scream, then the formation he led broke. The spirit of the falconmasks cracked like a porcelain pitcher, and there was a rout. They ran, their courage crumbling before the shaking of the walls.

A new sound reached Gonar's ears from the inner expanse of the arena. There were screams of fear such as one usually heard from the victims of the games; but there were a great many more. He ran to where an arched window looked inward and

saw that Lady Lharna had followed his instructions. In one of the boxes a giant lizard held a fat falconmask in its teeth. Lions roamed the stands as people screamed and fought to escape. The terror that Rhengfel had so long loosed on others was now coming home. Again the earth shook, and this time a section of wall opened with a jagged crack. The foundations of the building ground like millstones against themselves.

"Gather to me!" Gonar cried. "The god has seen too much! We must escape this place before he brings it down. Hurry and find all our people. We must make our escape."

The dust filled the air and clogged Gonar's lungs, the shaking of the earth made his footing unsound, but somehow he continued to round up his troops, to find Lady Lharna and her contingent, to lead those she had freed from the dungeons of the arena outward, away from the mayhem. Walls collapsed now with the quaking and the animals set free bounded through the open places so that sometimes Gonar had to worry about falconmasks, sometimes tigers or other wild beasts. His archers became more important than his swordsmen as they made their way out of the arena and into the red-shadowed streets.

The palace was not far from the arena, Gonar knew, for he remembered his long walk through the tunnels that connect them; but he was glad for the presence of many who knew the city better than he, and he let them take the lead, devoting himself to the defense of the troop rather than its actual leading. In a short while they had made the entrance of the palace, ornamented with caratys whose skin had been carved to show whip marks, and then they were within, following a line of carnage through the halls where Chom had already fought in his way toward the barracks.

They arrived at the barracks none too soon, for a pitched battle surged in the halls and it was going to the advantage of the falconmasks. The enemy had an armory from which to draw weapons, so they had more choice in their manner of fighting; and an almost endless supply of arrows was proving effective. Gonar saw Ketis attending a man with an arrow through his shoulder and hurried to him.

"Where is Chom?" Gonar asked at once.

"At the end of that hallway," the red-haired boy replied. "Fear not, he is unscathed as yet. He has taken some men for a sortie against a passage he knows which cannot be adequately defended. Is this quaking of your doing?"

Gonar smiled.

"In part I think it is," he said. "The god wants to come forth again, and I want to fight this war for myself. He is grumbling about it."

Gonar rumbled Ketis' hair, then headed down the hall toward the sortie Chom planned, followed by Norem-at. Lady Lharna was already attacking the armory directly, using some of her troops to gather the arrows which the profligate falconmasks had wasted on imprudent shots.

Around the corner, then they were in the thick of it. Chom's

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Across the valley something happened in Rhengfel and buildings exploded into flame. Gonar pictured the tunnels through which he had ridden that morning filled with flaming gasses. He looked back up to where Falwet stared at the same awesome sight, and waited.

"So be it!" Falwet said at last, and he turned from the parapet of the gate. A moment later a small door at the base opened and he came out. Gonar dismounted and gave the reins of his horse to Norem-at.

"Priest and friend," he said, "now is the time to address your god. Pray that he will not seize my body while Falwet tortures me, for if that happens I am compromised and we all die. Speak to him with all your practice, and make him understand!"

Gonar walked toward Falwet just as the second wave of hot gasses arrived, blowing his scarlet cloak ahead of him, urging him on to the contest that must surely be the most important of his life. The stakes now were not jewels or gold but the lives of all the people that he and Chom had brought down into the valley, all those they had rescued.

"So, Gonar of Jhent, you are grown to a man," said Falwet as they met. "This body-bet you make declares you so."

Falwet had shaggy black hair and a shaggy black beard with just the beginnings of grey. His was still strong of build and his blue eyes were still like old ice in an old cave. Yet now there was desperation in them, indecision. Gonar wondered what corruptions of the Shegrin's honor might have taken place in the man during his sojourn in Rhengfel. Certainly the pride he had exhibited when first they met was gone.

"It is the only wager I have left," Gonar said, and he began to strip, taking off his cloak, the brazen armor, the scarlet linen loincloth in which the priesthood had invested him as warrior of Wa-at. Behind him he heard Chom giving orders to draw up troops to face the possibly pursuing warriors from the city.

"I will hurt you badly," said Falwet, trying to move into the banter of one Shegrin to another, yet betraying still the nervousness he felt at their situation. "Even were there no glory in defeating you I would hurt you, for I have lived among the torturers of Rhengfel, who are the most cruel in the world. You will not survive my work now with so much ease as you think."

"I have survived the arena in Rhengfel," Gonar said, slipping easily into his role as Shegrin. "And it was I who just killed the king and queen. Do you think I am so soft as I was when last we met?" He picked up his scarlet cloak, so like the one he wore at home in Jhent, and handed it to his opponent, signifying his submission to the game.

"We shall see," said Falwet, throwing a punch into his belly, directly to the open wound the king had given him.

Gonar doubled in pain. The small wound tore further and he felt fresh blood flow. Falwet clasped his fists and struck Gonar hard on the back of his head, then brought his knee up under Gonar's chin, knocking him backward, off balance, flat on his back on the ground. More blood flowed from the sword wound in Gonar's ear, from the side of his head. His brain reeled. Before he could think Falwet was upon him, throwing him over on his belly, yanking his arms behind his back, binding them.

The earth shook again, trembled mightily. Gonar felt the heat inside him, fought it down. Wa-at must not seize control now!

Falwet grabbed his hair and yanked his head backward viciously, then looked directly into his face. There was something in Falwet's eyes that Gonar did not like, but the pain in his body did not give him pause to examine it. Falwet slapped his face, back and forth, hard, repeatedly until he thought his teeth must be knocked loose, until he could not think. The slapping stopped and when his mind cleared Falwet was stretching his legs far apart, spreading them.

Abruptly Falwet was crouching before him, licking his lips, suddenly feverish with the prospects he had.

"These will be your bonds," Falwet whispered, and he displayed a set of four stillets, long and thin and sharp with roundels for guards. Gonar could not think what he meant, but Falwet was on his feet again, behind him, and then Gonar felt

him seize one ankle, hold his foot flat, top to the ground, and place the point of a stilleto to the sole.

Falwet put his weight to the handle and drove the blade through Gonar's foot and into the ground.

"Ahhhhnnnnhh!"

There was searing pain in the pierced foot, but suddenly there was a fire like a ball of lava in Gonar's belly as well. Wa-at wanted to be free, to fight the puny mortal who inflicted wounds on the body he owned: and Gonar could not let it happen! He fought in his soul, wrestled with the power of the god, used all the tools his mind possessed to hold the possession back.

Falwet grabbed his other ankle, stretched his legs apart, pulled so hard that Gonar's legs made a straight line. Then he drove a blade through Gonar's other foot.

"Ahhnnnnhh!"

The earth shook hard as Gonar fought down the god, held back from the pain. Falwet fell upon Gonar's back, his body covering his victim, his hot leather wet, his mouth close to Gonar's ear.

"You have courage and strength, Gonar of Jhent," Falwet whispered, "but you are a fool!"

A yoke of bronze came down over Gonar's neck and its sharp ends plunged into the ground, fastening him securely. He felt the coldness of a knife as Falwet cut through the ropes that bound his arms behind him. Then Falwet yanked his right arm out and up, pulling his body hard, and, holding him by the wrist so that his palm was flat against the ground, drove a stilleto through his hand.

Even before Gonar could scream in response, Falwet pulled his left arm out and spiked that to the ground as well, so that Gonar was spread eagle, face down in the dirt, his four limbs held securely by knives that cut as he was stretched. Again Falwet fell upon his back, whispered in his ear.

"Courageous and a fool! Do you not realize that I am damned already? Do you not understand that I will die here, as will you all? You are *mine* now, Gonar, with no rules because there can be no punishment. You will be my last pleasure, and I will take it fully. And it will not matter if the gate is opened or not!"

Before Gonar could cry out, Falwet yanked his head back again and shoved a leather ball into his mouth, effectively stopping it. He tied a piece of black cloth over it and behind Gonar's head, then stood. Gonar felt panic for the first time now. For there was more to the situation than it was possible to understand. It might be that Falwet meant to ignore the bargain and do to him whatever he desired. But it might be a trick; a trick such as the one that had put Gonar into bondage to Chom. This might be a mind torture that Falwet was inflicting. Tales of Shegri traveled fast. Suppose Falwet knew that Gonar had been bested in such a way, and meant to use that technique to win?

Falwet reached under Gonar and grabbed his cock and balls, pulled them roughly downward. It had almost escaped Gonar's attention that his cock was hard; it was such a normal thing for his cock to get hard when he was tortured. He felt Falwet fasten something to the ring that had been put in the head of his cock, then he felt it stretched, pulled until the ring hurt and he was sure it would be torn out through the flesh. He moaned with the pain and it stopped getting worse.

Falwet fastened something around Gonar's balls, drew it tight. He stretched them, pulled them, and once again Gonar felt the fear that they were about to be pulled off. When he moaned the stretching stopped, leaving them at just that tension where he had cried out.

"Now, Gonar," Falwet whispered again in his ear, "We shall make you feel pain such as you have never known, even in the arena of Rhengfel. As you see, I have two very special weapons here. They are knitting needles, such as the sailors of the far north use to make garments out of wool. They are long and sharp. See how you like the way they feel."

He vanished, then Gonar felt one of the big needles touch his balls where they were stretched. Falwet let the point rest against

the flesh for a long moment, letting Gonar anticipate what was to come, before he drove it through and into the ground.

"Unnnnnn!" Gonar's cry was stifled by the gag.

He felt the second needle touch the underside of his cock, directly in the middle of the shaft. Then it was driven through. He screamed into the gag, and the pain in his cock was exceeded only by the sudden balling of fire in his belly, in his groin, beginning to stretch out from its center like the roots of a vine into his veins. He wept, he screamed, he fought against pain and fear and diety and despair and possible betrayal. He knew that he had lost the bet, knew that he couhad taken on too great challenge, that nothing he could do now could save any of them.

The earth jolted violently under him, making the knives in his hands and feet cut deeper. The sky, now fully dark and showing stars, was brightened by a flash of light that lit the Rhengfel Wall like daylight. There were more screams and he heard Chom and Lady Lharna giving battle orders. The clash of bronze on bronze, then a thunder like nothing he had ever heard, so loud it knocked people from their feet.

"So the end does come," Falwet said, at Gonar's ear again but this time not a whisper; this time a simple statement of awe. "My last fucking, Gonar, and yours."

Falwet pulled open his codpiece to reveal his cock, big and stiff. He moved around behind Gonar, then Gonar felt the head and shaft push into his asshole, rough, harsh, but with a peculiar lack of passion. He realized that in this penultimate moment before death Falwet was fucking him in a perfunctory way, doing it too soon in the game, doing it because neither of them might last long enough to do it later. He felt the cock ramming him, felt his hands and feet and cock and balls rip further with the violence of it, but knew he was really no more than a hole for the fucking. He wondered what terrible sight the flash of light had limned that so convinced his enemy, but there was no way to move his head to look.

Falwet fucked him, but not for long. The man delayed his

orgasm not at all. As if afraid he would miss it, he hunched and ploughed Gonar's ass, harder and harder, faster and faster, then shot his load deep, holding his cock in like a boy in his first heat. He lay limp atop Gonar for a moment, the sweat trickling down him, then was roused as terror began to fall from the sky.

Not just a few burning rocks now, but flaming boulders as big as horses fell, among Gonar's friends, among the men atop the wall, amidst the warring armies. Chaos broke out, and fires in the fields, and then a rain of burning ash. People choked, coughed, the screaming became a constant. Falwet climbed to his feet and hot cinders landed on Gonar's back and ass, burning him like brans.

"Falwet!" came Norem-at's voice, close by. "Can you not see the truth of what you were told? Look, the troops from Rhengfel are giving up. The city is destroyed! There is nothing left to fight for, and the lava is moving this way! *Open the gates man!*"

"Look you," said Falwet in a voice of cool reason. "The gibbous moon just now breaks the horizon beyond the volcano. I have until it is clear to break Gonar, and I will."

"You are as mad as the queen!" shouted Norem-at.

"Mad or not," responded Falwet, "the keys of the kingdom are mine!"

Falwet uncurled a long whip and let its metal-barbed end dangle in front of Gonar.

"You know this kind of whip, don't you?" he queried. It was a naval lash-whip of the sort used to execute mutineers at sea, and it was forbidden in Shegri. "There is some argument as to how long it takes a man to die of its bite. But I think no one has lived long enough under its touch for the moon to clear the horizon."

Falwet whirled the whip and its metal barbs cut into Gonar's back. In the agony he felt the blood flow. The whip curled out again, across his ass, and again there was pain and blood.

Gonar knew now that Falwet *could* kill him. This whip would do it surely. Nor was there any way he could escape. He could not cry out with the gag in his mouth. His friends were too

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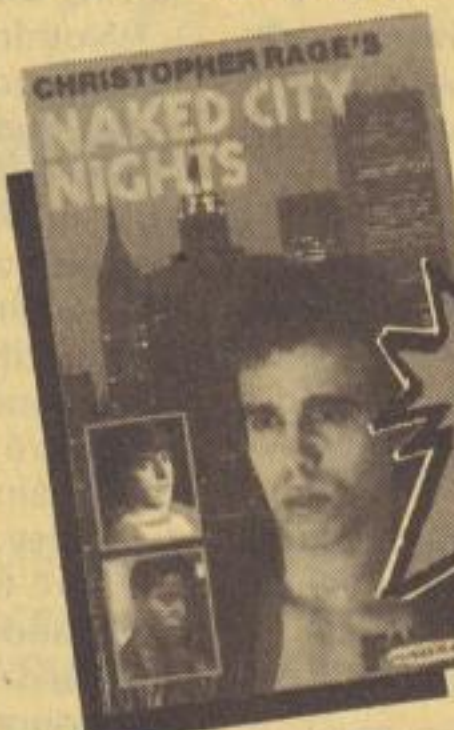
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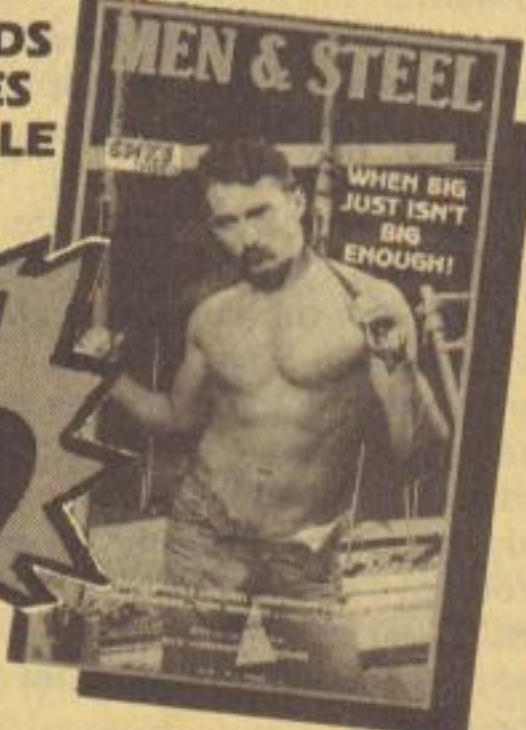
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honorable to stop the contest, and they stood too far away to hear what Falwet threatened.

He could, of course, unleash the god. But to do so would be to break his oath, to destroy his honor. He had often considered the choice between his death and dishonor, and there had never been any choice for him, for he was a man of honor. Yet now it was not merely his own life that was at stake. It was all of them.

...Yet he had no guarantee that Falwet would open the gates, even if he won the bet. What could he do?

The lash landed again and again until his flesh was cut and bloody. He cried out with each cut, yet Falwet seemed oblivious to his cries. Gonar felt the life ebbing out of him, felt his strength drain away with his blood into the ground. He knew that death was near, but with his last strength he held onto the scrap of honor that was his. He prayed at last to his own god, to Roghgota, that somehow Chom would escape.

And then Chom's voice cut through the pain, cut through the smoke, the ash, the burning, everything.

"I cry halt! You have bound Gonar so that he cannot speak, but I am here to see the terms are met. Look you to the horizon, and see that the moon is clear."

Somehow Gonar opened his eyes and looked up. The horizon from which the moon must rise was behind him, beyond the volcano, but he could see Falwet standing, looking at the moon, his face ruddy with the light of the burning, the whip dangling limply from his hand.

"Why so it is," Falwet said, and without preamble he drew a sharp knife from his clothes and cut his own throat. He made a gurgling sound as he fell, then he was dead.

"Traitor!" Lady Lharna screamed, but Gonar barely heard her. He was feeling the final anguish as Chom came to him and pulled the knitting needles out of his cock and balls, the knives out of his hands and feet, untied the cloth and threw away the leathern ball that had stopped his mouth.

"Gonar, my Gonar!" Chom cried, cradling him in his arms, his voice choked with weeping. "Gonar, my brave and honorable Gonar, how I love you."

It was good to hear that, Gonar thought as he felt his life slipping away. It only he had the strength to say it back to his beloved master...

...But in the darkness there grew a light, a glowing warm light that might have been the sun, that might have been the fires of the volcano. There was a voice out of the light that spoke with words that echoed and said: "My good and faithful servants are not rewarded thus. Live, Gonar, for your honor is great, and I am not yet finished with you in the world where you dwell." And then the voice was gone, and the light dimmed, and the pain came rushing back.

Gonar opened his eyes. There was not an inch of him that did not ache.

"My master?" he asked, looking up at Chom.

"Gonar, my Gonar," Chom said, but the despair was still in his face. "You have done what you could do. At least we shall die together."

"What is it?" Gonar asked. "Falwet is dead. Will they still not open the gates?"

"They are all dead!" said Lady Lharna, standing nearby and looking down. "They have all cut their throats, even as Falwet, rather than open the gates. It was one last act of wanton cruelty. Even in death were they vengeful."

Chom tried to restrain him, but Gonar struggled to his feet. There was something in his memory about living on, about a god not being finished with him. He looked around.

In the distance was a vision of sublime beauty and power. Rhengfel, the mighty city of torturers, was aflame. As he watched yet more of its towers crumbled. The lava seeped out of its broken walls even as the lava poured down the remnants of the cone of the volcano, which was now almost blown away. Beyond the volcano the gibbous moon rose blood red above the mountains. Everywhere between Rhengfel and the spot on which he stood fires raged.

There was no longer any battle. Those who still wore the black leather of Rhengfel had cast away their falconmasks and now worked beside those of Wa-at's army to beat out the fires that threatened to consume them all.

"Norem-at!" Gonar called out, looking around, still too weak to shout effectively, still bleeding all over, but beginning to know what he was about.

The priest came from the crowd. He was wounded, no doubt from the battle, but he still moved quickly.

"What is it, Lord Gonar?" He looked surprised to see Gonar alive.

"My body is frail," Gonar said, "but it can still be of use. You must call upon Wa-at. I have held him in check too long now and I never knew how to summon him. Ask his help in getting us out of here... And Chom, my Master, and you, Lady Lharna; marshal all the warriors to face the gates; for if we escape this valley we must still fight the army beyond."

The three of them looked astonished for a moment, not so much at what Gonar asked but that he was strong enough to ask it. Gonar himself was astonished at the fact. But he did not delude himself: he knew full well that the god might have returned him to life only for some final act. The bards were full of tales of men who lived just long enough.

When he saw that Chom and Lady Lharna were doing as he asked, he nodded to Norem-at. The priest raised his hands and began an invocation.

The words were barely on the breeze when the fire in Gonar's belly appeared, then the sense of fire rushing through his veins. This time he did not fight it. He had done his fighting. Now it was the god's turn.

Gonar felt the god take him, saw on the ground before him the glow that filled his body and flowed over. He heard Norem-at make his plea, but he paid little attention. Now he was only a vessel, and a broken one at that. If the others lived, that was enough. Should he live, he would be grateful to whatever god had arranged it.

Suddenly the presence was gone. He was once again only a wounded man, a man with pierced hands and feet, a man who had been whipped near to death.

"What did the god say?" he asked, feeling very stupid for not having listened to what was said by a god inhabiting his body.

"Nothing, Lord Gonar," said the priest, looking troubled. "He just departed."

But then came Wa-at's answer.

The ground jolted again, and in the distance the last of the volcano's cone was blown skyward in the greatest eruption yet. Fire and ash and lava in glowing chunks were hurled upward. The very foundations of Rhengfel were rent, and what was left of the city was destroyed in a final cataclysm that hurled its stones and mortar into the sky as debris. Huge flaming globes of lava were sent heavenward, and as they watched the greatest of these came hurtling toward the last living people in the Rhengfel Valley.

There were no screams this time. People watched with mute fascination as the glowing thing, as big as a palace, came hurtling across the dark sky toward them. Gonar felt Chom's arms go around him, felt the thrill go through him even now as the wool and linen and bronze and leather that Chom wore touched his back.

Close it came, and the air before it was pressed away, made to be a high hot wind that tore at their clothes, that fanned the fires toward them, that shrieked and shrilled. They felt the heat of it, felt it descending, felt its force.

And it came in a low arc, singeing their hair, the force of it flattening them to the ground, shaking their teeth: and it struck the great gate in the Rhengfel Wall and shattered it, burst through it, destroying it utterly, crashing into the land beyond.

The hot wind died, the flames roared, and Gonar realized numbly that they were free: to face whatever army lay beyond!

□

(To be continued)

SUBWAY SAVAGES

by ETIENNE



ETIENNE, OUR FAVORITE ADVENTURETIME ARTIST STRIKES AGAIN, this time with a two-part book entitled STORYTIME 2 and subtitled "SUBWAY SAVAGES" and "SAILOR BEWARE." Together these stories have everything one could hope for: raping, pillaging, slavery and abuse, along with every fetish known to mankind. Etienne's humor is as top-rate as always and his drawings have never been better. This is definitely a Five Hard-On rating with all sorts of social commentary thrown into the accompanying text.

One cannot help but feel for our handsome hero as he is stripped and raped on the subway by two equally handsome hunks who are

just plain no-goodniks. You will be relieved that there is no one around to rescue him as the two meanies put him through his paces and then leave him as their sixth "victim."

In "Sailor Beware" we have the highly moralistic tale of two drunken sailors who get mickey finned, tied up, stripped, chained up, beaten, sold at auction, worked as plow horses and end up as harem playthings. There certainly has to be a moral there someplace, and if you will stop playing with yourself long enough, you can probably think of one.

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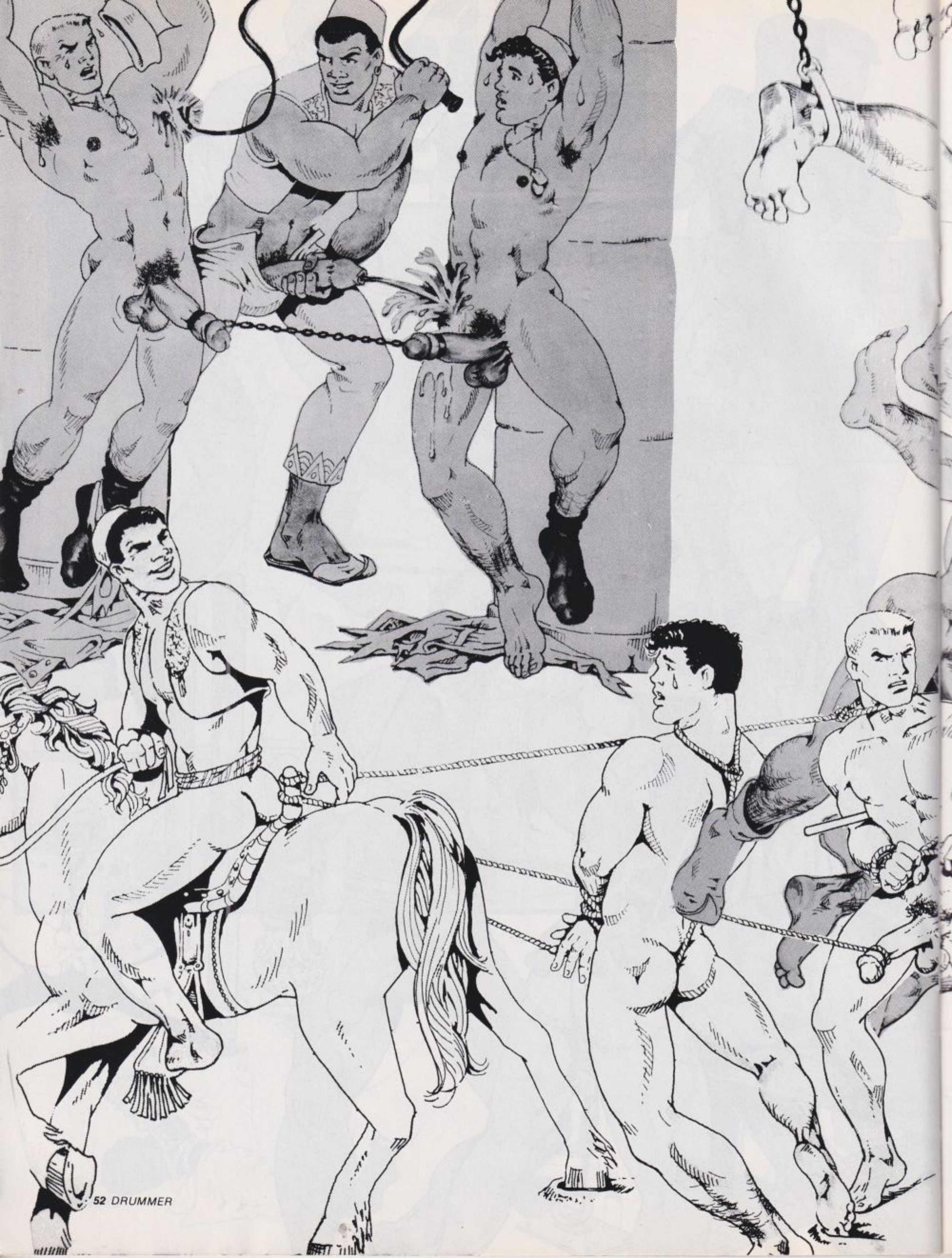


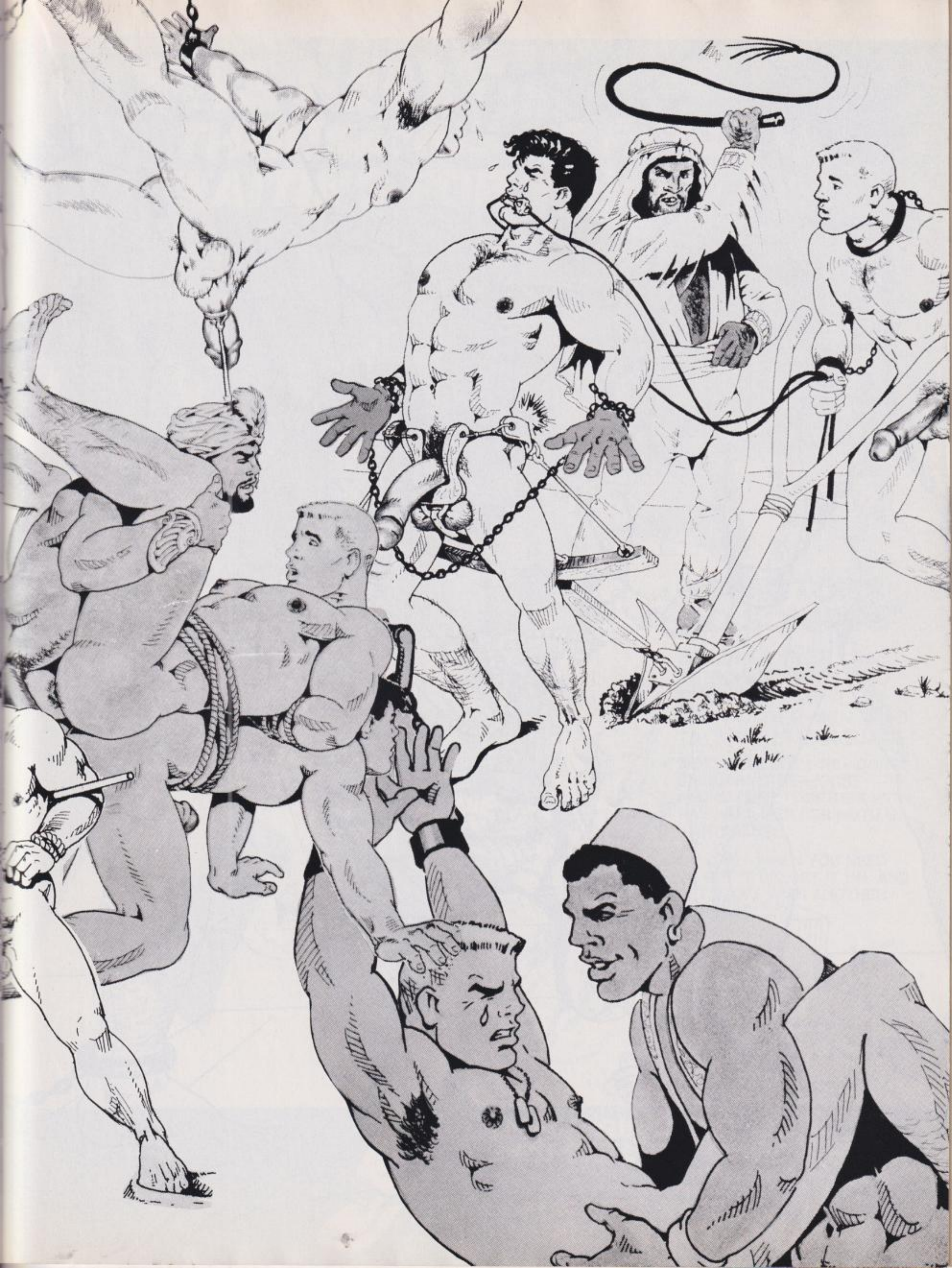
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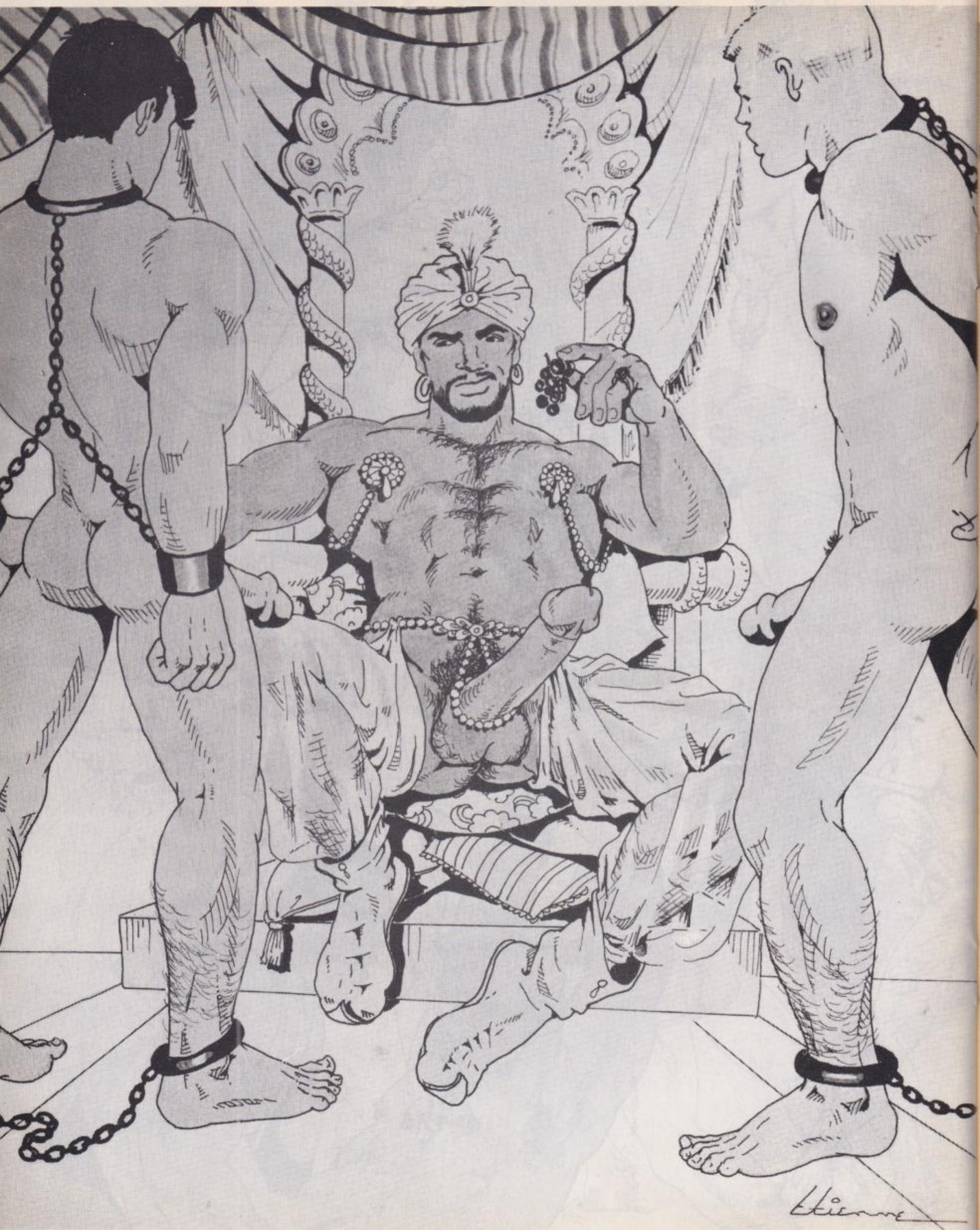












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SPECIAL HOT MAN
wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'10½", well-built, handsome (black hair, brown eyes, trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful. If you're exceptional, patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off. Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (LF5077)

GERMAN SLAVE-PIG
35, 5'11", 170, offers his life to experienced, demanding Master. Let me know the privilege of fulfilling my destiny in your absolute control and in complete submission to your will. Master sets limits. Free to relocate. Serious replies to this unworthy animal, please: UPJ, PO Box 10 1154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

PERMANENT LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED
Can you be submissive, obedient, dedicated to pleasing your Master? Do you need heavy CB&TT and bondage of all kinds? If you're thinking "Yes, Sir," then I want to own you, boy. I am tall, trim, hung, 35, stable. My leathers, restraints, CB&TT tools, and dungeon equipment will be used to train and discipline your mind and body. I will have total control and use of my slavedog. Expect rules, punishments, chores, pain, other scenes. I want you to find happiness serving me, so you'll also get proper care and attention, even rewards sometimes. DSB, PO Box 20835, Reno, NV 89515. (LF4015)

SHIT, PISS
Tell this shit slave how you'll dump and squirt it into my mouth. 6'2", 185, 29. Letters, photos, videos, asswipes. Let me be your toilet, Sir! Box 5275

TOTAL SADIST
seeks abuse-craving WM masochist for heavy S/M pain trips. Emphasis on TT, whipping, CBT. Start slowly and work up to heavy action. All pre-agreed limits reached and pushed. Good build required (BB given priority). Sadist is 43, 6', 170 lbs., blond, HOT! Safe-sex guidelines followed. Box 5278LF

ACHTUNG!
Daddy Pete and his boy Bill celebrated the Big Ten-Oh this July—we want to reaffirm the lust and leather that's part of our lifelong love! To our buddies in New Orleans, Fort Worth, Key West, NYC/CT, and Diego: Happy '86, Guys! See you soon!

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

THE GALLEY, PENAL COLONY
Chain Gang. If these "classic" whipping situations involving hard labor under the lash interest you, let an expert writer/artist/whipmaster fulfill your needs in person or by mail, audio tape. Box 5402

YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS
Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth, trim body to Daddy (52, 5'10", 170) and Brother (37, 6'2", 165) both G/a, F/p, for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected, controlled, trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited, humiliated, worked, bound, used, abused, & know that you are loved. Mental surrender is first; the rest is easy. No phoneys, dopeys, or albies. Pot & poppers okay. Submit & expose yourself by writing Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Near Baltimore & D.C. Photo returned. All answered. (LF5395)

TOPMAN NEEDED

for well-to-do middle-aged bottom. Must be aggressive, but gentle, cigar smoker, gloved leatherman. Tall, dark hair and moustache, hairy chest a plus. Serious individuals only please, enough of these ripoff artists. Very good financial remuneration for the right individual, recent photo a must. All sincere responses will be answered. Box 5411

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs., br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611. (LF4403)

HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I am a stable, well-educated, healthy professional. Interests include photography, BB, hiking. Enjoy mutual titwork, long hot J/O sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe, hard workouts. Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into uncuts, Cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or feds. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SON!

If you are fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bull shit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you, let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad, who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37, bl/bl, moustache, 6', 210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned, bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son, while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return—same day. So snap to it, kid! D.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091. (LF4524)

BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 47, 5'7", 155 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, selfish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional, wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests; and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with, for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022. (LF4749)

USE AND ABUSE MY COCKSUCKER

I want a long line of studs to use their throbbing tools to turn my cock slave into a permanent, human suckhole... whose reason for existing is to suck men's meat. The requirements to abuse my cocksucker includes your spit to turn it into a human spittoon; your piss to turn it into a stinking urinal; your cum to turn it into a slurping, human scumbag. After fucking the Hole... it's submission will be complete. It's whore-mouth will always be hungry... dropping to its knees and opening its dick-eating mouth... anytime—anyplace—anywhere. Write to me—The Stud—to discuss further training techniques. Your imagination in mind-control trips are of particular interest, plus your ideas on using Suck Hole's nuts as our toys for fun and games. Stipulate approximate dates you'll be in Northern California to coordinate training session times when we'll remove the big dildo from my cocksucker's mouth and replace it with the real thing. Box 4805LF

MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

LEATHERSEX WANTED

Horny white male, 31, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile (top or bottom), into FF, Gr, Fr, WS, D&B, leather, S&M, more, seeks partners. Reply with photo. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

LIKE TO WRITE?

Let's write and exchange fantasies and experiences. I like to receive and answer letters about any kind of sex. Write to Box 4731LF.

WANTS MUSCLE-DADDY

Unguided boy/slave wants very dominant body builder type willing to take on a boy in poor physical condition and make him over into Daddy's masterpiece through workouts, dominance, spankings and TLC. Needs a Daddy he can worship and emulate, who will push hard for maximum results. The boy is 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown (balding), blue, has a bushy beard, handlebar moustache and tattoos. Strongly desires to relocate and become Daddy's total slave and eventual prized possession. Send stats or photo (returnable), phone no., desires and expectations, Sir, to PO Box 5894, Kansas City, MO 64111. Serious offer: serious replies.

HOT, HUNG AND READY

Big-dicked, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude with hot ass seeks other well-hung men for long assplay sessions. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache, hairy chest and very sexy. Leather is my biggest turn-on while also enjoying cockrings, dildoes, ballstretchers, tit torture, poppers, light to heavy bondage, and heavy assplay. Equally experienced at top and bottom scenes. My body is solid, my dick is hard, my health is excellent. Letters with photos get first reply, but I promise to answer all. PO Box 5454, Louisville, KY 40205

WIN \$1,000 (DONATED PRIZE) FOR WINNER

Be a contestant in the Mr. Leather N.Y. Contest, an AIDS benefit. Win a trip to Puerto Rico in our raffle. Admission and raffle tickets now available. Info. Write: Box 410, 132 West 24 St., NYC 10011.

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9½", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrocution, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

EAST COAST SADIST

Asian, Latini or other small/thin lads sought for bottom/top trade-offs by tall, white, pot-bellied sadist, 6', 170, 50s. Box 4991

WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY

40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy build, 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please, Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Shackled, tied, bound, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a large, soft foam ball, as torturous titclamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Buttocks redden, burn, & blister as an eternity of paddling swats them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one larger toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather on distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a constant erotic reminder, if you never serve another Master. Can pay my own travel expenses within 200-mile radius of New Orleans. Will occasionally combine pain and business trips to Virginia, D.C., MD, plus Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver and West Coast. Will begin each scene by giving you complete health checkover; you'll start—and stay—healthy. Bottoms *must* have dungeon or playroom lined up at *their own expense*. Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless, 6'4", 205 pounder at Box 5034LF. Save your pictures. You'll be interviewed before Jon Corager agrees to top you.

TLC FOR DEHNERS

Call (818) 913-3819.

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude, and worship. Become my property, to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on

PIG/SLAVE/TOILET

Handsome body builder, 26, 5'9", 180 lbs. of muscle wants life of total permanent slavery, need abusive, sadistic Master/owner to pierce and tattoo this pig. I need branding, bondage, shit, piss, puke, filth, humiliation, cages, chains, rubber, leather, whippings, kicks, obscene tattoos (including face), mutilation, piercings (many enlarged), beatings, medical experiments, total mind control, shackles, nipples enlarged, asshole stretched beyond limits, mummification, shaving, electrolysis, exhibitionism, brainwashing, sewers, dungeons, kennels, discipline, torture, weights, confinement, verbal abuse, cigarette burns, damage. Sir, if possible, please send photo, though age, race, looks aren't important to me. What is important is that you're serious about transforming me into your mindless, groveling slave. Box 5104

HORNY BUDDIES

I get off on pumping iron, funky music, fishing, camping, horseback riding, horny parties, getting buck-ass naked with my asshole buddies, drinking beer, taking a long piss in a thirsty mouth, getting my wang sucked and butt eaten, fucking hot pussy bitches, wrestling naked on the bone, sucking dicks, eating shit holes, drinking piss and getting the snot jacked out of my horny snake until the mother fucker's bone dry. Tell me about it, dude. Your letter gets mine. Box 5290

WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 y.o. slim WM, looking to make friends with a man who wants to work/play with me, mutually exploring/expanding our world of SM, BD and leather; all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts, and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF

SUBMISSIVE ATHLETIC PUPPY NEEDED!

Top dog Daddy, 6'1", 205 lbs., BB, dk hair, 34 yrs., brown eyes, healthy non-smoker. Looking for OK Latin-Italian masculine cunts. Protection, stability, fun & friendship offered to manly pups with small reproductive equipment. But extremely well-developed legs & rear end. This loving Daddy needs an eager lap dog's tough male cheeks to pet & discipline. Let's sniff around and see if we can be canine buddies. Pix & phone exchange. Contact Wolf! Box 5311

BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread/cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6', 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

HOT GWM

31 yrs., 6'1", 190 lbs., hairy, muscular, anal, fistfucking, dildoes. Box 5238

S/M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr.-old, 6'4", 230 lb., very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome, looking for sharp, well-built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include tit work, balls, pain/pleasure, J/O, safesex, codpiece pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tit

Master, Ball Master, Pain/Pleasure Master, Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung, sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred; other locations considered. Reply with photo to: Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114.

MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES

Are you tired of the bullshit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully realized? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Still waiting and needing to be trained, used, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced and respected Leather Master (WM, 44, 6'1", 210 lbs., 8", uncut) has a vacant cage waiting for the right, untested, raw, muscular animal; who is ready to be stripped, chained, motivated, tormented and loved. Everything that you might have been up to this point is history. If you have the guts and strength of will to submit totally to the dynamism and rewards of a real-life sadomasochistic relationship, then submit a letter stating qualifications, photo(s) and telephone number. Relocation to Southern California mandatory. Box 4729LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top. Prefer L/L type, wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom. Hopefully, in time, top would love bottom. Slave has tried all scenes; heavy into assplay, all types, bondage, hoods, light discipline, W/S, safe sex. Prefer East U.S. but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186LF

LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive, but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10", am into Fr, Gr, FF, spanking, light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

SUBMISSIVE ATHLETIC PUPPY NEEDED

Top dog daddy, 6'1", 205 lbs., BB, dk. hair, 34 yrs., brown eyes, healthy non-smoker, looking for dk. Latin-Italian masculine cunts. Protection, stability, fun and friendship offered to manly pups with small reproductive equipment, but extremely well-developed legs and rear-end. This loving Daddy needs an eager lap dog's tough male cheeks to pet and discipline. Let's sniff around and see if we can be canine buddies. Pics and phone exchange. Contact Wolf! Box 5311

BEAR SEEKS CUB

Sharp younger mate sought for lasting monogamous relationship by well-educated, intelligent, professional GWM. I am 39, 5'11", 185, br/br, moustache, balding, good-looking (with gut) and with extra hairy body. I am sexually dominant but not to the extreme. I prefer to be respected rather than to be feared; however I am not averse to administering discipline when needed. So do not answer this ad if you only think of yourself as a piece of ass to be beaten and screwed. Answer this ad if you need to give yourself to a successful, confident, mature man. I am not into game playing, drugs, disco or leather drag. In order of importance, you are: honest, intelligent, straight-acting and looking, respectful but not toadyish, obedient but not slavish, 25-30, trim, smooth, under 6', clean-shaven. I live in Philly and travel NJ and DC. Send substantive letter with photo (returned). Box 5312

CHAIN-GANG SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s-40s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient; ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF.

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversarys in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's: drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

STRAIGHT AND RADICAL

In looks and attitude, this hot, horny muscle stud/model is looking to meet other exceptional studs who dare to be different. Love huge muscles, humongous endowments, long hair, tattoos, exhibitionism, raunchy high tops and boots, going barefoot and barechested, tight sweatpants and 501s showing off big bulges, half shirts, worn denim and leather, Harleys, muscle cars, 4-WDs, and more. This cocked stud is 29, 5'10", 170 lbs., and all the above, and looking to meet other cocky, straight-minded, radical dudes that share this same attitude, appreciation and lifestyle; straight, bi or gay, for long, hot, sexually uninhibited, healthy, man-to-man action, correspondence and wild times. If this is you, then go for it; one exceptional man deserves another. Absolutely no fats, fems or clones. Pic a must. Moving to Fla. summer/86. Duke PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

HOUSEBOY WANTED

GWM wanted for houseboy. Room, board and small allowance provided. I am 45, 6' Master into TT, C&BT, B&D, etc. I cycle, wilderness backpack, white-water canoe, ski, etc. I have a new townhouse, well-equipped, including a blackroom. You would be expected to run the house, assist in my business, enjoy outings with me and meet my exacting demands. You are 18-29, capable of learning and desiring a demanding Master/dad. Write to: Boxholder, PO Box 1564, Cambridge, MA 02238, with experience, background, desires, description and phone no.

NEED SOMEONE TO GIVE YOU DIRECTION?

Just out of the military (or similar) with no place to go? Then apply to become my houseboy/slave. Gentle, caring and intelligent Master will provide for you and help you grow. Master is WM, 27, 6', 190, black/brown; seeking a handsome WM, 18-25, to serve me and all my needs. If you're right for the job, send detailed application and photos immediately. Successful applicant will receive orders and ticket to Master's East Coast home. Serious applications only. Box 5293

CASTRATION

Right nut to highest bidder. Box 5331

STRAIGHT/BLUE COLLAR TYPES

Especially big, burly, bearded bears. Little guy, 30, boyish, into boots, cigars, leather, rubber, longjohns, titwork, JO, condoms, smelly/sweaty jocks/socks, gloves, ace bandages, gas masks, Daddies, trucks. SAFE SEX only! Like straight looking/acting guys. Husky, verbal, cigar smokers, beerguts, beards/mustaches A+. Photo. Box 5348LF

TRUCKERS THROUGH DENVER

Get serviced by masculine, bearded, WM. Boxholder, Box 2194, Boulder, CO 80306-2194.

YOUNG, HOT, MUSCULAR

Hot times (312) 271-4149.

TATTOOED BI BIKER

Bisexual, 30, rugged, rough, muscular, very hairy, good-looking, tattoos, Marlboro-smokin' top man seeks men/women interested in S/M, biker lifestyle, hot sex and good times with health in mind. Photo and letter. Box 5328

GERMAN RUBBER/LEATHER

Hot, sexy, masculine and sportive WM, 40, 5'9", 170, blond, blue, in rubber or leather, submissive to equally attractive top any age, for imaginative get-together. Into fantasies, can adapt to yours. This special German man appreciates detailed letter, phone and photo. A catch you won't regret. Live now in New York, but travel. Box 5329

MASTERCARE NEEDED

Experienced Master needs someone to take charge of his personal and household needs. If you do a bad job, punishment will be immediate and severe. If you do a good job, reward will be tender care and appreciation via super slave training. Can you devote a good chunk of your life to a Master's needs? If this is your fantasy, write a respectful letter to Box 5370. Serious Only.

EUNUCH MASOCHIST 38

wishes to correspond and meet other eunuchs and sadistic doctors interested in torture and medical experiments. Box 5369

MASOCHIST/DADDY'S BOY

wanted by attractive loner, sadist, WM, mid-40s, 5'11", 160 lbs., 6½x5 around. You must be smaller, younger, thinner, w/smaller dick, good-sized balls a plus. You must be willing to give your mind & body completely to me to use as I see fit. I am demanding & thorough, but also loving, affectionate & generous. If accepted, be prepared to relocate immediately. Send detailed application w/ complete background & photos to: PO Box 7103, Macon, GA 31209.

NATURAL, NO-NONSENSE MASTER

Total top, 47, white, handsome, well-built, manly, extra heavily hung, uncut, oversexed, slow-triggered, intelligent, cultured, demanding, sane, safe, sets conservative limits, expects perfection, permanent ownership of mind/body (Southwest) slave: 20s-30s, safe, small/medium build, thin, shy, quiet, manly, homebody, hard-working, long-winded, worshipful, respectful, instantly obedient, totally submissive, anxious fucktoy. Send application/photos. Box 5372.

A REAL CHALLENGE!!!

Spoiled NW 29 yr. GWM needs FATHER/son relationship. Haven't grown-up, need firm guiding hand. Make gym workouts worthwhile. You 29 plus. Photo please, Sir. Box 5320

SATAN LOVERS

Let's come together. I am white and good-looking. I don't care what you age is or your color. Let's light up our lives with black candles and devil worship. Box 5335

FRANK FROM CHICAGO

You lived on Dearborn. I met you at the Redoubt in '79. I was visiting from L.A. and you were going to move to San Francisco. Thought of you often. Would like to hear from you. Please write. Mike. Box 5322

SEEKING LONG-HAIRED DAD

Hot, slim, hairless 'boy' desires to serve, obey and belong to dominant, hirsute Dad with long hair and beard. I will groom and care for body, beard, boots, etc. Not looking for yuppie or clone. Seeking aggressive man who wants care and respect. When I don't meet requirements, bondage and discipline or verbal abuse remind me of my place. I am honest, discreet, loyal and ready to obey the man that understands this ad and my desire to serve and please. Will help with relocation or travel. Photo and phone replies answered promptly. I am 5'9", 32 and 145 pounds and in Texas.

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

SLAVE NEEDS RANCH BONDAGE

Unmanageable WM stud, 6'2", 180 lbs., Adonis, masculine, good smooth body, looks 30 (but older) needs permanent heavy bondage and total physical/mental training on large operating ranch. Needs strap, irons, cage, filth, gruel and hard, sweaty labor. Serious replies only. (313) 455-4061.

FAT SLAVE AVAILABLE

300 lbs. Want Top men—F/a, G/p, need tits worked, face sat on. F. Green, 119 Rockland Centre, Suite 161, Nanuet, NY 10954. I can travel.

CASTRATION

Handsome, masculine, lean, young, 28. Can't control sexual urges. Castration necessary for own good. Seek correspondence, literature, fantasies, photos from eunuchs, experienced ball-cutters. Box 5376

CORRECTIONAL LIFESTYLE NEEDED

Spoiled, undisciplined, long hair seeks strict Master to introduce me to a correctional lifestyle, turn me into an obedient, uniformed, convict-cropped inmate. Am 35, 6'1", 180 lbs., with an affection for motorcycles and leather and a need for steel restraint, and above all discipline. Box 5332

TRUCKERS

Masc. WM, 24, 5'9", 140 lbs., looking for truck drivers 35-55 in N. Cal./S.F. area for man-to-man action. Serious only. No phone J/O! Barry (415) 928-2013.

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

SEEKING SUCCESSFUL MATE

Delightful, desirable man, 41, tan, good-looking, clean-shaven, 190 lbs., slim/hunky, thick manly waist, shortcut thinning hair, tempting 6½" cock (clipped), hot hole, hairy chest seeks loyal lifetime monogamous linkage with good-looking, trim, masculine, versatile, successful business owner. Prefer West Coast/Arizona. Seeking a hot homebody/recluse (like me) into two-way action: frequent gutflashing, dildoes, condoms, latex exam gloves, J/O, creative frottage. A plus if you're a marathon cocksucker, devoted asslicker, vigorous buttfucker and like being face-fucked. I'm levelheaded, hardworking, experienced, entrepreneurial, willing to relocate/help you build business if we hit it off. Homelife includes plenty of physical affection, bodily intimacy, good food/conversation, movies, classical music, etc. Send accurate, heavily detailed multipage letter/explicit photos: receive same. No smoke, drugs, poppers. Box 5382

QUIET—MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easy going but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father/master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad likes, be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and non-fem. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested, send photo and letter to Box 4711LF.

HELLWEEK LIVES

27, 6'2", 195, blond plegmaster seeking recruits in excellent shape. Reply with nude photo/phone experience to Tightropes, PO Box 1283, San Rafael, CA 94901.

WHITEBOY NEEDS BLACK DAD

Naughty 25-year-old blond pretty boy searching for big-muscled, rugged, black, foul-mouthed stepdad to put him over his knee for a good belting before a punishing session of forced oral copulation with lots of verbal abuse. Stepdad must be big, black and very aggressive, over 6' and under 40 years old, with big, stockinged feet. Security guards, bus drivers, military a plus. Send name and phone to Whiteboy Boxholder, PO Box 1173, Gardena, CA 90249. Blacks only please, no whites. Discreet. Will travel. Your photo gets mine.

ONE MASTER/DADDY WANTED

WM, 26, 5'10", 155, Philadelphia submissive son/slave, needs permanent man to belong to. Prefer big, hairy, dark-haired man for heavy Greek, bondage, leather, affection too. Safe Sex Only. Instructions and photo to Box 5339.

A REAL CHALLENGE!

Attractive, late 40s Master seeks sons over 25. Weekend adventurous B/D. Equipped playroom. Masculine safe sex. Boxholder, Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123.

TATTOO FANTASIES

Can't get enough. Show me what you got. Make my big, uncut cock explode. Craving tattooed, pierced, dirty hunks. GWM, 35, 5'7", uninhibited. Your picture & letter gets mine. Box 5352

LOOKING FOR BIG BROTHER

Small brother looking for big-dicked jock/sleaze brother (under 30) who is into caring, dildoes, bondage, also S&M, and your help financially. I will relocate. Am 5'4", brn., hazl, independent and want to go to college. Send phone # and photo. Bondage a plus! Box 5354LF

BOUND TO PLEASE

Submissive body builder, 38, needs one or more levelheaded Tops for total bondage scenes. Please, Sirs—strip, immobilize and manhandle my 5'8", 165 lb. bod; paddle my round, white cheeks till they glow; and make your captive beg for more. Macho leathermen into Safe Sex only. PO Box 78, NYC, NY 10113.

BONDAGE BOTTOM

Good-looking GWM, 33, 6'2", solid 190 lb., br/br, moustache, hairy, seeks hot leather top for safe-sex bondage scenes with gags, TT, hoods, light SM. Travel for business to all major cities, including NYC, Chi, Detroit, Calif, TX, London, Paris. Photo/phone to Box 5360.

EXPERIENCED MASTER

looking for slaves, experienced or novice, into being controlled verbally and physically. Master is into boots, uniforms, leathers, BD, SM, humiliation. Slave training will be tailored to mutual desires. Repeats and long-term desired. Great variety of experiences possible. Box 5366

BIKERS, TRUCKERS, COPS AND BEER-DRINKING DADS

Let this hot, horny GWM, 32, service you and your buddies. Groups, parties, W/S, gang bangs/rapes, anything goes! Please use this fag soon, Sirs. Box 5416

CUNT-HOLED COCKSUCKER

Bow-wow, oink-oink. "Horse cocks" serviced. Reciprocation unwanted. Explicit letter, nude photo. Anderson, 3452 E. Seventh, Kansas City, MO 64124.

READY

Yes, I'm ready—to want a man, one who wants me to want him. I am 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., moustached, balding, considered handsome and hunky and very hairy (basic Italian looks). I'm also safe, sane, healthy (but not paranoid), responsible and a professional. The man for me is (probably) at least my age, at least moustached, at the very least responsible, has good physical presence, has no need for alcohol, tobacco or drugs, is aggressive (dominant, too), is assertive and communicative, seeks and offers commitment and devotion, and is a man who possesses a passion for intense and varied sexual gratification ("kink" included at times) which is no less strong than his desire for intimacy and affection. (Indeed, I want it all!) If you are such a man, then I encourage you to write to me and include a recent photo. Thanks. Send to: PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102.

CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted: an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor; a tough man, especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons; a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF

TITS AND ASS DAD

Seattle area GWM, 39, slender, smooth body needs virile, aggressive, dominant, endowed, Gr/ADad for permanent involvement. My large, pierced nipples and hungry hole need frequent attention and punishment. Not into attitude, games, tricks or bars. Leather, latex, bondage preferred. I'm professional, sincere, discreet and affectionate boy. Travel possible. Box 4249LF

ITALIAN HUNK

34, wants hot, built WMs to use our minds/bodies for total pleasure. I'm dominant, very physical, imaginative. Especially good with leather, BBs, USMC, cops, others enjoying oil, sweat, bondage. Phone JO possible. Send scene, photo, phone. Kevin, PO Box 319, Henderson, NV 89015. In L.A. often.

MIDWEST HOLES WANTED

to fuck, fist, stuff, whip. ME: Leather top, 38, 150, 5'7", bearded, good health, looks, body & stamina. You: needing it, new or experienced, open or closeted. Forward photo, experience, specs & #. Box 5413LF

ORIENTAL BONDAGE

Experience the agony and ecstasy of exotic Oriental bondage. Short and long-term bondage, captivity and punishment can be arranged. Open to attractive WM/OM, 21-35 years old, at least 5'5" and slim built. Those who come from VA, DC, NY, NC, SC are welcome. Call after 6:00 PM eastern time, (919) 756-5628.

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM, attractive, 6', 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

ARIZONA

GENTLE GWM COUPLE

Masculine, hairy, dominant, caring, 40s. Wants clean, masculine, trim, active/submissive buddy for safe sex and things like dinners, travel, video. No smoking or drugs. Your interests are nudity, tit play, cock/ball bondage, spanking, shaving, jack off, sucking cock/ass, etc. Descriptive letter, include pleasures. Box 5401

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

KINK

Kink is the name of the game. If interested, write. Letters containing photos will be answered first. Box 5307

HUNGRY MOUTH FOR RIPE HOLE

Good-looking black, 32, wants your dump! Masculine body builders only. Ben, 441-6909.

GWM, 45

6'4", slim, novice slave, looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slim, 25-55, any race. In time, anything goes that's safe. I like collars, chains, menial labor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF

UNIFORM POLICE OFFICER WANTED

WM, 34, 5'9", 165, moustached, in very good health and shape. Looking for motorcycle and mounted officer in his tall boots—Dehners—breeches, leather or uniform. Full gun leather, black leather, gloved hands and cap or helmet. I'm into the taste, smell, feel, sound and the look of black leather. Bondage, motorcycles, camping, JO and safe sex a must. Sir, I'll take care of all your needs and in return all I ask for is to be your leather bondage prisoner. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, CA 94115. Can travel. (LF5292)

NIPPLE WORK

Lean, smooth, defined GWM looking for satisfying mutual chest work with trim, in-shape, imaginative men. Safe sex only. PO Box 14257, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

SLAVE/DOG

29 years, 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS, and more, looking for hot, handsome, masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank *Drummer* for bringing us together. We're both believers that *Drummer* Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE

for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cards, bowling and safe sex; couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Box 5102

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM, bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jock for daddy/son relationship. CP/VA/HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy, 30's, accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

BODY BUILDER SON WANTED

Muscular daddy seeks son for training and service. Long-term one-to-one relationship is desired. Son will pursue body-building career along with dad and under his direction. Should have strong desire to train and the body type necessary to excel. Disciplined workouts, body worship, leather sex; all part of the package. Ideal chance to build a masculine relationship and mould a body. Photo. Box 4944LF

MASSIVE MUSCLES

Don't go to the gym, use my body for a workout! Get off on pumping up in front of the mirror using my nipples for dumbbells, my balls for cable pulls and punching bag, my face for squats and lunges! The only thing that interests you is watching yourself work out on my hapless body. The fact that I am handsome but out of shape and no comparison to you drives you to beat the shit out of me, pose before me, make me worship you. I disgust you as you overcome me with sheer strength until you verbally humiliate me. The sight of your own vein-studded body sends you into uncontrolled tit ripping, nut crushing, face slapping action until you can't do another rep. Now its time to relive all that swollen glory. Go for the burn! Sick-minded muscle jocks write, with photo. SF Bay Area only. Box 4943LF

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., muscular, hairy, moustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7½ inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virtue of his mental attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include: BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather. Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

SF LEATHER DATE

6'2", 31 yrs., discriminating, English (SF resident) leatherman wants to meet similar, fun-loving locals and visitors. Box 5251

BIG GUY—LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy, do you ache to: pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), win his trust over time, and then initiate him into light bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D/S? *Objective:* monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, affection, growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs; a relationship that won't be equal in the bedroom, but *will* be outside of it because you want this little guy as your partner, and not just as a sex buddy. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes: beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youthful 40s, masculine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional: bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (LF4952).

DRUMMER DADDY

WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leather-master in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT, C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

HOT MUSCULAR STUD

into rough sex of all kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts, heavy B&D, wrestling matches, ropes and chains, tit torture, wax, floggings. Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518, Sacramento, CA 95816. (LF5222)

SCORPIO MASTER

Show me you're worth my time and I'll make you my property. NO FANTASY. S&M, B&D, Torture—Limits Expanded. My scene, My way. Strict Discipline. Domestic duties, slave requirements: obedient, silent, dedicated, very passive, employed, moustache, tight butt, trim, clean, PO Box 5233, S.F., CA 94101. No FFA/drugs. (LF5406)

BLACK BOY

English raised, versatile, seeks older, well-built, white Master. Boy is submissive but not cowed, health conscious, 31, 6", 165 lbs., uncut, hairy, good body. Moderate BD and SM. Greek, TT, CBT. No scat, WS, FF, drugs. Hoping for long-term relationship. Please write with photo, phone, and orders to Box 5391LF

WM, 35, BOTTOM

Hairy, husky, loves exhibition, groups, and the kinky. No scene too weird. Call Jack (415) 431-2661.

FORESKIN MAINTENANCE

Seek thick uncuts with long foreskins, filled with lots of tasty cheese for a hungry, good-looking pro to sniff, lick, taste, savor, suck, eat and clean. Enjoy long sessions of oral ecstasy, with a safe JO finish. Serious only, call Tom, (415) 285-4196.

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE
for friendship and whatever. We enjoy cards, bowling and safe sex. Couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Box 5403

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

MARIN COUNTY DADDY

Looking for masculine boy, age 21 to 30, for training and service in safer sex in sling, at poolside, on motorcycle, etc. Am busy professional looking for lasting relationship, into B&D, light physical and intellectual S&M. Write describing yourself and your mindset to Bill, PO Box 9072, San Rafael, CA 94912. Picture helpful.

AT YOUR SERVICE

Seeking one or two dominant San Francisco men who require service on a regular basis. Handsome, healthy WM, 34, 5'10", turns on to command and control, BD, VA, TT, boot-licking, WS, etc. Tie me up, get me down on my knees, and use me for your pleasure. If you are attractive, intelligent and sane, please, Sir, send your orders. Box 5383

WRESTLERS

Let's wrestle to submission, fantasy or all out. I'm 36, WM, 5'9", 160 lbs., & hot. Write to John, PO Box 3545, Modesto, CA 95350

DOMINANT BLACK WANTED

Your in charge of this Sacramento GWM, 26, 5'10", 155. Box 5385

RAUNCHMAN

GWM, 41, 5'11", 150 lbs., beard, moustache, seeks versatiles into sweaty socks, smelly feet, 501s, boots, leather, ass-worship, dildoes. Most scenes OK, but no fisting or heavy pain. Photo & phone to Drummer Box 5373.

NOVICE NEEDS TRAINING

WM, 51, 5'11", 185, Sonoma County, desires to explore fantasies in SM. Pierced, interested in tattoos, whippings, enemas, shaving, bondage, etc. Box 5321

WANTED!!

White male, 18-35, who is serious about our way of life and will "give" as well as "receive" to the fullest, the pleasures of safe sex. All responses to include address, phone number and recent picture, which will be returned on request. Box 5386

BOOTS—W/S

This very good-looking hunky blond is ready to serve a healthy man and his boots. Ideally, you are good-looking, between 21 and 45, who wants his boots, leather and body serviced by a leather hunk in his early 30s who wants your piss anywa you want to give it! Drop me a line w/pix. Boxholder, PO Box 786, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SEEKING ASS MASTERS, TOPS, HUNG STUDS

Hot S.F. asshole needs good-looking fuckmasters, topmen, well-hung studs into total, safe, extended assplay trips. Tie me down, paddle my buns red hot, fuck me with rubbers, stretch my hole hungry with dildoes, FF, CBT, TT, VA. Make me your asshole slave in a prolonged action fantasy. I'm 35, GWM, 5'10", 165 lbs., dark hair/beard, BB, hairy, tan line, exceptional ass, capable of hard fucks. Preference to Masters with dungeon play room where space/time cease and only high ass fucking fantasies exist. Latinos, 3-ways or more, facial hair. Letter with photo (a must). Qualifications/photo sent upon your order, sir. FUCK MY ASS!! Box 200, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114. (LF5390)

HOT PROF DAD

Total but versatile pussy wanted by hot prof Dad. S.F. Pen. (415) 345-3584

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

REALLY INTO LEATHER?

If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy j/o, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM, 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8½", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy, kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself, what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF

BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean! Box 5001LF

BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34, wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to: Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM, 6'2", 170, cut, 7½", needs experienced Master or top for nipple, ball, cock work, munching, electrotorture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage. Increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, anytime...SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

SM FRATERNITY

Slave would like to form a network of Masters and slaves in the No. Cal. area to enhance sexual experiences and to possibly match demands/needs for Masters/slaves. I am 24, 5'8", 135 lbs., brwn, grn. Inquiries welcomed. Box 4820LF

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather, bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object: long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, or Box 4136LF.

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE

Two men, 30s, private home with pool, seek permanent live-in nude slave/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage, discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

BAREBACK SLAVE/SON

Your needs: to please Master/dad, 38 yr. GWM. Medium bareback whippings, shirtless—proud of welts, serve hand and foot, total military discipline once a week, your place, military physical training. No sex, no drugs. Photo/phone required. Your goals: disciplined mind/body, new friend. Box 5262LF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

JOCK BOY

Athletic, 25-year-old top seeks to become P/T slave to a professional Master. I'm 6', 175, work out, clean-shaven, hairy chest with a beautiful 8" thick cock. Dig dog collars, B/D, CBT and would get off being shaved. What do you want to do to me? Box 5211

CASTRO COUNTRY BOY!

Hairy-chested, horny, versatile, hot, has field that needs plowin'. Call: (415) 431-4293.

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Dad, 45, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks completely-bottom son under 30. No SM abuse, beatings or test of wills. I want a thoroughly-submissive, trim, quiet, obedient, affectionate, home-type Daddy's boy who's on a serious, heavy, father-son trip. Boy can expect bondage and to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy will be my houseboy and not expected to work full time if at all. Be aware, I'm not a sugar daddy. I'm a Topman, a Master, aiming to possess, dominate, love, take care of, play with, and fuck a docile, dependent boy who knows he can't make it on his own. Prefer short (5'6" and under) slim, even scrawny boy with smooth body and hairless butt. Slightly handicapped or unemployable OK. What I want takes a real special kind of boy. Where is he? Reply with phone number. Relocation taken care of. Asian or Latino welcome. Box 4551LF

TOP ME OR BOTTOM OUT

Obedient, young bottoms or demanding tops wanted to fulfill both sides of my licentious libido. I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, hot, handsome, intelligent. Masculine mentors or select slaves in leather and Levis, "into" SM, TT, CBT, WS, FF, send recent photo and phone to Matt. Box 5129LF

OBEDIENT BLOND BODY BUILDER

needs contact with dominant, aggressive man. Safe sex. Verbal abuse and humiliation. Enjoys calling the shots over 6'2", 185 (solid) lbs. jock, late 20s, blue eyes, masculine. If you're 30-50, have a mean streak and aren't afraid to show who's boss, I need badly to try to satisfy your needs. Need arrogant type who's just not happy until he's called "Sir." Photo gets mine, but attitude and temper most important. Serious. Discrete. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

WHITE MASTER (TOP) NEEDED

White slave bottom, 34, 5'11", 195 lbs., husky, hairy, wants to serve white/Latino top Master. Am into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, G/p, Fa/p (front/rear), S/M, B/D, toys, W/S & more. Please, sir—sincere only—send orders & info to slave at: PO Box 67E06, L.A., CA 90067. (LF5349)

GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candyass stacking cans or whatever; Sweet face; Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts... Ain't nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve... Man! Oh Man! Hey Gangbanger, does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 5342LF

ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140, Cauc., smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT, at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069.

MASCULINE FF BOTTOM

is 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., muscular, handsome, healthy, responsible, relatively sane and very hot! Is seeking one very special and serious FF topman. Photo a must! PO Box 26503, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

LEATHER BIKER

Booted, breeched, crewcut biker, 42, 160 lb., 5'11", lean, muscular body into uniforms, police, military and full leather, want to meet compatible buddies. S.F. Valley area. Boxholder, Box 896, Arl, CA 91331.

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 & 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

L.A. stud digs C&BT on his big, uncut cock/globes. PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

JOCK BOY WANTED

By Southern Calif., 26-year-old, rich Master. Slave should be 18-25, in good shape, be willing to be collared, shaven, be kept nude, and willing to expand limits in B/D, TT, CBT. Boy will work out regularly to become showpiece to display at various social functions. Blonds esp. apply. Must include photo. Box 5252

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

WANTED: BEST SLAVE IN L.A.

Slave/houseboy wanted by two hot, professional GWM, 27 and 33, with playroom; into B&D, S/M, CT&T, hoods, gags, stocks, shackles, shaving, leather, rubber and more. Will be dressed in leather; receive allowance; healthy nonsmoker; inexperienced OK, if eager to learn in safe and caring environment. Detailed application with photo to Box 211, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

BOTTOM READY

Young, 45, into B&D, S/M, have toys and playroom. Prefer younger, experienced top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428.

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven day a week lifestyle. You must have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38,

established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

SPANDEX? BONDAGE? BOTH?!

This lean, handsome, muscular top gets off on hot guys in tights, bike shorts, Speedos. Also on roped and gagged studs. Either great, but combination blows me away. I'm 35, 5'11", brown/blue, sane, sense of humor. You have a hard body, flat gut. Weekdays, safe sex. Doug, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109—Box 318, West Hollywood, CA 90046. (LF4748)

DEPRIVED FUCKER

Wild, hairy fuck-tortured dude offers its steel-collared balls and hungry ass to mean, experienced studs who are man enough and know how to torture /work ass. Deprived fucker turns onto leather, S/M, all scenes especially ass-work. Eager cocksucking asshole gives full-service, worshipful begging and needs to get its balls in the hands of a stud who will whipass him into a fucking obedient dog. Sucker is white, healthy, 155, hot bod, black hair on chest/belly/ass. Best ass in So. Calif., 40, 7 1/2" cut, looking for regular torture, action workouts with uninhibited men who turn onto using/working a hot fuckhole. Not lover or live-in position. Age, looks, not important: experience/action only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my balls in your hands if you're man enough...fucker. Box 4827LF

STAMPS & SLAVES

As investments, few things have increased more dramatically in price in the last decade. On average, classic stamps (pre-1900) have increased by 15-25 per cent a year. Worldwide interest. Write GRG, PO Box 20304, Long Beach, CA 90801.

165 LB., SOLID, 6'

Masculine Leo. Self-confident, intelligent, experienced, into fantasy fulfillment. Seeking relationship based on mutual trust and honesty. Masculine attitude and versatility a plus. Experienced in S/M, B/D, uniforms, FF. No scat, penpals, or bullshitters. All replies answered. Rodger, 248 No. Sierra, Solana Beach, CA 92175. (LF5361)

BOTTOM, 5'8, 7 1/2"

210 lbs., 56 yrs., wants 40 year plus AIDS-negative top for JO, safe sex. Has had only modest SM experience. I believe I'm still AIDS-negative. Will agree to test at gay center for testing of both of us. Orang Cnty., Long Beach, Box 5357

SAFE—LEATHER—S/M

WM, 39, 72", 180#, br/bl, H. chest. above avg looks, masc, botm-vers, fit, myotherapist. Into: SAFEsex, leather trvl, BB, chains, home, pits, reading, bondage, sailing, skiing, T&C&BT, music, jocks-2-tux, hiking, piercing, theaters, shaving, affirmations, toys, success, Gr/Fr, spirit, exAF Off, friends; NO smoke/drugs/...holics. Want: honest, successful, hairy, fit, leather top-man with humor, intelligence, goals + adventurousness, & comtd to soc. justice. Who wants & will: communicate, touch, support friendship and more; mutually satisfying and multifaceted sexual/mental/emtional/spiritual balanced relating. Important you have positive & dominant nature with fantasies to be realized like: C&B-butt-tit Master; pain-pleasure Mentor, and... You now are capable, aware,

sensual, teachable, a valued friend; & honor the ritual, bonding, pleasures and success dynamics of leather & S/M in a fulfilling and happy life. L.A. area preferred. Reply w/goals; Graham Dunlap, 175 Monroe St., Pomona, CA 91767.

SLAVE

Slave Danny will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4720)

MASTER WANTED

With THE COMPOUND gone, where is a boy to go, Sir? Are You willing to take control of this 33-year-old, blond/blue, cut, hairless, 6 ft., 160 lb., boy-slave, Sir? I am in reasonable shape (the gym would help), healthy (very), professional, whose life has all the appearances of being straight, but... Master needs to be creative and desiring to train this boy into His ideal. Letters OK too. All answered on same day received, Sir. Our lives can be more than the fantasy, Sir, and include all that our lives can create—passion, romance, pain, encouragement... Think about it, please, Sir! Box 4699LF

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 4888

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/T, WS, SM, BD, FF, VA, tatooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mumification, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 656-4324 or write: Occupant, 1265 North Harper, #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jock-boy, 6'1", 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

LEVI SLEAZE

WM, 36, 6'2", 175, trim, bearded, looking for creative, raunchy, crotch action, in filthy, skin-tight Levis, boots, leather. Into sweat, piss, tits, underwear, nylon, uniforms, mutual verbal abuse and exhibitionism. Seek friendly, imaginative, jaded men 30-50 in bulging, dripping 501s for sensuous, sweaty, all-night raunch scenes. Live in S.B. Mountains, work in L.A. Safe sex only. Phone/photo. Box 5324

HORNY IN THE MOUNTAINS

Intelligent, caring GWM, 45, 5'8", 170, 6", thick, into bulging 501s and hard cocks. Desire correspondence with masculine men with possibility of meeting for safe sex. Lonely in Mammoth Lakes area. Box 5343

WANTED

Master into cigars, police, military, uniforms, bondage, discipline, C/B torture, verbal abuse and disciplining a slave. A Master who knows what he wants. Master: 5'8" and taller, 140-200, beard okay. A Master who knows what he wants. Box 5378

RAUNCHY, SLEAZY & SAFE?

Hot toilet, 5'4", 139 lbs., brn hr, eyes, good-looking, needs to service raunchy, filthy, safe stud. Also fantasies of Satanism. Box 5387

COLORADO

ACTIVE ASS

W/M, 6'3", 165, 40's, wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D, TT, ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons, but no FF, W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area, but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF.

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations: No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

For lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 48, top, uncut, mountain climber. Tennis, run. (303) 781-9423.

LEVI-LEATHER HORSEMEN

Country boy, 6', 160, blond, loves hung stallions for safe, heavy barn, outdoor sex. Photo, phone, detailed letter gets immediate reply. Box 5300

WET BEHIND THE EARS

Puttybutt needs dad's rod of authority. I'm a worshipful toy for your dick. Pussy is 5'7", white, 27, good-looking, defined, baby butted. Daddy is white, handsome, hung, dominant. Randy, PO Box 92, Denver, CO 80201.

CUM AT MAIL-CALL

Muscular wrestler seeks fantasy, correspondence. I'm 6', 175 lbs., bruise. PO Box 13502, Denver, CO 80201.

CONNECTICUT

LEATHERMAN

29, 5'10", 175, Harley riding leatherman seeks bikers, leathermen, and policemen. Into leather bondage, top or bottom. Also enjoy tall leather boots, leather chaps and pants, leather jackets and restrictive leather toys. Safe sex only. Send letter—photo welcome. Box 5420

DELAWARE

MASOCHIST

wants to serve sadistic tops in uniforms, cigar smoker, aromas. Suite 113, 402 N. Union St., Wilm., DE 19805

DC—METRO

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee, SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

MUSCLE SUBMITS TO MUSCLE

Muscular, attractive, weightlifter—40, 6', 190—seeks dominant, very muscular body builders, athletes for safe musclesex. Wrestling, leather, light S/M, B/D. Body builders hosted in D.C. (202) 462-8560.

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 6'+, 180 lbs., WM, and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB. Into body worship and leather service by hot, submissive tongue. You: under 35, into C&BT, TT, BD, shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ass a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883LF

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area. WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only; independent, loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special warfare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, *The Brig*, "Beauty's Punishment," *9½ Weeks*, *Story of O*. J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud. A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP. LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road, seeking out a buddy for friendship, riding partner. Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered, photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies to Box 5099LF

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy—private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35; straight looks; decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

NEW TOP SEEKS BUDDY

GWM, 5'9", 160, 34, attractive, med. build, balding, hairy healthy, Gr/a, face-sitting novice into B/D. Seeks similar straight-acting, well-built fellow novice for discreet, regular, non-romantic sessions. You: 28-38, good definition, clean, non-prom., and very hungry for my tight round ass. No tall thin guys, no phonies, no fems. Photo/phone. Box 5417

LEATHER TOP WANTED

Masculine, tall, very handsome, WM, 23, needs booted, aggressive leather top. Need the taste, feel and smell of leather. Address/phone and photo. Box 5326

LEAN MUSCULAR BOTTOM

with cocky attitude needs to be broken and trained to become a willing obedient slave. Seeks Master of iron discipline in his dungeon and in his life who will strip, shackle and shave his man-cunt, explore and expand limits in BD, SM, TT, CBT, FF. Me: 36, 175 lbs., 5'11", WM, hairless. Master: Tall BB, trim, muscular man who knows what he wants. Under 45. Please send photo with orders, Sir. Box 5384

SON LOOKING FOR DAD

WM, early 30s, in search of a Dad. Me, very Gr/pass, into dildoes, spanking, FF, jockstraps and mild S/M. I am looking for that one person to share my life with. No heavy pain and no J/O calls, please. Allen (202) 332-7017. Dad, your son is ready. (LF5025)

FLORIDA

RAUNCHY MOUTH

GWM, body builder, 28, needs to eat your shitty brown hole—no limits! Also W/S, titwork, Greek. You: 18-40, good build. Phone/photo: Boxholder, Box 3182, Orlando, FL 32802.

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE

by Master (30, 5ft., 10 in., 165 lbs., bearded, hairy). Must be submissive, obedient, healthy, into leather, heavy S&M, B&D, Gr/P, Fr/A, FF/P, and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo to: Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather. Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

CENTRAL FL—SEEKING TRAINER

WM into body building needs supervision. No fluid exchange, FF, scat, fats or fems. Looking for workout partner to get our bodies into shape at gym. Reply Box 5219LF

BOOT SERVICE

Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy-type to make me worship his boots. Please, Sir, make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283, Miami, FL 33114-0283 (LF4940)

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving, enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041.

CUM PLAY WITH MY ASS

Heavy ass play wanted in Ft. Lauderdale area. Mark, (305) 731-4525. 5pm-midnite. Top men and experienced only.

BONDAGE AND HEAD TRIPS

I am 5'8", 155 lbs., muscular, bk, br, into bondage, leather, rubber, tight, prolong with head games. Have some equipment. Would like to hear from and possibly meet people with similar interests. I am versatile. Box 5217

OLDER MAN—NORTH FLORIDA

Professional, would like to meet or correspond with someone who is really into leather. I prefer bottom role; willing to fulfill Daddy role with person who is understanding, adaptable and interested in safe sex. Swimming and classical piano are two hobbies. Box 5253LF

SARASOTA-VENICE

Dad is looking for son. Dad is good-looking, young, 23 and frank. You should be, too. Photo and letter required. Mike, PO Box 943, Venice, FL 33595



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NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Central East Coast novice seeks introduction and training in leathersex. Totally inexperienced. 39, WM, 6', 180 lbs., needs basic training in S/M. Would discuss limits. Am on fitness program. Eager to learn and expand. This is a sincere offer. Please help me! Safe sex also. Box 5358

I SUCK COCK

Give me your cum, piss, shaved head, cock, balls. Box 6072, Ft. Charlotte, FL 33949-6072

NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or feds. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast, Fla. Want younger, under 35 preferred, smaller man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

GEORGIA

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs., moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes with mutual respect. Got a fantasy, let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave, live in or out, with initial input considered. Will train, no experience OK. Photo, phone, detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

TRAINING—COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also, would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF

VERSATILE

Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender, smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl, toys, enemas, WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy, wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to: Drummer Box 4857LF

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather, BD, whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", clean-shaven, muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write: 1096 Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

LEVI BOOT SLAVE

Tall, 41, WM slave into 501 button fly levis, whips, black leather boots, bootlicking, SM, CBT, Fr. Gr, etc. Not into FF, scat, rear Fr, uncuts, drugs, WS, piercing, damage, unsafe. Send phone to Box 4968.

PUNISHMENT/TRAINING

Male, 46, seeks correspondence and experience with corporal punishment, obedience training, initiations, etc. Please write Drummer Box 5399

S&M COUPLE SEEKS OTHERS

Play and exchange ideas. PO Box 56074, Atlanta, GA 30343.

BONDAGE NEEDED

Hot WM, 33 yrs., 6', 155 lbs., moustache, seeks a dominant, masculine topman to explore S&M and bondage. Limitations. I'm good, but I want to be better. Gameroom is a plus. (404) 995-0242.

WANTED/MASOCHIST

Phone (912) 474-3442 5 PM-11 PM & Weekends.

HAWAII

LIFETIME RELATIONSHIP

Loving, light tease sadist, 24 years old, sensual Oriental male looking for leather masochist, masculine, stable, white male 25-40 for serious lifetime relationship. Sheldon, PO Box 6068, Kahului, HI 96732.

ILLINOIS

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM, 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance, Factive, G passive, seeks well-built, heavy-hung B/W/Spanish man to use hungry, deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield, IL 62705.

PIGS/PLAYMATES

Hot Chicago couple: 26, T/B, 6'3", 29, T/B, 5'9" both bearded, straight-acting. Looking for playmates/pigs into leather, tattoos, partying, FF, WS, B/D, TT and toys. Have playroom. Enjoy traveling. Photo and description gets ours. Box 5221

NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly, w/ condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/ friends; pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF, damage. Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 109DH, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ. (LF5215)

FORMER MASTER

Has-been PRO-wrestler type (big, bearded, balding, 210 lbs., 6', 46) gang-banged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, buttplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

TOP WANTED

by hairy bottom. I'm GWM, 28, 5'11", 150, brn/brn, hairy and cut. Into safe action and enemas. Photo/phone a help. Box 5350

I WANT THE HORSE, NOT THE PRINCE

24, 5'8", 135 lbs., 9½. I want it all. Joshua O'Sullivan, 8411 Andrea Ln., Woodridge, IL 60517.

INDIANA

FT. WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs., blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

CHASER IS HOG-WILD IN INDY

Very versatile, creative, intense, 34, 5'9", 145, shaved, pierced, tattooed,

seeking kink and/or cuddle with burly, masculine, biker/trucker types—25+, 190+, big belly, thighs, and a beard a plus. Also want dirty pictures or source of porn of heavy and hairy men. John, PO Box 441091, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

SW Indiana submissive WM, 5'8", 135 lbs., 39 years, cut, brown/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger Top to service and to please. Let me minister to your needs. Hot mouth, hungry ass eagerly await! Box 5214

HOT TIMES ARE HERE

Seek leatherman, 25-40, good build, for hot sex-friendship—possible relocate for right leatherman relationship. I'm 30, 6', 180 lbs., blond, blue, top-bottom, hairy chest, work out. Write with photo if possible. Midwest or Nationwide. Florida or Southern California a plus! Box 5289

SLAVE FOR LOAN

40 year old executive type who likes to serve others in presence of his Master, seeks hot men/couples to please. G/p, F/a+p, bondage. Welcomes gang bang scene. My ass is waiting. Reply: PO Box 11721, Indianapolis, IN 46201.

REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male, 32, 6', 170 lbs., and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are: 21-45, sadistic and imaginative—Great. Photo & phone answered first. No fats, feds, scat or FF. Box 5367

S/M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM, 40, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain/pleasure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect, and worth. Box 5359

IOWA

BONDAGE FANTASIES

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY

ADORES TRUCKERS

35, 190 lbs., 5'10", gay, white, male, Louisville, seeks hairy, masculine truckers on layover to suck and adore. Can host. Will take good care of you. Send photo. Box 5414

LOUISVILLE/SO. INDIANA

GWM, 25, 190, new to gay scene. Would like to meet guys under 30 for sex. I will worship your cock and ass. Sit on my face. Put me over your knee and spank my ass by hand. Give me an enema. Sweaty armpits and smelly jockstraps turn me on. Tickle-torture my feet. No scat or feds. Must be clean. Send photo and/or phone number for reply. S.W. PO Box 38294, Louisville, KY 40233.

LOUISIANA

PUSSYBOY BUTTS SLAVE

WM, 30, bl/bl, good-looking, inexperienced, needs training at regular encounters. PO Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172.

SUBMISSIVE SON 18-25 WANTED

Sincere, stable, healthy, chunky, Daddy, 41, 6'2", seeks steady, slim, smooth-faced, boyish, self-supporting, college-looking hunk. Son should desire affection; must be Greek a/p, an excellent deep-throat cocksucker who likes to rim. No drugs, alcohol, pain, smokers. Smooth blonds given preference but all welcome. Absolute discretion. New Orleans area. Send letter with photo, phone/address. Box 5381

LEVI/LEATHER/RUBBER MASTER

Harley rider, write me. So. La. close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom. It's a plus. WM, 44, 6'1", 200, bald, beard & very hairy. Into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber, boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. Will train. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Sir, or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 P.M.

MARYLAND

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear, that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year, W/M, 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

MASSACHUSETTS

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs. and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic, hot top. All replies will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, boot-

licking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112.

SIRI USE AND ABUSE ME!

Eager to serve. WM, 150, 5'7½", 36. Brown hair, blue eyes. Bondage, rough spanking, dildoes, Greek with rubbers. Tit-cock torture, more. Box 5261

GWM LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Master wants 20 to 35-year-old slave, 6'+ tall, 160 lbs., with good build. No facial hair, into heavy rubber, leather, ready for S/M, bondage, WS, masks, hoods, restraints. You will be my houseboy-slave (not bottom). Your rewards, to have someone to love you and provide for your needs. You will relocate immediately to small New England town, live in large ranch house with extensive toy room. No drugs, FF or scat. Master, in my sixties, sexually 40s, retired with plenty of time for my slave. You may have to work part-time. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 PM eastern time for more information. No JO calls. (LF4247)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

SPIT SHINED USMC

boots, shoes; Corcorans, jump and combat. Marine uniforms. Possessors, not admirers. Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS

29 y.o. GM seeks patients 20 to 35 for thorough physical exams, enemas, other medical fantasies. Send description with phone to Dr. A, PO Box 542, Brookline, MA 02146

LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Hot leather bottom, white, 26, 5'7", 150 lbs., good build, brown hair, green eyes, moustache, needs leather Master to expand my limits. Top must be white, masculine, hung, hard body, no-nonsense type, have plenty of leather and equipment. Turn-ons are SM, TT, CBT, piss, gloved FF, enemas, rubber. I am ready to serve one topman and have a solid relationship with him. Please, Sir, send recent photo and phone with reply. New England, Boston area. Box 5323

SPARE THE ROD

And spoil the sex! I need Master's/Daddy's choice of hand, belt, paddle, hairbrush, applied soundly to my firm, round buns. Haul me over your knees and spank the seat of my tight jeans, then finish the job on my bare ass till it's red hot. Health-conscious, great ass, 36, boyish, 5'8", 145 lbs., Greek passive. Write with picture. Jay, PO Box 275, Medford, MA 02155. All replies answered.

LEATHER LIFE

Want hot, uninhibited correspondence with leathermen of all ages. Enjoy leather life and sex. Can't get enough of either. You won't be sorry. Cum on,

write. Include photo in leather, wearing cockring. Let it all hang out. Show me what a real man you are. Box 5405

BOSTON BAD BOY

Thick, beefy Ital., 81, tattoo, built short and wide, prof., seeks an older man who truly gets off on whipping and keeping his boy's ass naked. Need to be kept in heat by stern, strong, beefy guy with big, thick hog, low voice, and good collection of straps, who firmly believes in corporal punishment. You must like and be able to administer med. to heavy whippings privately and/or in front of other men. Prefer bluecollar/exec/contractor who has always been a disciplinarian. Will answer all with phone and photo except bar types. PO Box 221, Pru. Cntr. Post Office, Boston 02199.

MICHIGAN

WM BOTTOM

WM, 36, 6'2", 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expand limits. Box 5138LF

BOTTOM SEEKS YOUNG DAD

GWM, 35 years, 6', 195 lbs., looking for young dad -28 for discipline/bondage and fun times. Safe sex! Write PO Box 46553, Mt. Clemens, MI 48046.

NEW TO SCENE

29-year-old needs a good ol' fashion spanking. You must be masculine, older than 29 years of age and in good health. Write to Box 5309.

TITS???

(Detroit Area) Lean, manly male with hairless, seasoned, suckable, pullable, and chewable tits, cone-shaped, always ready for action from MEN, with hands, mouth and/or toys and wax. Also into leather action, if that turns you on. Answer this ad and we will compare tit/sex action. Photo of your tits gets one of mine. I can take what I dish out. Try it! All letters answered. Robert Gonway, 611 Tobin Dr., #208, Inkster, MI 48141.

GAY WHITE COUPLE

29 & 34, seeks third person 21-35 into cigars, smoke, leather, toys, TT, WS, BD, VA and kinky scenes. Occupant, 2515 Normandy Rd., #4, Royal Oak, MI 48073-1857.

SPANKING/SM

Younger, good-looking, wants understanding, good top. Can relocate. TC 1138, Drummer 92.

MINNESOTA

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master, 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

HUSKY RUGGED TRUCKERS

wanted by slim bottom man. Fuck and paddle my ass while I worship your cock and balls with my mouth. Please, Sirs, I need a good buddy. Box 5243

MISSISSIPPI

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic excruciation. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas, harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., I'm a balding, bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free, but well-leathered life. Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment is worth working for, please write Harold, PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 (LF4831).

MISSOURI

LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Need leatherman into full and complete leather clothing (boots, chaps, harnesses, gloves) and into having a bottom (companion) for scenes and mutual fantasies with submission, leather, rubber, uniforms, gags, plugs, boots, etc.. Want man to play, talk and be with. Please write your needs. Box 4555LF

WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 5'10", 175, 37, two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break in my new sling. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033.

TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS

Both 5'10", 165/170 lbs., dark hair/b-long hair, smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well-equipped black-light "playroom" (with sling)—SM, BD, CBT, TT, FF, WS—you name it or want it and we'll get into it (gentle to rough to ?). Limits discussed and respected prior to long extended session. Very verbal during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verbal. Have "pig slave" available which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters. Special interest in jocks/USN/USMC/Bi's. Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo will be answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to: Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

MONTANA

COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same. Mark Redford, Box 1462, Conrad, MT 59425.

LEATHER NOVICE

Northwest Montana, new to scene, wants to learn BD, CBT, shave, wax. No heavy SM, FF. Box 5338

NEVADA

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10", 160 lbs., enjoys being BOUND, CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented. Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man, 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER

Professional photographer needs models in Carson City/Reno, Nevada area. Send photo and your interests. Box 5183

BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs., and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

FIST SLAVE

GWM, 30, 220 lbs., 6'4", blond/blue, moustache, hairy chest, uncut 7", seeks hot-fisted, hairy Master/daddy for good times. Sir, your boy is into FF, W/S, VA, S/M, leather. Sir, take my balls and stuff them up my ass. Phone JO okay (702) 673-6631. Dan, 3914 Golf-view Dr. #60, Reno, NV 89512

RENO AREA

WM, 32, 6', 180, seeks handsome, healthy, husky buddies (30-45) for poss. relationship. Straight appearance and self-sufficiency a must. Beard, boots, political activism, love of outdoors a plus. Real men only. Letters with photos answered fast. Write Buddy, PO Box 10534, Reno, NV 89510.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SOUTH NH SLAVE!

42 yrs. old, 5'9", 172 lbs., br. hair and moustache. This whip and piss slave needs you! T/T; torture my balls and uncut cock. I await your orders, Sir. Paul, PO Box 702, Manchester, NH 03105

NEW JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids. PO Box 74, East Brunswick, NJ 08816

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

Union County slave is 26, 5'7", 156 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Very hairy, muscular, wild, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replies with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome, tan-black, virile, muscular, athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat sox, jockstraps, sweaty, lean, hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

NEW YORK

FUNKY BUTT-HOLE SNIFFER

Masculine, hairy, humpy, kinky pig into sniffing ripe butt hole, funky crotch and rank armpits. Me: 5'8", 150 lbs., blond, blue, 28, Fr/A, Gr/P, into domination and humiliation. You: Bigger, meaner, inventive, intense and passionate with a hunger for complete and total body service. Looks unimportant compared to attitude and body funk. Should enjoy giving verbal abuse while having your funky ass sniffed by this submissive pig. Relationship considered. Bluecollar worker a plus. Hung extra big with foreskin and cheese a double plus. N. Koloff, PO Box 676, Northport, NY 11768. (516) 582-8864.

HOT DADDY BEAR

36, 6', 210 lbs., beard and moustache, looking for bondage bottoms to explore safe sex fantasies with. Into tits, feet, CB torture, VA, phone J/O, mind fucking and man pleasing? Got the imagination to explore a long list of fetishes? Got a photo? Good! Now, cum to Daddy! Box 5409

I CAN REDUCE YOU TO

AN INHUMAN THING. I get a photo. Box 5204

SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I., NY, grounds. You will live in your own cottage and have a pleasant and stimulating life, surrounded by natural beauty and erotic days and nights. Only for the man who truly wants the reality of the society we live in, with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slave/bottom. Reply to Box 4255LF.

39, 140 LBS., BLOND

green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, NYC, NY. Box 4557LF

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Dr. scenes

with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 4369, Old Village Station, Great Neck, NY 11027. (LF4255)

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master, 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with photo & photo. J. Miller, RD2, Box 510, Putney, VT 05346. (LF4092)

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me: GWM, 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A, Fr/p. You: good body, smart. Goal: hot monogamous relationship. Ph/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, tit-work, Greek? Safe. Important: for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT: vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651, Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM, 6', 210 lbs.

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

ARE YOU OVER 60?

White male needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience. I am 34, healthy, in good physical shape, an eager, willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things, maturely in this direction. I've been told (on several occasions) that my French abilities are the incredible ("the best ever"). And as this was always by someone with many years of experience, this may be particularly meaningful. In addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discipline. But your preferences are foremost and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures.

If it wouldn't be a turn-off to you, a recent picture or pictures of you would be much valued... either the regular type, revealing, in action, whatever. Grey or white hair is a definite plus. For the person who fits these images, I would very much want to bring pleasure, that is, to satisfy him in every way. I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. at present).

Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you. Please write soon? Box 5105LF

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754.

WET HOT HUNGRY ASS

Order my juicy melon butt to service your rod. Tie me, beat me, but ram my hole and take your pleasure. Will do anything to help you enjoy fucking my wet, hot, hungry ass. You are very hung, confirmed topman into all scenes, 20-50, but tight body! I am WM, 27, 5'10", BB, 160 lbs. (and growing), br/green, 8", humpy Italian stud, but your bottom playtoy. Can be top at your command, Sir! Please hurry, Sir. I need you badly, Sir! Box 5193

MR. LEATHER NY 1986 CONTEST

This is an AIDS benefit. Anyone interested in being a contestant, placing an ad or memorial, donating a prize, contributing entertainment, or being on our mailing list, write: Mr. Leather NY Contest, Box 410, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

MASTER WITH SLAVE NEEDED

WM, 38, 6'1", slim, good-looking, looking for Master with obedient cocksucking slave for long session of face fucking by both of us. Love bruising its gaggin' cocksuckin' throat with my very fat 9" meat on its Master's command for hours. Box 5195

GROVELING ORAL SLAVE NEEDED

by WM, 35, with very thick 9". Let me turn your sweet mouth into a gagging, scummy, fuck hole, only deep slimy throats need apply. Long endurance necessary. Send face photo. Box 5192.

NEIGHBORS WANTED

Two GWM buying weekend house in N.E. Pennsylvania, want to meet their neighbors in the area for fun and friendship. Please write to PO Box 1003, Milford, PA 18337.

HAIRCUTS

Hot GM, 28, into giving clipper haircuts, headshaves. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185.

SUBMISSIVE FANTASIES?

GWM, 49, 6', 200, with dominant fantasies, seeks GWM, Long Island/Queens, with submissive fantasies for discreet mutual beginners' exploration. Box 5266

STRIP SEARCH ME

Security guards, policemen. Subject me to the total humiliation of a legitimate plus strip search. Have witnesses if you like. Search my groin. Order me to bend over, grab my ankles, and spread my legs. Let's do it! I'm serious. (212) 874-1325 or write with true experiences only to Box 7, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019.

KINKY TOP WANTED

for pig slave into long, hot W/S action, VA, humiliation, toilet training. Photo from hot top gets response. Stormville, NY. Drummer Box 5314.

VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. You must be GWM, slender and muscular, 28 to 45, in need of domination and into all forms of S/M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally, as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be felt. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

LEATHER, BONDAGE

NYC WM, 34, 5'7", dark hair, attractive, seeks other leathermen up to 38. Am into bondage (hoods, collars, restraints, etc.) and some SM. Turned on especially by hot young studs in full leather. Am usually bottom, but sometimes switch. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008. (LF5356)

BRUTAL SLAVE TRAINING

If you are a real man, tall, muscular and hung (hairy chest a plus) and you aren't afraid to take this slave well past his limits in progressively more brutal sessions, then this slave needs you, Sir. Slave begs for heavy pain training and complete toilet training, Sir. All resistance should be punished, Sir. Reply only if you are tough enough to ignore slave's sniveling requests for mercy, Sir. Training fee will be paid. Slave visits New York often. Send photo and letter to Drummer Box 5374LF.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

OPENING NEEDS FILLED

GWM, 6'8", 155 lbs., SP/BL, into FF, TT, Safe Sex. Looking for person to fill all requirements. Fats, fems need not reply. Occupant, 195 Adams St., Apt. 15-F, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

ANYTHING GOES

Almost. Cedar Knoll, RD #2, Box 414, Rhinebeck, NY. (914) 266-5290.

ARIES, NOVICE

40, WM, 5'5", 145 lbs., uncut, needs help learning joys of C&B, bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy collection, boot hoist, sling, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410

MASTER SHAVER SEEKS LOVER

Live-in, share expenses, lifetime. You'll be bound, beaten and balded—and loved. Box 5377

BI-SEXUAL

Free and easy male lovers (Master and slave) seek slave for absolute fun and fulfillment. Master 30, 6', 170 lbs., musc., hung, handsome. Slave 35, body builder, handsome. Safe sex and confidentiality. Slave should be young, muscular and sure of his sexually submissive role. Send address, phone number and photo if response is expected. PO Box 20769, Midtown Sta., New York, NY 10129.

BONDAGE MASTER!

40, 6'4", leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos: looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St., Suite #160, New York, NY 10011. (LF4730)

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach. Prefer boy, over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 4717LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM, 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, tit and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling, classical music, travel, motorcycling, bullshitting. Tough DIs and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, FF, drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY; can travel. Photo required with letter; phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey master's every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone. Box 1038, Southampton, NY 11768. (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather strait-jackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master, intelligent, healthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 38, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my B.S. and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6', 160, top, seeks bottom for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother, father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM, Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK—have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker, and non-fem. I travel the US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (LF4711)

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved head and beard. Most everyone thinks I'm a top because of the way I look and carry myself. What I'm looking for, however, is an intelligent, affectionate guy who's really my Daddy in bed. I need someone to go slow with me at first, but also someone who can teach me how to be a good son in the bedroom. I'm an independent, intelligent guy who is looking for a complete and equal relationship outside of the bed, but who definitely needs a dominant, strong man for an intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. I'm fascinated, but not experienced in shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and probably a hundred other things I've never thought about. I'm not into pain or life-threatening situations. I know I'd be a great catch and would make the right Daddy very happy. Please write and maybe we can explore new possibilities. Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

MATURE TALL MASTER/DADDY
WM, 6'2", 180 lbs. Slave wanted by dominant male. Requires submissive, obedient boy over 20 years. Must be able to take orders and carry them out. Live in upstate NY. Box 4756LF

MUD/BARN/STABLE

Bi WM, 48, 165, wishes to meet farmer. Age/looks unimportant but understanding/interested in my scene. Am into dirty, muddy 501s, leather, rubber, hip boots, W/S and J/O. Can help temporary in barn, stable and yard or be paying guest on farm. Free to travel. Contact PO Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202. (LF4758)

HOT & BUTCH NYC BOTTOM

White stud, 39, 6', 185 lbs., thick 8" cut dick; handsome with thick, dark-brown hair, moustache and eyes needs to be pussy to a hot, hung, butch, dominant TOPMAN. Pussy is horny, very masculine construction worker type who wants to service hot and wild and butch TOPS with BIG dicks. Besides sucking cockmeat and getting plowed, I can get turned on by leather, fantasies, submission, verbal abuse, wrestling, body worship, ass toys, bondage, discipline, and other SAFE SEX turn-ons. Not into pain, but enjoy a good fight and spanking. Also dig hotscene jerkoffs and porn and "parties." Dominant and masculine TOPMEN, send photo (if possible), phone and letter to: Box 4776LF

TORTURE VICTIM WANTED!

Prisoner for bondage and submission control by sadistic Drummer Dad. WJM, 47, 6'1", 210, grey beard, safe/sane, dominant and mean, seeking absolutely clean/healthy monogamous and overeducated male in good shape. Your fantasies are to be captured, tied up, and forced to submit to the will of a dominant man who will issue orders to be followed and mete out suitable punishment that includes verbal abuse, face slapping, body-wrap, TT, restraints, cuffs, and enough taste of the leather belt to make you wimper and cry until you learn to apologize for being a victim. Strict rules include: No drugs! No WS! No Scat! NO BODY FLUIDS! Total "safe-sex guidelines"! Non-dangerous situation and rewarding ultimate relationship for the right guy. Levi-leather-uniforms are a turn-on. If the above has always been your needs and you've been afraid to explore them—this is the right man to

apply to. This is not for hit-and-run. A permanent "friendship" with trust and safety is what I am seeking. No bar life or trashy lifestyle tolerated. Absolutely NO raunch or sleaze in my background, so you be the same. Submit fully detailed letter with photo. Tell me how and why control, discipline, bondage, punching, leather gloves, interrogation and mirror sunglasses would suit your mental and physical well-being. Reply to Box 4718LF

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural, masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude, and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot, masculine, barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB, who is W, 5'10", 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring, the few. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768. (LF4872)

SHIT PIG WANTS LOVER

Shit-eating pig seeks lover for heavy shit scenes plus affection and permanency. Ideally, desire top guy, to be his total shit slave. As alternative, would consider lover relationship involving mutual shit. I'm 40, decent build. Health conscious; expect same. Box 5143

MOWHAWKS RULE

Hardcore punks can use this scumbag/asswipe/urinal on Avenue A or anywhere—in front of anybody for anything you want. Anything. Call (212) 226-6090.

TORTURE NEEDED

Need inquisition or Nazi prison camp doctor to torture this unwilling victim—GWM, 34, 5'10", 155, moustache. Box 5098

PISS BUDDY

Western NY (Buffalo-Erie, PA area) rural, nature-oriented GWM, 34, 5'8", 170, uncut, brown moustache, seeks piss buddy (25-40) for safesex redneck raunch scenes. Into pissing in and on raunchy Levis, leather, boots, cigars, pits, uniforms, some SM. Top, bottom or mutual. I get horny in the backwoods and need a dirty, sweaty, masculine man for piss and abuse. Passing through or friend or relationship possible. Box 5284LF

LEGIT PHYSICIAN NEEDED

who believes that regular, extensive examinations of the rectum, penis and testicles is essential to the maintenance of good health. I am serious, professional. You are also. (212) 874-1325.

HEY SMART ASS!!!

Need to be worked over? This WM, 32, 6'3", 200 top will show you who's boss. Let's wrestle, fight, get physical as I do a number on you. You're 18-30, jock, punk, LL, BB. C'mon man, you know you want it. No beards, fems, fats. Box 5301

MEDICAL SCENE ENEMAS GIVEN
Complete physical including thorough rectal/genital exam leading to repeated enemas if you are young, clean, hot. Very clinical approach used. Enemas until clear! Other "therapies" included!!! Box 7, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019.

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

BLACK DADDY/MASTER WANTED

White boy, 35, serious rel. with man. Open to training, service, ownership. Travel/relocate for right man. Box 3K, 330 Haven, New York, NY 10033.

PRIME MEET

WM, 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36, 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1-1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat, manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather, love, work-outs, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

SERIOUS SLAVE

Available weekend torture by nonsense, experienced, sane Master. Safe sex, TT, CBT, asswhipping. Obedient. Will travel NYC or upstate. Box 5418

MAKE ME STRUGGLE AND MOAN

I'm looking for a bondage top man who doesn't fit usual mold. I'm hot for over 35, out of shape, tattooed, cigarette smoking Master who likes to overpower, tie, gag, toy with and fuck this captive. I'm 46, 5'5", 155 and health conscious. No drugs, FF or scat. Please, Sir. Box 5379

PUNISHED BY YOUR PARENTS

Which one? Both? How? Why? If you have true experiences, tell me. No wayout fantasies! If I believe you, you can punish me as they punished you, or I will punish you. (212) 874-1325, or Box 7, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019.

HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS

Phimosed, and leather-encased cuts, and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins, PO Box 6969, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022. (LF5347)

BIG SOFT NIPS ON BIG HARD PECS

Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Butt. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area 'hand'-y man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, hunky, healthy, horny, hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1", 175, 16" arms, 45" chest, 38" butt, 22½" thighs, 16½" calves, 7½" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

EX-MINESHAFT ADDICT

seeks no-nonsense, sane, experienced Master. Into TT, CBT, asswhipping, wax, safesex Gk. 50s, tall, slender, moustache, good-looking, obedient. Can switch, be daddy, same tortures. Willing travel weekends NYC, upstate, northern PA, NJ. Hurry as I wish full calendar. Box 5330

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

Hung, good-looking, 33, smooth ass, looking for hung, well-built Dad for discipline. Like toys, assplay, light bondage and forced workouts. Spank my bound ass red and then shave my dick and crotch. Safe only. Box 5334

OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

Hardcore, roMANTic seeks bondage top for monogamous pairing, safe sex in anal pleasures and painless kink. "TB" is GJM, 34, 5'8", stocky, bearded, good-looking, seeking romantic/rough, tender/tough, but winsome/wise non-smoking grizzly bear who can hang me up, use my hole, control in bed, share out of bed, who will own keys to my cage, hands, heart. Photo. PO Box 533, Old Bridge, NJ 08857.

HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT

GWM, 31, good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do: Will receive harsh use, Fr, heavy bondage, humiliation, paddling, WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips: boot/sneaker worship, deep rimming upon command, raunch holes, motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/mental role, uniforms, enforced chastity, confinement, public humiliation, long-term bondage and frat hazing. Want to try frequent Scat: Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship: Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ, c/o Suite 325, 80 E. 11 St., New York, NY 10003. (LF5201)

NORTH CAROLINA

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU: Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10"+, mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave/son/bottom, WM, 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF, Sir.

ROUGH LEATHER DUDE

into bondage, C/B, tit work and electrical torture, good mean ass time. Fuck room. Heavy leather, slow physical abuse. Most always a top, but can satisfy any truly together man. PO Box 2912, Asheville, NC 28802.

OHIO

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE
WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA
160 lbs., 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!!
Boy, bottom, 28, WM, 170 lbs., stocky, moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to 55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncut, beer belly, but all mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, CB/TT, WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. S.E. Florida; and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

THIRSTY PISS-DRINKING DUDE
White, 35, 6'4", 200 lb. dude seeks hot-looking men who oink over piss scenes involving jockey shorts, urinals, toilets, sewers, mouths and tongues and eating piss-drenched ass. Piss pigs only, no scat. PO Box 530, Toledo, OH 43693.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

effectively applied to colonial butts by former Prep School Dorm Prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and cane applied in no-nonsense fashion on American ass. P.O. Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

PLASTIC TOP

White male, 32, 150, 5'10", blond/blue, seeks young guys into Saran Wrap, breath control. D.C., PO Box 261001, Columbus, OH 43226.

SON WANTED

by businessman-type Dad, mid-40s, 6', 170 lbs., beard, stable, sensitive, sincere, dominant/leather. Son 25+, well-built, desires affection, willing to serve Dad and to relocate to Cincinnati area. Serious sons should send application letters and photo to Box 5344

CINCINNATI AREA

Looking for a monogamous relationship with young man into balls. If balls are the focus of your attention and like to play with them, let's enjoy each other's. I'm 35, 150 lbs., white, all man. You must be 18-35, all man. No fems, fats, drugs. Box 5346

OHIO MICH INDY BOTTOM

New to NW Ohio. Nice-looking, sincere, sane, friendly bottom, 28, 5'11", 190 and clean, seeks inventive B/D, C/B and domination administered by older, husky, cut Coaches and Masters. Will travel to service your balls, boots and imagination. Box 5341

WANTED: DADDY'S BOYS

2 young Master Dads seek slave sons to dominate. Must be sincere and willing to serve on short notice. SM, CB, TT, WS, leather, groups (Columbus). Box 5333

ASS NEEDS WHIPPING, SIR!

Novice slave seeks experimentation in bondage, discipline, leathersex, toys, spanking with versatile Master. Must switch roles, respect limits, play safely. Send photo, letter/cassette. PO Box 3244, Kent, OH 44240.

OKLAHOMA

BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!

Hunky, ex-football player, 6'2", 200 lbs., endowed, bearded, 36-year-old Daddy looking for those low hangers. Will perform special Hellfire technique to balls that make this man take notice. PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154. (LF5319)

OREGON

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 6', 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM, including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5279LF

HUNKY AND HAIRY

GWM, 42, 6'2", 200 lbs., drk brn trimmed beard and moust., balding. Large uncut tool with low hangers. Looking for approx. twin for sane sex—no SM, kinky or fems. 1st and last ad. Box 5363

UNWILLING FUCK

Have you ever wanted to overpower an unwilling, good-looking man along a river, in a park, in a restroom, etc. and fuck him to prove your manhood? Good, because you'll never prove it to me any other way. 8 PM til 8 AM. (503) 654-4618.

PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

SUBSERVIENT WANTED

Top, 6', 180, bearded, hairy, seeks bottom, 20-40 into B&D, WS, med. S&M, CBT. Willingness more important than age or looks. Must be ready to relocate and serve all Master's needs. Reply with photo. R. Ross, 3111 N.E. 13th Ave., Portland, OR 97212.

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

PENNSYLVANIA

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domaine. (LF4674)

COCKSUCKER WANTED

Leatherman, 44 yrs old, 5'11", 160 lbs., looking for trim younger men to age 40. You must be able to take rough face-fucking, VA, raunchy talk, swearing and have a submissive attitude. I am versatile and can get into most any other kind of action. No scat or drugs, fats or fems. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF

DUNGEON MASTER

6', 165 lbs., 48 year old master, Greek active, French passive, requires obedient slave for training, S&M, B/D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded. Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia, PA 19101. (LF4836)

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Goodlooking, masculine WM, 38 5'6", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108. (LF4897)

TORTURE SCENES

WM, 36, 5'9", 155 lbs., good-looking, muscular body, needs heavy workout in spread-eagled bondage. Especially interested in classic dungeon and Roman gladiator scenes, tests of endurance and prolonged whippings. Pittsburgh & Cleveland area. Reply Box 5353

BEAR SEEKS CUB

Sharp younger mate sought for lasting monogamous relationship by well-educated, intelligent, professional GWM. I am 39, 5'11", 185, br/br, moustache, balding, good-looking (with gut) and with extra hairy body. I am sexually dominant but not to the extreme. I prefer to be respected rather than to be feared; however I am not averse to administering discipline when needed. So do not answer this ad if you only think of yourself as a piece of ass to be beaten and screwed. Answer this ad if you need to give yourself to a successful, confident, mature man. I am not into game playing, drugs, disco or leather drag. In order of importance, you are: honest, intelligent, straight-acting and looking, respectful but not toadyish, obedient but not slavish, 25-30, trim, smooth, under 6', clean-shaven. I live in Philly and travel NJ and DC. Send substantive letter with photo (returned). Box 5312

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill Instructor. Basic training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough preinduction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military jump boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with light SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledge, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

HARLEY BIKER

always booted high (Danner & Wesco) into layers of leather (Langlitz & Marquis) for fetishistic action in full gear on or off bikes. Prompt response with pic to guys sending pic in same gear. Tattoos and full beards big plus. PO Box 1743, Shavertown, PA 18708.

ASSMASTER

seeks dildofuckholes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT, toys, "smoke," aroma, J/O, safe-sex. Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus. Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

40-year-old masculine WM, 6', 185 lbs., novice, seeks a Master (younger the better) to train him and expand safe sex limits. Into verbal abuse, body worship, whippings, tit torture, golden showers, pleasing a strong Master who'll make me grovel. No drugs. Box 5355

BOUND TO BE HAPPY

If you are ready for total restraint, suspension, immobilization, hoods, blindfolds, gags, mummification, sensual deprivation and stimulation, C&BT, TT, light to moderate pain, and other forms of bondage/submission, read on. I am looking for a slave/son for training or enjoyment. NO DRUGS, WS, FF, permanent marking, scat, damage, fats, fems or one-night stands. Safe sex scenes only and discretion assured. New to Philadelphia and dislike bar scenes and cruising among persons not serious about their needs or expectations. You: 18-35, 5'-6' tall, moderate build, muscles a plus but not a deciding factor. Me: 36, 5'7", moderate build, dominate but sometimes enjoy bondage from the bottom role. The sincerity and style of your reply will tell whether you are worth seeing. Past experience not necessary; limits respected and expanded. Your photo and phone/address with your respectful reply ensures prompt reply. Box 5415

BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master. Possible permanent life with right Master. Limits set by Master. No drugs. Box 5394LF

PITTSBURGH AREA

X-college football player, 31, 6'4", 225 lbs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, fats and fems need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (LF4484)

RHODE ISLAND

SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD

Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s, submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by. My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy. Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be. Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs, but into good times. Will travel New England area. Please consider, Sir. Box 5075LF

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

ASSPLAY PARTNERS NEEDED

by 35 year old, 6', 155, average looks, lightly hairy, swimmer's build. Photo must. Moustaches, hairy bodies plus. Experienced but respect limits. Dildoes, video +? Newport-Boston. Box 5337

COPS/MILITARY/CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is: WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy, with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe water-sports, tit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into (fantasy) sex: A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF.

SOUTH CAROLINA

HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY

I am white, 32, married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager-to-please masculine partner, contact: Boxholder, PO Box 16291, Greenville, SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured. (LF4829)

SLAVE/BOTTOM

White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter and pic to Box 4862.

HUNKY WHITE MALE

White male, 30, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, W/S, long hot sessions of servitude with genuine leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter & pic to Box 4862LF.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell,

taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF

GWM READY FOR ACTION

WM, 40, 5'11", 170, dark hair, attractive, bearded, 8½" uncut, into jockstraps, J/O, W/S, deep throat fucking, cock sucking, cock worship, 69, ass fucking, etc. If you have over 7½" and under 40 and like hot sex and a great guy man-to-man, then let's get together. Black or white, would like you to visit me here in Tenn. I'm very near Nashville, have large private place. Ray, Rt. 3, Box 730, Dickson, TN 37055. (615) 446-2613. (LF5287)

GWM 25

5'9", 160, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

MASCULINE AND HAIRY

Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

MAN WANTED

Looking for a good man to help run a 250-acre lodge for gay men. Small salary + room and board to start. Write: Dave, Box 65, Bulls Gap, TN 37711.

SMALL MASTER

5'6", 145 lbs., large cock, wants boot-licking, ass-eating, piss-drinking pet. Prefer larger and trained, but will teach. Attitude all important. Send proper letter and pic for some fun in east TN mountains. Box 5397

PRO BY DAY, SLAVE BY NITE

Thin, white, bl/bl, 35, seeks Master to abuse my asshole, body and mind. Degrade, shave, fuck, beat me. Piss in my mouth and ass, gang rape super as display you totally own this trash. Will support right Master. Age/color/looks unimportant. Most detailed, degrading letters get this slut for slave audition. Box 5389

TEXAS

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled. GWM, 37, slim (6', 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT, TT, WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazys, or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred, but not required. Box 4722LF

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tatoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ash-tray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Drummer Box 3853.

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE

42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

HOUSTON AREA

White top, 43, 6'1", 190 lbs., Houston area. Porno, wrestling, dominance, Leather Fraternity member. Nothing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Box 3853

MASTER/DAD

WM, 50, 6'2", 210, 7" uncut, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship. Into leather, uniforms, Levis, boots, BD, SM, CB&TT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF.

TEXAS PHOTOGRAPHER

Professional photographer needs models in Houston, Dallas, Austin, San Antonio area. Send photo and your interests/fantasies. Box 5336

INDUSTRIAL RAUNCH

Piss, spit, puke, bottom seeks beer-gutted men into mud, grease, oil. Photos and experiences get mine. Travel South and into outdoors and camping. Box 5388

BARBERSHOPS—SHORT HAIR

GWM, 27, good-looking, turned on by barbershops and old-fashioned tapered haircuts. Wanting to give haircuts or correspond with others turned on by clippers and short hair. Box 5380

CROTCH SNIFFER

Arrogant, heavy-hung, Houston stud, 6', 165 lbs., humiliates and abuses brown-nosing wimps. Box 5371

DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT DADDY

Cut and clean cut. You must be too, with smooth blond ass craving loving attention, gentle and rough. I'm a vigorous, youthful 46, good looks and build, 5'8", 165 lbs., handle good-looking boys of all sizes. If you value intelligence and affection, spiced with stinging interludes, send honest photo and letter. Box 5340

HOT, HEAVY ACTION IN HOUSTON

GWM, 33, 6'2", 175, br/br, hairy—seeking topmen or men into mutual scenes

involving wrestling, body punching, bondage, CBT, VA, WS, leather. I can dig fighting for top or showing a hot Master how much I can take. Open to most scenes as long as they're safe. (713) 520-6373.

UTAH

NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat, fems or fats. Sir: Please reply with photo and phone no. to P.E.P., PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402.

VIRGINIA

READY TO SERVE

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond, blue-eyed and pierced, willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater, VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF

SEEKING DADDY

I'm 25, 6', 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather, slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob, Rt. #1, Box 632, Wytheville, VA 24382 (LF4854)

CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED

You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter, we'll meet. I am in the forties, average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo, address (and phone if you care to; I'm discreet). It may lead somewhere! Box 5058LF

FUCK BUDDIES

wanted by married GWM, 40, 6'1", 165, lean body. Want hot, discreet sessions using safe sex only. Like to service real men but not into SM, BD, FF, J/O letters OK. Age, looks less important than masculinity. Box 5268

DADDY SEEKS SON

Good-looking GWM seeks younger, 18-35, submissive man who can take care of himself, but would love to meet the needs of a dominant, educated, successful, tender but firm, passionate, sexy daddy. Into TT, B/D, spanking, discipline, experimentation, safe sex, developing a relationship and serving as a great Master. All letters with photo and phone will be answered. Live in DC area. Box 5270LF

DAD SEEKS SON

GWM, 41, 5'10", 190, bald daddy looking for son who needs discipline. Gr A, Fr A/P, GS A/P, have belt and good hand for hot spanking. Travel a lot, so write. Enjoy uncut and phone J/O. Larry, PO Box 2284, Arlington, VA 22202.

CENTRAL VA

40, 6', 150, 7½", white, bearded, hairy, into chaps, boots, Levis, rope, cockrings, seeks hairless, masculine 18-40, leather/Levi. No photo, no reply. Occupant, 1415 Tunbridge Rd., Lynchburg, VA 24501.

WASHINGTON

HORSEMEN

WANTED: Used saddle pads, cinches, blankets, anything that smells like horse. Also interested in corresponding with leathermen interested in horses and horsemen. VRW, PO Box 68121, Seattle, WA 98168.

HOT ACTION

Muscular hot stud seeks other young guys for wild times. I'm good-looking,

24, versatile. Send photo and number. B&D, Gr, Fr. Big cocks especially welcome. Box 5375

DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your Drummer desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

WHIDBEY ISLAND— NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger, 6'1", slender build, 165 lbs. with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT, C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927LF

VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM

Purpose: to find man who is independent, intelligent, and comfortable with all roles. Sexually hard driving, creative and dynamic.

Myself: 39, professional, 5'9", 150 lbs., moustache, good body and confident. Partner: Man in his 30s or 40s, cares for his body as much as his mind, extremely versatile (from vanilla to raunch), and as comfortable with the city as the country.

Please respond with letter and photograph; open for mutual exchange. John/Seattle. Box 5081

BACKPACK, XC-SKI, FULL LEATHER IN SEATTLE

Japanese-American, 32, compact/tight build, bearded & butch, into malesex in full leather: cycle caps & jackets, tight chaps, boots, gloves, ball stretcher, kiss, suck, fuck, CBT play, rough contact, wrestling, 70% top, 30% bottom. Safe, no smoke/dope, raunch. Spend most weekends hiking/backpacking, bridge player, MBA, Catholic, witty & energetic (Interchain #509). You: white, relationship-oriented leatherstud, strong outdoorsman, 27-40, physically in-shape, mentally sharp, no smoke/dope. SF & VanBC replies welcome. Photo, phone, letter to Box 4544LF.

NIPPLE SUSPENS/PUNISHMNT.

Masc. G/p Seattle GWM, 37, 145 lbs., 5'10", nice-looking, seeks Dad I've never had! Desiring sincere, handsome, honest, affectionate WM to 47, 6'+, 170+, cut/thick/hung, exclusive top who regularly will punish my pierced nipples and fuck my clean, safe pussy! Seeing you wear an executioners hood, leather/latex will melt me into complete submission, for B/D, W/S, shavings, mummification, and nipple piercings/suspension. I'm seeking a permanent 1-1 relationship with nonalcoholic/bar type, caring, financially secure Dad. No scat, FF, CBT or permanent damage. I'm a "slow lane," passive, hard worker who enjoys music, travel, sports and outdoors. A note, photo and phone gets immediate response with same. Will relocate and travel for you, Sir! Box 4249LF.

PRIVATE STABLE SEEKS STOCK

Slim, attractive, passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (36, 5'9", 140, brown/blue beard, thick 7", cut, fair-skinned, smooth; health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free livestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. PREFERENCES: over 35 years; tall, big build; foreskin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles; earning power. Description, recent

photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF

WISCONSIN

SCAT

Totally uninhibited scat scenes wanted by this bottom-mutual raunch pig. Am 32, 6', 200 lbs. GWM—medium hung. Seeks same to 45—hairier the better. Also into WS, FF, Satanism, drink, smoke, aroma. Send revealing photo and phone to Boxholder, PO Box 07461, Milwaukee, WI 53207, for immediate reply. (LF5286)

BOUND AND HELPLESS

Is how a muscular, horny man should be. If you are 24-33, masculine, muscular, healthy; into leather, rubber and underwear; not into drugs or bar scene, contact this 24, slim, smooth, muscular, healthy guy and let's tie each other up and together safely explore the world of bondage. Photo appreciated, honesty expected, relationship possible. Tony, PO Box 56161, Madison, WI 53704.

MATURE BOTTOM

30 y.o. GWM, 5'11", 175, 6", bl/bl, looking for mentally strong Topman who is bigger and older than me. New to NW Wisconsin and am looking to settle down into a discreet, monogamous relationship. Not a boy, but an intelligent and strong man who needs to be topped and understood. Your size and mental strength matter more to me than looks. Can travel to Minn. also. PO Box 420, Eau Claire, WI 54702.

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 1/2-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER WANTED IN U.S.A.

By bootlicking English WM, 28, uncut 8", 175 lbs. into W/S, SM, BB, Gr/P, dildoes. Want to try FF. Master should be under 45, WM, muscular, hung, into leather, rubber & toys. Playroom a plus. My experience is limited so you will enjoy expanding it. I'm open to most suggestions. Travel Europe, U.S.A. often. Also interested in hearing from leather rubber masters in Europe. Photo and detailed letter please, Sir. You won't be sorry! London. Box 4908

AMERICAN IN GERMANY!

Near Kaiserslautern. 35, 5'11", 160 lbs. biker with full leathers looking for military in Europe. Officers, NCOs into uniforms, leather, bikes, bondage, etc. Must be discreet and AIDS-conscious. Top or bottom. What I dish out I can also take. It's tough to make contact and we never will, if you don't move ass. (If you aren't dedicated to leather and/or uniforms, don't waste your time. If you're one of the few who are, don't lose time—write!) Box 5023

TEXAN SEEKS HOT EUROPEANS

Leather Fraternity member, 34, 6', 195, seeks young, stable men to show me around in Europe. Objective is friendship, and will return the favor should you visit me in Dallas, Texas. I plan to visit in October. Itinerary not yet set. Write soon. Box 4987LF

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

SPIT-SHINED MILITARY BOOTS

Shoes, USMC uniform fetish. Sane white male, 47, looking for ex-service buddy who shares this fetish. Would also consider trading footwear. Write Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning it. Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Slaves can also beg sample from master. All, but those with photo/sample answered first. Box 4726LF

CANADA

A "BOOTS" IN HOTELS

or Leather Bars. Want work as a Bootblack, Boot cleaner, Bootjack, Bootstool in busy hotels or leather bars. Will service boots on male feet for customers and staff alike without pay. Am fascinated by spurred cowboy boots and English riding boots. Will lick-shine boot leather with my tongue. Will clean boots first, then lick them all over and shine them. Could also work as "Boots" in the bunkhouse of cattle ranch servicing the boots of several cowboys who wear spurred cowboy boots all day. Roger, PO Box 383, Lachine, Que., Canada H8S 4C2.

WEST GERMANY

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, shit, puke, enemas, mud, grease, oil, rubber and leather gear, catheters, piercing, hot wax, S/M, TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

HUMILIATION

29, bearded, 6'2", well-built, good-looking, need to be used/abused any way my Master commands me to. I am inexperienced, but very willing to learn. Interested in worldwide contacts. Please, Sir, use me as your slave—humiliate me. Box 5227

MASTER WITH SLAVE

Experienced German Master, 37, (Interchain 445), with slave, 39, wishes to meet other Masters and/or slaves from all over. Into leather, uniforms, S/M, BD, CBT, dog-training. Has well-equipped playroom. Safe sex only! Write: Postfach 7421, D-4400 Munster, West Germany.

GUATEMALA

LEATHER CONTACTS

Interested in contacting people with the same leather interests, to increase our group in this country. I'm Guatemalan. Please contact tel. 061-8844 or Box 5396LF.

JAPAN

DADDY SERVANT

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular bearded top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, who is in good shape and perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him for his regular workout at the gym and/or enjoy his well-equipped playroom, if you are approx. 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-

trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, tit-work, optional FF, dirty talk and mainly lots of mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements most welcome. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland. (LF5048)

MODELS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

CUM TO DADDY

Daddy's tall, muscular, handsome, in his 30s, with short hair and a moustache—a Father figure/Leatherman worthy of your respect and affection who will take care of your needs while you take care of his. \$100.

Frank (415) 621-1066

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

LEATHERMASTER

The look, feel, sound, taste and smell of black leather on a man. Short or prolonged scenes in immobilized bondage. Newcomer, gentle to jaded exquisite pain. Travel arrangements possible. Healthy and staying that way. Jack (415) 680-8959.

SAFE EAST BAY MASSAGE

Oakland-SF masseur. Fr-a/p, Gr-a. Phallic lovers, J/O. \$60 in. Photos, phone sex. Marc (415) 444-3204

MODELS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HAIRY GUYS 18-25 ONLY!

Very good-looking young bottoms only for shaving videos/photos. Good pay. Joey, (213) 657-1551. (Also need tops.)

YOU NEED A SPANKING!!!

I train or punish
Get it from a real man
38 6'3" 235 burly hairy tough
Jack—24 Hours (213) 469-6020

MODELS FLORIDA

SELECT-A-STUD

20 studs available. We hire and travel. (813) 823-5629.

MODELS NEW YORK

FILTHY MODEL WANTED

Canadian pig, 35, 5'9", 155 lbs., in good shape, will pay good-looking, unwashed model. I will lick your toe-jam, chew on your rotten socks, suck your cheesy cock, drink your piss, smell your farts, chew on your stained underwear (yellow-brown), tonguefuck your shitty asshole (I'm an expert), then you can shit on me and spread it all over my body. I go to New York every month. If you want a regular customer and you're into pig scenes, don't wait. Box 5325

MAIL ORDER

The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. **To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy.** To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

PADDLES, WHIPS, COCKRINGS, LEATHER
Stainless handcuffs \$25. Pricelist \$1.50+SASE. O'Leather, Ste. 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610. (415) 444-3204

ENEMA EQUIPMENT
Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014.

THE HUN
For information on Hun Art, send a stamped self-addressed envelope and a statement that you are over 21 years of age to: The Hun, PO Box 11308, Portland, OR 97211.

HAVE LEATHER WILL TRAVEL
LARSEN LEATHERS—buy/sell new/used gear (from hats to boots). \$1 catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, VA 24073)

HOT 5x7 PHOTOS
4/\$11, 6/\$16. Stationary-\$4. Videos, magazines, phone sex. List-\$2, leather list-\$1.50 plus SASE. Marc Sanders, Box 121, 484 Lake Park Ave., Oakland, CA 94610 (415)444-3204

FOOT WORSHIP
Horny, big-dicked, young gymnast "does" big, beautiful, sweaty, smelly, long-toed feet on muscular, good-looking men fresh from the gym—after slowly removing and savoring their shoes and sweatsocks. Watch these six gorgeous dudes get off while "doing" each other's man-feet. vhs/beta, 66 minutes, \$39 complete to: SCORPION PRODUCTIONS, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106D, Venice, CA 90291. MC/VISA: (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

YOUNG HORNY COMPETITIVE BBs
From Gold's Gym, Venice, CA, pose shower and J/O for you. 2 hours, vhs/beta. \$36 complete to: REELBEEF, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106D, Venice, CA 90291. MC/VISA: (213) 550-1303 or (213) 202-4342.

BIG BOYS PHOTOS & VIDEOS
Beer-gutted wrestlers, truckers, bears and out-and-out fat men! At last, the big man of your fantasy is here? Send \$5 for catalog. PO Box 3701, Glendale, CA 91201. Phone J/O with the Big Boys! Call (213) 259-8644 for some heavy action! (MC-V-AmEx) (8541 Melrose)

DRAWINGS BY REX
Hot, horny, unrelenting front-line stud action captured in explosive drawings by one of the top erotic artists of our time. Send \$5.00 for ten 8 1/2"x11" black and white samples plus full information on how to receive more. Send check or money order made payable to DRAWINGS BY REX to Post Office Box 347, San Francisco, CA 94101. State that you are over 21 years of age and wish to receive this material.

DRAWINGS BY ETIENNE
Your private fantasies drawn to specification. Describe what you want: Etienne will draw it for you! Send stamped self-addressed envelope for prices and information. Etienne, PO Box 229, El Dorado Springs, CO 80025.

HAND BRAIDED—ENGLISH WHIPS
Black/brown. 3ft. snake \$65. Dog quirt \$60. 6ft. snake \$130. Cat-o-nine, \$165. Photos \$2. Peter Fiske, 631 O'Farrell, #1207, San Francisco, CA 94109. Also available: Flogging in/out. (415) 673-0452.

YOUNG BLOND RAPED!!!
See how much one young boy's (18) body can endure. In "VIRGIN FLESH," the hottest rape video ever. High school student, Mark Powers, visiting NYC is picked up by 2 tough street kids (18+)

who force and terrorize him into sexual submission. Lots of hot action, cum shots, anal, oral, verbal, B&D, S&M, heavy spanking and handcuffs. \$49.95... You won't be able to keep your dick down when you watch "NY KNIGHTS," featuring 5 of NY's hottest, horniest, young (18+) studs beating their hard meat and shooting loads of hot sex juice. If you get turned on by BIG dicks and hot bods, then this is the video for you. \$49.95... Send for your copies today, \$49.95 each or \$79.95 for both, to: Dream Productions, PO Box 7219, FDR Station, NY, NY 10150... State 21/VHS or Beta; add \$3 postage, NY residents add 8.25% tax... for information on other hot guys in photos send \$3. (909 Third Ave.)

BEST IN AUDIO TAPES
Fantasy tapes like (Whip Fire) (Porn Calls) (Marine Brig) and information tapes like (Master) (slave) (Interview with Teen-Aged Prostitute). Each tape \$9.95. Send for list, Hatfield House, PO Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114.

PISSED PANTS, SHITTED PANTS!
Monster Dumps! Hot Enemas! Soaked Beds! Drenched-Dripping Diapers! Long HARD Pisses! Sizzling photo sets of WET/MESSY Guys! Send \$5 for 24-page illustrated Catalogs plus Choice Sample. Michael Steven Holden, PO Box 1168-5005, Studio City, CA 91604.

FILTH!
Two slimy biker dudes shoot up, then pig out in the filthiest home video ever. These guys stop at nothing to degrade themselves: PISS, BOOTS, NEEDLES, GREASE, TOILETS, RUBBERS... an actual all-nighter, disturbingly real. 60 minutes, VHS only. 45.00 plus 4.00 postage to B.W. Niman, 132 West 24th Street #55, New York, NY 10011.

ENEMAS?
Our bag has 2 1/2 gal. capacity, 21" hose, crimp on-off valve. \$17.95 complete. Gledhill, 2112 Lyric, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

BLACK MEN
Original all black videos/photosets. SASE to BFP, PO Box 42691-K, Los Angeles, CA 90042.

OPEN WIDE, PUSSYBOY!
Contemptuous verbal abuse tapes from an arrogant bi stud. 45 mins. \$7.50. SASE to PO Box 92, Denver, CO 80201, for info.

RUBBER BONDAGE
Inflatable helmet and gag shown in *Drummer 64*, page 12, and special helmet in *Drummer 86*, pages 20 & 112. 172 items, list \$3. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England.

DUNGEON EQUIPMENT
Complete line of authentic and not so authentic "devices." Each piece is "Boy tested, and Daddy approved." Catalog \$5, The Dungeon, 1426 W. 29th St., Cleveland, OH 44113.

ORGANIZATIONS

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INTERCHAIN
A L/L fraternity for the serious minded. Want to meet other L/L brothers and get involved in our AIDS fundraising benefits. Write now for membership info: Founders of the Leather Daddy's and Daddy's Boy contests in S.F. & the Mr. Leather N.Y. contest. Box 410, 132 West 24th St., NYC 10011

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FOOT FRATERNITY'S 7TH YEAR!
The largest group in the country for men who are into boots, shoes, sneakers, sox and/or barefeet. If you're into any of these items and/or any type of clothing such as leather, Levis, business suits, etc., and you wish to meet or correspond with others who are into the same, send your name, and self-addressed stamped envelope for information to: The Fraternity, Box 24102, Cleveland, OH 44124.

HTLV-III
Exposed to or infected by the virus? Or have a lover/friend who is and you want to stay in physical contact? New membership-run J/O (and more!) group exploring alternatives to vanilla which are safe under circumstances. Come give your imagination free rein to prove that erotic sensuality needn't end with seropositivity, ARC or AIDS. Confidentiality respected. Write "Possibilities," PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

A FEW GOOD MEN
The Training Center continues to offer men with serious interests a unique service. We do not send out brochures or photos but work with each individual on a personal basis. A phone number has been added (see instructions) to make it easier to contact us. TC offers men physical training, cell confinement (padded available), and immobilization in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week-long sessions. Safe, sane, discreet and monitored situations are controlled by professionally-trained personnel. Boot camp, stockade, POW, asylum, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing available. No FF, drugs, SM, pain. References provided after commitment. Fee required. Written inquiries should include phone number for contact or call (314) 281-4535 to leave your number for contact. To reach an instructor directly, call between 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. only. TRAINING CENTER, BOX 672, BRIDGETON, MO 63044.

BALL CLUB
Men who want 'em. Men who have 'em. Information: SASE to BC, PO Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

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National whipping/spanking club. RS, 496-A Hudson St. #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

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National feet/footwear club. RS, 496-A Hudson St. #H-24, NYC, NY 10014.

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If you worship ripe socks, jockstraps, shorts, T-shirts, then SATURNALIA is for you. For membership information send SASE to SATURNALIA, 1230 Grant Ave., #508, San Francisco, CA 94133.

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Invitations to many S/M events. Join LEIDERMEISTERS, Inc., 4655 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90027.

CLUB FOR MEN INTO BOOTS!
Contact club for guys into Boots, Leather, Rubber, Uniforms, Motorcycles, Motocross, Vans, Trucks and the Outdoors. Now over 200 members in the U.S. and Canada; small fee, personal service. Contact: Jeff at PO Box 48577, 595 Burrard St., Bentall #3, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7X 1A3.

CS
Men into cigars, SASE, PO Box 15344, San Antonio, TX 78212-8544.

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X-Hustler sells it over phone. Thick Italian sausage, meaty balls, lots of cheese and loads of sauce. Rank butt hole. Hungry? On your knees and start dialing. MC/VISA. (212) 645-5043.

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Hot, hung, muscular stud delivers any scene you want over the phone! Verbal abuse, raunch, watersports, uniforms, spanking, bondage, heavy fucking and more! Only \$12.50—no time limit! VISA/MC/AMEX. Get on your knees now and call Scott, (415) 441-7825. Hard action anytime!

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24-hour phone action with over 30 sweaty hard studs waiting to get off with you. All scenes including: uncut, body builders, truckers, bikers, watersports, spanking, verbal abuse and more. How much can you handle? Call your Masters now. No recordings. Visa/Mastercard/Amex. (213) 653-8082.

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continued from page 14

"Yes, Sir," I said, and turned around to the men. I never dared raise my eyes above their crotches, so I never saw their faces. All I saw were jeans and boots. I kissed and licked their boots each in turn. Then they brought out their cocks for me to suck.

"Damn," one of them said as I blew him, "little shithead's a natural born cocksucker, all right."

"Good toilet, too," Daddy said as he removed my diaper. "Raise your ass, boy, so's everybody can get a good look at it."

I obediently raised it for inspection from the rough hands fondling and slapping it, and the even rougher fingers poking into my asshole.

Someone switched on some redneck music. I heard glass clinking softly across the room, and something hollow and metallic being set on the floor. The man I was sucking took hold of my hair and handed me to one of his friends, who squeezed my tits, ass and genitals, and sampled my cocksucking ability a while before handing me to the next one for inspection. The last one grabbed me by the shoulders when he was finished checking me out, and turned me around. There was a large washtub on the floor.

"In the tub, asshole," he said, and sent me on my way with a healthy slap on my ass.

I climbed into the tub and sat kneeling in it, and got another cock shoved in my mouth to suck. After the man came he let go with a stream of piss. I knew pleasing my Master and his friends was important, and I didn't lose a drop. I heard bottles opening and the men drinking. I was sucking another cock when a stream of warm liquid hit my back. After he came the man in my mouth also pissed down my throat.

The beer kept flowing, and so did the cum and piss, both in me and on me, for I don't know how long. Finally the beer ran out, and Daddy's friend's cocks wouldn't get hard no matter what. They each used my mouth for a quick piss, and then Daddy showed them out. I was soaked in piss head to foot, and sitting in a shallow pool of it in the bottom of the tub.

He came back in the room with a large towel, got me out of the tub and dried me off, then put his cock in my mouth, and I started sucking it.

"That's right, baby, suck Daddy's cock," he said. "Get Daddy's cock all nice and hard, and Daddy'll do something real nice for baby."

I sucked and nibbled on it for a while, and it rose to the occasion once again. Then he pulled it out and turned me facing away from him. I heard a click like a jar opening.

"Slave."

"Yes, Sir?"

"Relax your ass, slave."

"Yes, Sir," I said, and my ass muscles started relaxing as ordered. Then I felt a greased finger poke into me and begin sliding in and out all the way. Then two fingers, then three, probing and stretching me. Then they withdrew, and I felt his cock take his place.

He started fucking me, gripping my sides and sliding home in long single strokes. He ordered me to beg for it, to tell him how good his cock made my ass feel. I babbled on as ordered until he came. I felt a true slave's gratitude at being allowed to serve his Master, and privileged to receive his cock.

He came, and then set me to sucking his cock clean, and used my throat for another piss. Then he made me a baby again, bathed and diapered me, put me in rubber pants, and took me back to the nursery.

He put me in the crib, covered me up, and latched it shut. He gave me a bottle of warm milk to drink, and I went to work on it as if I was starving. He started talking to me again, and everything faded out. I went into a dream.

I dreamed Daddy gave me some kind of drug that turned me into a little boy, about six or seven years old. All my body hair disappeared, and I got smaller, including my cock and balls. Daddy picked me up and cradled me in his arms while he tickled and fondled me. He led me by the hand down the street wearing just my diaper. People stopped us to pet and fondle

me, and tell Daddy what a cute little boy he had. A woman with a baby buggy handed Daddy a bottle to feed me while everyone stood watching and laughing. The milk was warm and sweet. I wet my diaper as I drank it.

The next thing I knew Daddy was waking me up. It was morning. I was lying in a pool of my own piss. I had wet the bed in my sleep, but it wasn't really such a bad feeling. Daddy got me out of the crib and took off rubber pants and diaper. He took me to the bathroom, bathed me, gave me an enema, and used me as his toilet again. Besides the diaper and rubber pants he dressed me in baby clothes, including a bonnet and booties. He took me to the kitchen and put me in a highchair to feed me a bottle of formula and a bowl of baby cereal. Then he took me to the living room and put me in a playpen, and gave me another bottle of formula to drink. I lay there, sucking on the bottle, curled up in the playpen, my mind pleasantly blank. I kept dozing off in short little naps.

After awhile Daddy came into the room, got me out of the playpen, and took me to the car. He put me on the floor in front of the passenger seat. He drove several blocks and then came to a stop. He opened the door on my side and told me to get out. I climbed out on all fours onto a driveway in front of a large house, and crawled behind him to the front door. He rang the bell.

The door opened and a woman's voice said to come in. I crawled along behind Daddy through a hallway toward a room with a man's voice and a baby laughing. The man was bent over a playpen like the one I'd been in just a little while ago. In it was a teenage boy dressed as I was. The man was tickling and fondling him, and the baby was giggling and cooing. Daddy put me in the playpen with the other baby. Daddy and the other daddy stood talking about me and the other baby, how cute we were, and so forth. The woman came in the room and stood by the playpen talking with the two daddies. The other baby and I started playing with each other.

"You sure got a cute baby," the other daddy said. "Almost as cute as ours. I was just about to give him a bath. You know, I bet he'd really enjoy getting a bath with another cute little baby."

"I bet he would," Daddy said. "I'll give you a hand bathing them."

They took us to the bathroom and undressed us. His baby was smooth and hairless from the eyes down. The daddy ran his hand over my skin.

"Say, your baby sure needs a shave, doesn't he?" he asked Daddy. "Nothing I like better than making little babies all nice and smooth."

"Sure, why not?" Daddy said while he played with the other baby.

Then Daddy ran water into the bathtub. Then he put me in. The water was really warm, but not enough to hurt. He took a bottle of baby shampoo, spread it on my face, chest and under my arms, and worked it into a lather. Then he took a razor and started shaving me there. Then my stomach, crotch, ass, arms and legs, until I was as smooth and hairless as the other baby. He did a very thorough job and didn't cut or nick me once.

He rinsed me off and drained the water, then ran another tub of water for mine and the other baby's bath. Daddy put him in the tub with me and we played with each other while our daddies bathed us, touching and feeling each other all over. Then they got us out and towed us dry, and it was time for our enemas. Daddy laid me on my back and stood the other baby over me on all fours, and put our cocks in each other's mouths. I heard the water running through the hose into the other baby as we sucked each other. They pulled him off me and set him on the toilet seat. When he was finished they laid him on the floor where I'd been and put me over him for my enema. When I was finished and cleaned up they started dressing us again. Daddy rubbed baby lotion all over me.

"Baby's so sweet, and so nice and smooth," he said, and then he powdered me.

When both babies were dressed again the other daddy had

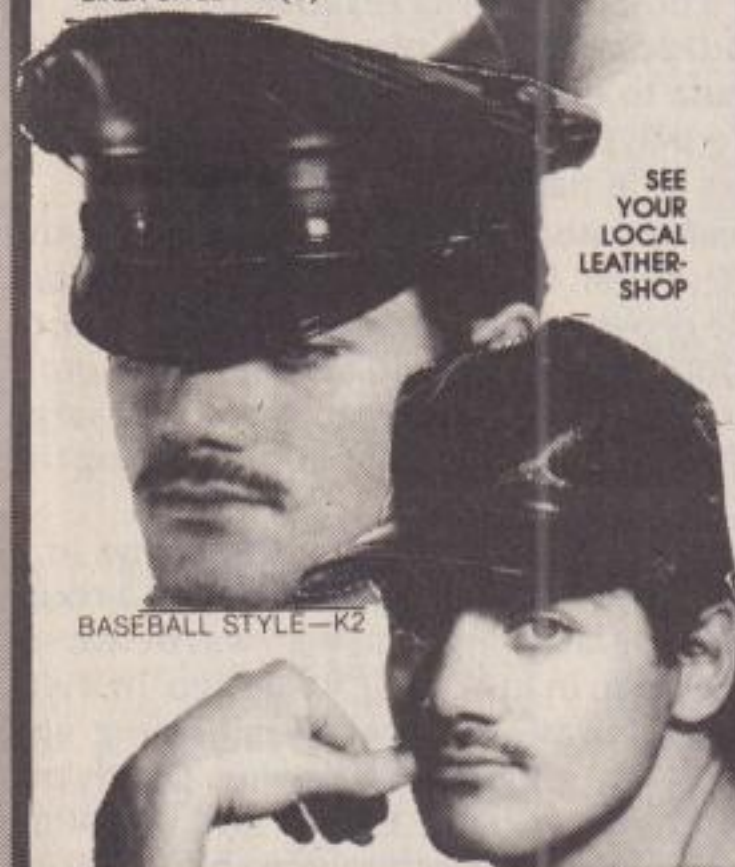
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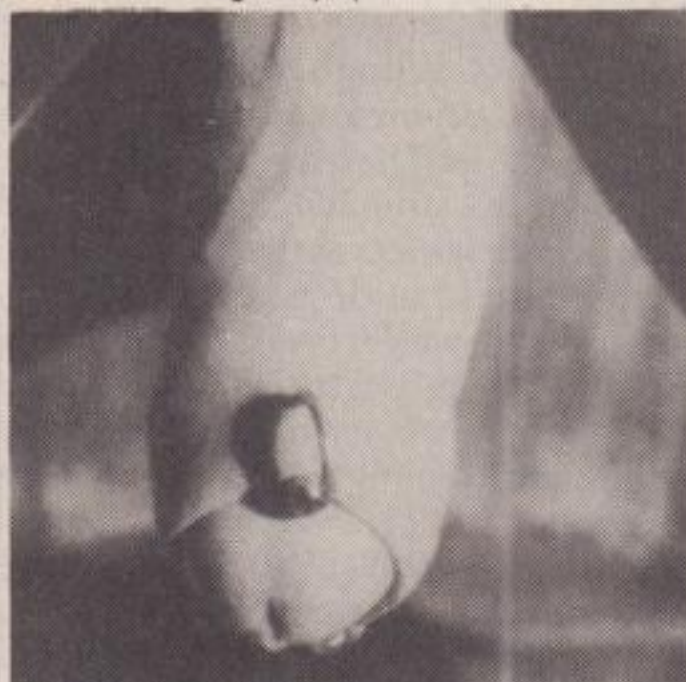
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me suck his cock while Daddy used the other baby. The took us back to the room with the playpen. The woman was sitting on a large pillow on the floor.

"Well, are our babies all nice and clean?" she asked.

"They sure are," the other daddy said. "I bet they're hungry now."

"Well, Momma can take care of that," she said. "Come over to Momma, babies."

The other baby made a beeline across the floor to her, with me right behind him. We cuddled up to her and she put her arms around us.

"Oh, my, Momma's got two sweet little hungry babies to feed," she said. She opened her blouse to reveal her breasts. They were big and heavy with milk. She put one of them in my mouth and the other in the other baby's. I sucked on it, and started getting milk. The more I sucked the more I got, and the more I got the more I wanted.

There was a click and a flash of light, then another. Both daddies were taking our pictures.

Finally I'd gotten all there was. I was getting sleepy. They put us back in the playpen, and we curled up together for a nap in each other's arms.

After a while Daddy woke me up. It was time to go. I kissed the other baby goodbye and followed him to the door, and out to the car. I rode back to Daddy's house with my head in his lap, sucking on his cock. I found out later that the other baby was the man and woman's son, and that they'd been keeping him as a baby since he started wetting his bed when he was twelve; and that she took a drug that made her breasts produce milk.

When we got back to the house he took me into the living room. He started talking to me. I don't remember anything he said, just the sound of his voice, calm and soothing and taking control of me again. My eyes closed.

I went into another dream. I was in a cage on all fours, staring out through the bars. The air was full of barking, yipping noises and strange animal smells. I was naked except for my collar. I was a dog in a kennel. There were others like me in the other cages, collared, hairless bodies. I was thirsty. There was a bowl of water in a corner of the cage. I started lapping it up. Then I felt a hand on the back of my neck.

I blinked and the dream was gone. I was outside, in a back yard with a high wooden fence and several trees. My owner was holding a leash attached to my collar. The man was my owner. I was his dog. That was all I knew, and pleasing him was all that mattered to me. My life had no other purpose. He held out his hand to me and I licked it.

"Good dog," he said, and led me around the room a few times. He stopped a couple of times to pat my head and scratch me behind my ear.

He took me off the leash and held up a tennis ball.

"Fetch, dog," he said, and tossed it across the yard.

I scampered after it and brought it back in my mouth, and dropped it at his feet. He gave me a dog treat. I chewed it up and swallowed it. It tasted great, but knowing I'd pleased my owner was even better. He unzipped his jeans and took out his cock. He stroked it right in front of me until it got hard. I stared at it, openmouthed and drooling. I wanted it. I sat up and begged and whimpered for it.

"Suck, dog," he ordered, and I opened my mouth to take it. He took hold of my head and moved it back and forth on his cock. He fucked my mouth until he came, and then gave me a long drink of his piss.

He left me alone to play in the yard awhile. It was warm and sunny. The sun, air and grass felt so good on my bare, hairless skin. I romped and rolled in the grass, and pissed on a tree with a back leg raised.

The man came out with a doggie dish and set it on the patio.

"Here, dog," he called. "Come and get it, boy."

I scampered over to the bowl and fell to scarfing up the dog food in the bowl. He stood over me, watching me eat. I didn't stop until I'd licked the bowl clean. As I was eating he ran his hands over my back and ass, squeezing my tits, cock and balls,

78 DRUMMER

and playing with my asshole. He started sliding his fingers in and out of my asshole then he started fucking me. I kept my face down in the bowl licking up every bit of the food. I was more an animal than ever before now. Not a single human thought had occurred to me since I'd woke up in the yard, but now I felt nothing but an animal obsession with eating and sex. It was the most satisfying meal I'd ever had. The taste of the dog food, the bowl and my lips became all one with the feel of his cock in my ass.

Then the cock made one final deep thrust into me and came. It pulled out of me, and I lay crouched with my face still down inside the bowl, savoring that cool wetness.

I heard his voice again. Again I don't remember the words, just their sound and what they did to me. Again I dreamed.

I was back in the kennel. I was taken out of my cage and led on all fours on a leash past the other cages. He took me to a room and put me on a low table that brought my head up to the man's chest. He took the leash off my collar and replaced it with a chain attached to the table.

He took electric clippers and went to work on my head, shearing it bare, including my eyebrows. Then a razor and a bowl of lather for a head-to-foot shave. He gave me an enema and hosed me down with cold water, then fucked me and pissed down my throat.

He put me back on the leash and led me back outside. He chained me to a pole in front of the cages. The other dogs were yapping and barking excitedly. They knew what was coming next.

The man opened one of the cage doors, and the dog inside scampered over to me. He sniffed and licked my ass a little, then mounted me from behind and started fucking me. He humped me in quick hungry strokes, and in a little while he came. He pulled out of me and crawled back to his cage for the man to lock him back up and let the next dog out to fuck me. One dog after another mounted me. Some of them bit and chewed my ear while they fucked me, but the rest just used my ass and then went back to their cages to eat.

It was morning when I woke up. At first I wasn't aware of anything but a definite ache in my butt. Then something wet around my middle, and a wetness I seemed to be lying in under a blanket. I wasn't aware of anything else. I didn't know anything else. Wrong—I was hungry. I didn't like it but I didn't really know what to do about it, except let out a complaining little noise.

Daddy came in the room. He got me out of the crib, gave me a bath and enema, and dressed me in a fresh diaper, pants and baby clothes. He took me to the kitchen and put me in the highchair. I got fed a bottle of formula and a bowl of baby cereal. I was extra hungry, so it all tasted wonderful.


He started talking to me in that special way again, and I went into another dream. It was different from the others. It was everything that had happened, happening over and over again, like a video playing itself on an endless loop, except that it was repeating faster and faster, until it was all becoming one. Then it was all one, like a whole movie compressed into a single frame, yet every bit of it clear and distinct.

The next thing I knew I was sitting in the front seat of Daddy's car, dressed in the clothes I'd worn on the bus trip, but without a diaper this time. It was afternoon, and time to catch the next bus back home. We said our goodbyes, and agreed on the date for my next trip down, in a month or two. The other baby's parents might bring him over to play with me, or I might even be able to spend a whole day with them.

I took my suitcase and got on the bus. I didn't take much self-hypnosis to call up that last dream again. I ran it again and again. Not savoring it. Wallowing in it.


Now I was headed back to my other life, the one in the "real" world, the one with my career and all the other things and people I was too "practical" to give up. But the weeks would pass soon enough, and I'd put it all on the shelf for a weekend. . . and Daddy would have his little boy to play with again. □

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continued from page 11

then returned to my car and drove on home.

The memory of that night has stayed as vivid in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. It's given me a warm feeling in my heart and a hunch in my crotch every time I've thought about it.

Then one sunny Spring day almost a year later, I was walking in the park and saw him again. He was walking with a tall, dark-haired man around 38 or 40 and I could tell by how he looked at him that this was his Master.

He looked at me, and, after a puzzled second or two, recognized me too. He looked at his Master lovingly, then back at me and smiled. I walked over to them but took care only to look at the Master now. I smiled, held out my hand and said, "May I speak to you?"

The tall man looked blankly at me, then gave a quick look at his slave and saw that the boy knew me from somewhere. He turned back to me, shrugged and said, "Sure."

"I'm the guy your slave met that night you sent him home naked. I think it was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!"

The Master looked at me a moment, then he turned to his slave and said, "Show this man how much you love me."

The boy quickly knelt at his feet, put his head on the ground and gently lifted his Master's booted foot and placed it on his

head. Passersby stopped and stared at the scene.

"Now, thank this man for helping you that night by licking the soles of his shoes."

The boy gently removed his Master's boot from his head, crept closer to me, slowly lifted my right foot and licked the dirty sole generously with his tongue, then he did the same with my left shoe.

A small crowd had now gathered around us; people murmured nervously.

I looked down at the boy, tears welled up in my eyes.

"You've done a wonderful and beautiful thing here," I said, looking at the Master's stern face, "and I feel privileged to be a witness to it!"

The tall man looked hard at me, gave a fatherly pat on the boy's head, then looked back at me. His face was strong, implacable, confident.

"I know," he said. Then, after a moment: "Get up" he said sternly to the boy. "Come."

And the two walked on into the park.

I stood there for what seemed hours. The crowd slowly dissipated. I wanted to cry for joy! The beauty of the relationship between that Master and his slave was overwhelming!

And how envious I was of them!

continued from page 9

We laid our heads side by side on the pillows while we cradled cigarettes, which we leisurely took drags from, in our fingers and scanned the blank ceiling. His arm wrapped around my shoulder. I felt at peace.

"Your apartment is real nice," he repeated himself. I took another puff of my cigarette.

"I live at home with my parents right now." He named a suburb outside town. I hate suburbs. I like the city.

"But I want to buy a house soon in the country with lots of acres and a horse and raise my own vegetables. I love the space and the clean air. Don't you?" No, I didn't. You could get lost in all that empty space. Besides, trees gave me hives. No, I loved the crowded city. But I didn't disillusion him of his young dreams. I just took another puff of my cigarette.

We finished our cigarettes and put them out. Then he snuggled against my chest like an infant nestles against his mother's breasts. I held him in my arms and felt the passion slowly gathering again in our cocks which were climbing between each other's legs. I kissed him. His tongue shoved into my mouth, pushing against mine. Mine pushed back. We began whimpering; then the whimpering built to moans; the moans to grunts; the grunts to a crescendo of dirty words. "You fucking cocksucker," I whispered in loving hardness into his ear, "I'm going to fuck you."

"I've never done that before," he whimpered.

"It'll be okay," I said as I gently massaged his hole and then inch-by-inch inserted my finger further and further into his ass. He moaned, but didn't shove my hand away.

"It'll be okay, baby," I kept whispering in his ear. His round, firm buttocks began moving in concert with the twisting movement of my finger. A second finger slid in. He gasped in surprise and pushed his ass harder against them.

"It feels so good," he moaned. I grabbed the vaseline and smeared my cock. I kissed his taut lips while I gently hoisted his legs, which were like pillars, onto my shoulders. I hovered over him as I murmured, "I want to make love to you," and inserted my cock into the hole where my fingers had been a moment before. Back and forth, at first slowly, then gathering steam until the pubic hairs of my crotch were pounding against the hair of his hard ass, my piston pounded relentlessly, desperately reaching further and further inside the nest of his hole. His groans matched my thrusts. They grew from whines to yelps to demanding "fuck me, fuck me, please," to final surprised yells as the cum shot from his cock at the same moment mine was shooting into his ass.

It was over, finished. It had finally happened. What had finally happened? Sex. Satisfying ecstasy that left me content. Yes, Virginia, there is sex after death. I was grateful to this kid.

He was grateful, too. "Thank you, that was wonderful." I knew from the tone in his voice that he had been scared before everything turned out so right. This hunky kid that could have broken me in two with a single chop of one hand had been scared. Had been scared of being fucked, sure, but of more than just that. Had been scared back in the showers of making the first move to a stranger. His nervousness had made him indiscreet about his job. Had been scared of the two jocks catching him "in the act." Had been scared of waiting in the night for me to leave the gym. Had been scared of going to my unknown apartment.

What had he experienced before this? I didn't know. But probably only his childhood sweetheart, another jock, and maybe some quickies in the bushes where he let himself get blowed. I had initiated him into the world of the gay man. But he had initiated me back into life. It had been successful. For the both of us.

Then I got cold feet. My fatal disease, romanticism, was going to lead me down the rosy path again. Hadn't I had enough experience already? It was okay for this kid to believe in a little cottage with a white picket fence. He still had twenty years to go through the agony of giving up this fairytale and catch up with me. If I hadn't learned my lesson by now, then I deserved

anything I got.

So I just lay there, with my hands folded on my stomach, waiting for him to get up and leave. But he didn't. Instead, he snuggled against my side, laid one strong arm across my chest, and lifted his massive leg across both of mine. He was inviting me to hold him. I struggled against his offer, but then capitulated. What the hell, I thought and reluctantly wrapped my arm around his solid shoulders. But I wouldn't go any further.

"Who's that man in the photograph on your bureau?" he asked conversationally. He was referring to Mack.

"My ex-lover." I gave as little information as possible. I didn't want to talk about Mack.

"Did you break up?"

"In a way." I paused, then added, "He died."

"Oh, I'm sorry." He seemed genuinely sorry and this made me angry.

"It doesn't matter," I said abruptly. He didn't seem to notice my tone. Was he dense? Didn't he understand it was none of his business? Couldn't he see I didn't want to talk about it?

"What did he die of?"

"Massive heart attack. One night during the middle of dinner. He died before I could even get him to the hospital." Why was I giving him this information? Was I trying to make him feel sorry for me? If I was, then I was succeeding. I thought I detected a catch in his voice as if he were going to cry. That made me even angrier.

"God, that's horrible," he said. "You must have gone through hell." He was touching something in me, something I didn't want touched, and I was filling up and finding it hard to speak rationally, calmly, even at all. In one moment, I would only be able to cry at the memories of that evening, the funeral, and the days and weeks and months that had followed. I had to stop his innocent stroll through the minefield of my exposed feelings.

"I don't want to talk about it anymore," I said and pulled my arm away from his shoulders and turned my back to him. He still didn't understand because he moved closer to me and, this time, wrapped both his arms around me to comfort me. His comfort was tormenting me.

"Leave me alone," I screamed and jumped out of bed. I was ashamed, embarrassed, furious and exploding.

"What do you know about death? When have you lost someone who made everything worthwhile?" I couldn't stop the erupting tears. "Your sympathy is worthless, worse than worthless; it's humiliating, debasing." I was shrieking like a banshee. "I want you to leave." My pin had been pulled. I was bawling like a baby.

It was now his turn to be embarrassed. I saw his open face that still showed traces of adolescence; now it also looked confused. "You shouldn't go where you don't belong," I sobbed at him. I looked at his green, inexperienced eyes that were still flecked with the kind of adolescent pain that would someday mature into a deeper kind of pain. My kind. I had seen his shallow kind of pain in the showers when he had thought the jocks had almost caught him in the act. He had never seen my kind of pain until now.

"Get dressed," I commanded. My crying left him no choice. He obeyed me and started to dress while I walked into the bathroom and finished my long overdue sobbing. When I reentered the bedroom, I was calm. He was dressed and waiting for me. We said nothing; but I couldn't look him in the face. He followed me to the door. Because I didn't know what else to do, I held out my hand, feeling foolish. He didn't take it. Instead, he asked gently, "Can I see you again?" I dropped my hand. He still wanted to see me after my humiliating outburst? I looked into his green eyes. Their gentle invitation touched all those newly fresh memories.

I opened the door to let him out. "I'll see you on Saturday. We'll have dinner here." I can only describe his look as a great big grin. He walked out and paraded down the hall, seeming to fill it with his broad shoulders.

I turned from the door. The room no longer smelled of loneliness. □

continued from page 7

early. It must be that he will come back. But a long time passed. I had to be at my job the next morning. What was I supposed to do? I had a pretty good job in those days. I was a computer technician and manager of a small computer store. I had about ten employees under me and I earned a good salary. There were regular raises and I was looking forward to a nice life.

I thought of all this and finally decided there was nothing I could do. He would come back... maybe at midnight or something like that. We would have a hot session together. Then he would let me go. Meantime I'd better rest. Tomorrow would be a long day. So I stretched out and went to sleep. But he never came back that night.

It was the next morning that I woke up just as he was coming down the stairs. When he came into the room, he was wearing a three-piece suit and carrying another bowl. He put it with the others and I noticed that there was some Gravy Train in it. Then he took out his cock and pissed in the "beer bowl" and went away without a word.

Surely this was some sort of act. He was coming back. He wasn't going to keep me there. We hadn't agreed on anything like that! In fact, I reflected, we hadn't talked at all about anything. Should I acquiesce in all this, I would just be asking for it. It was getting time for me to assert myself. But I felt foolish. Here I was in a dog collar, chained to the wall. I had been drinking like a dog out of bowls and doing everything I was told. How could I assert myself now. Then I heard the front door close and I really got scared. Maybe this was no act.

Hours went by. He had gone to work and left me there. I got hungry around noon and tried the dog food. It tasted awful. It was all cold and sticky. In a few hours I was even more hungry and I ate the rest of it. There was no water left and I drank the piss. I realized that I would have to make my position clear as soon as he came home.

That afternoon late he came home. I heard him come in the door. But he didn't come downstairs for at least an hour. When he did, he had on his smoking jacket and a pipe in his mouth. He came into the room and quickly surveyed everything. I had simply had to take a piss and I had carefully done it in the "piss" bowl. But when I had to take a shit, there was nothing but to do it in the corner. I felt just like a bad dog, but I did it. He saw all this in a glance and mumbled, "My fault; should have let you out this morning."

With that he undid the chain from the wall and led me upstairs and out the back door. He dropped the chain and stood there smoking his pipe. I went over to a tree and pissed. This really made me mad. I was acting exactly like a dog and there was nothing I could do about it. This game should come to an end—right now!

I stood up on my legs and said, "Um, I guess I have to go home now. I guess I didn't make it clear that I have a job I have to go to." He didn't say anything. It was as if I had not said a word. He took my leash and led me inside and down the stairs. I was walking like a human and I felt that that at least was a step forward. We got downstairs and instead of taking me to the unfinished part that I had spent the night and day in, as I expected, he turned the other way and I found myself in a well-equipped dungeon.

There was a stockade off to one side and he led me to it and forced my head and arms into the appropriate holes. Then he went away and came back about twenty minutes later dressed completely in black leather. Without a word he began to strap my bare ass. He stopped after a while to explain, "So you have to go to work, eh?" Then with a stroke that was unusually hard, he added, "You won't be able to go to any job, Fido. You won't be able to sit down." And he resumed the job of making my ass too sore for sitting.

When he finished, he took off his pants and put his cock in my mouth. This time I sucked but it was difficult in the stockade. When I finished, he apparently didn't like the job I had done and he slapped me hard across the face. Then he put his pants

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back on and escorted me back to the kennel and padlocked the chain to the wall. He gathered up the bowls and left.

It was an hour or more before he returned. One bowl had some more Gravy Train in it and another had some water in it. The third was empty, but I could see what was going to happen for he had a can of beer under his arm. He was dressed in his smoking jacket again. Slowly he drank the beer. Once he said, "Eat your food, Fido," and I began to eat it. It was better warmed up and I found that I almost liked it. It was about half done when he came over and pissed all over my food. I almost began to cry, but he was on his way up the stairs.

I tried a few more times. The next night I was ready for him. As soon as he came downstairs to let me out, I said, "This is coming to an end right now. Please untie me, I want to go home." He acted as if he hadn't heard me. He just led me up the stairs and out the back door and stood and watched while I pissed. But I turned to him and said, "No kidding, I've got to leave before I lose my job."

He came over and took my leash and began leading me into the house. He said, almost under his breath, "I may have a talking dog, but I certainly am not going to argue with him!"

He led me down the stairs and back to the kennel. I had been walking on two legs all the way and I decided to assert myself once more: "Come on now, enough is enough. I have enjoyed this; it has been a different experience, but now I must go." Without a word he left me in the kennel.

About an hour and a half later he came back, dressed in leather. I was all prepared to start the argument up again, but I refrained. He took the strap down and began whipping my bare ass. It had really not healed from the time before and I was not sure I could take much more. I tried to accept it and he seemed to realize this and stopped fairly soon.

Then he undid the leash from the wall and began leading me upstairs. As we went out into the back yard he said, "No supper for you tonight and you have to spend the night outside." He padlocked the leash around a tree and went back inside.

I noticed that he seemed to read in the living room for a few hours and then went to bed. He was a creature of habit. And he was a man of few words.

It was chilly without any clothes on, but I survived. I also could just see into the garage through the window and I noticed my car parked there.

In the morning he appeared in his three-piece suit and led me down to the kennel again. My bowls were neatly arranged—one with dog food, one with water, and he kindly provided piss in the third and then left.

I don't know exactly when I accepted the fact that I was a dog. I know that I gradually began not to even think about arguing the fact. I realized that I was behaving more and more like a dog. I was thinking like one. I began slowly to admire my Master and look forward to his return home. I certainly looked forward to his cock which he let me suck each night. There was never any conversation, but once in a while he would pet me under the chin.

He rarely changed his routine. The only time it changed was when he had friends over. This would be about every two or three weeks. The first time it happened, it was a young man dressed in a dinner jacket. I think they ate quite formally in the dining room. I could hear them talking and laughing. I heard him complement my Master on the wine. After dinner I heard them talking at the top of the stairs and I could hear him say, "Well, he's down in the kennel if you want to go and see him. He gives a good blow job."

Soon the young man came down and looked at me. He stood there not seeming to know what to do. I crawled over to him and began to unfasten his pants. Then he went and got a chair and sat down with his pants around his ankles and let me suck him off. It was nice to have a little variety and I wanted everyone to know that I appreciated this. I did a really superb job. In fact I heard him say as he went upstairs, "Thanks, Hank. That was really good."

82 DRUMMER

There were guests from time to time and it usually went pretty much like that. I never wore any clothes. In fact I have not had on any clothes since I took them off that first night. I have gotten used to being naked and don't even feel any shame about it. Well, almost.

One night he had a little dinner party and it seemed to me that I heard a woman's voice. I was really curious what would happen. After dinner I heard them talking at the top of the stairs and Hank was saying that I was a good dog. "You really want to see him? Okay, wait till I go and get him."

With that, he came downstairs and undid my leash from the wall and led me upstairs without a word. I was on my best behavior. The man said to me, "Come on over here and let me see you." I crawled over to him and he petted me on the back. From the way he and his wife acted, you would never guess that they were looking at anything but a cocker spaniel.

Suddenly Hank said, "He gives good blow jobs too. Want one?" The man said, "No thanks, not tonight." But his wife said, "Oh, go ahead, John, see if he does it as good as me." So John took down his pants and I proceeded to give him my best. Needless to say, he acknowledged that it was a better job than he got from his wife.

Then his wife said, "Well, let's see if he does better than you," and she pulled up her skirt and pulled down her pants and spread her legs, saying, "Here, Fido. Here's another job for you."

I had never had any experience with anything like this and frankly I didn't enjoy it. I began licking around her pussy but I felt awkward about it. Pretty soon her husband said to me, "Come on, Fido, you got to get your tongue up in there or she'll never come." I tried to please and I finally brought her to a climax, but she admitted that her husband did a much better job.

Then Hank took off his pants and lay down in the middle of the living room floor and said, "Okay, you get the prize, Fido." And I sucked him off. I gave him my very best and all three of them seemed to enjoy the show—especially when he came.

About a year ago a guy began coming to dinner with some regularity. He was a real S and one night Hank offered to let him work me over if he wanted. He took me to the dungeon and gave me a workout like I had seldom had. He seemed to come over every five to seven weeks and it got so that he was more interested in my workout in the dungeon than anything else. I enjoyed them too.

He and I developed a different sort of relationship. I realize that I would not want anything to disturb the relationship I have with Hank, but I like this one also. I have hinted that I would like him to mail something for me and he has hinted that he would do it for me.

Now Hank usually lets me free in the house when he goes to work and I have discovered a personal computer in his bedroom. It is on that that I have written this. I will give it to my leather Master when he comes next time and if you receive it, please print it under a nom de plume beginning with Andrew, for that was my name. Or you can print it under the name Fido. I don't want to be paid for it. I don't know what I would do with money anyway. And I don't want to be freed from here. I love my life. But I am warning other people, be sure you check what you are getting into before you get in too deep.

I am a dog. I realize that now. I love my Master and I try to be a good dog for him. There is nothing I would not do for him. But I sometimes think, What if I were not suited for this life? Would I have to endure it anyway?

Dear Drummer:

I'm sending this on as I was asked to do. I won't vouch for the truth of any of it, except the end. That is true. I don't want any money either, mainly because I don't want to get mixed up with illegal things (if that is what they are) and I don't want to fuck up a nice deal I've got going. No name for me at all. □

continued from page 5

it was his ass, for him to use in any way he wanted.

I soon realized that there were a dozen or more watching as I grabbed my ankles and stared at the anonymous feet and crotches of those who anxiously surrounded me. I could see some of them begin to rub their protruding rods as they swelled within their temporary cages. A few of them started loosening their ballooning flies, button by button, as their raging hard-ons sprang out into view. I was ready. I only hoped that one of them was him.

"Spread your fucking legs, boy. Let's see that fine pussy butt," the voice demanded.

I tried to spread my legs as far as my jeans would allow. I was determined to be the best asshole he had ever had. I heard a ripping sound as I opened my eyes to see someone produce a knife below to split the crotch of my jeans in half. My legs wobbled as they were spread wide for the pleasure of those who stood waiting around me.

"That is what we are going to do with your asshole, boy—split it right down the middle," another voice promised.

I could feel a trickle of sweat run down my gaping crack as I looked behind me to see several of the men working their growing members. Each one had their own special way of stroking their meat, massaging their beefy speers as they readied them for my pork hole.

Someone stuck something under my upturned nose and my head began to spin as a rush of blood throbbed through my brain. I was their meat and I knew it as I attempted to push my ass higher into the darkness for whatever it was that pushed back.

I tried to gasp for air but found that to do so was useless. Occasionally, a deep snorting noise could be heard as the massive pole which filled my throat withdrew slightly, allowing a bit of air to be sucked into my hungry mouth. I hoped that somewhere in the crowd was my leatherman as hot, sappy cock filled me from both ends.

I let go, hoping that it would be him as I felt my arms being lifted from my ankles to my back. Cold metal chilled my wrists as I decided to surrender my last resistance.

C-l-i-c-k.

I opened my eyes to see another thick prick shoved into my throat as I gagged to swallow the milky remains which lubricated my gluttonous glory hole. Before I could swallow, the thick juice was packed into my stomach by the beamy plunger which filled me now.

C-l-i-c-k.

I felt the cuffs wrap tightly around my wrists. My only support was my legs and the hard flesh which suspended me from either end. My lips wrapped tightly around the massive pole before me, clinging for balance, as I felt another cock shoved into my whimpering hindhole. Together they raped my face and ass as I stood their squirming like a skewered pig, grunting for more. I could feel the velvet bulb of the head of a cock from behind. Each time it pulled against my tugging pucker just before it snapped shut void of its fill, only to be brutally rammed again by the thick head as it would grind through my empty crater.

With each thrust from behind, my lips would be forced into the hairy crotch which fed my slurping face. The smell of dick filled my nose as my lips wrapped around the base. With my mouth still filled, I stuck my tongue out to ask for more and to lick the salty sweat from the heart of the flesh that dangled about my chin.

From then on it was one manpiece after another. I knew I was trash, to be fucked by anyone who wanted to plunge their sausage into either of my worthless fuck holes. I wanted to suck anything that would help me to know my new self.

"You fucking prick tease. You come in here every night flashing that nice tight ass. We're going to show you that you're just one more piece of trash that blows in here."

I knew he was right—whoever it was. I could only grunt in agreement before my captors thrust another cock deep into my throat.

I just opened up and took it. I could taste the raw flavor. I could smell the hot animal scent as sweat dripped from my body. I lunged forward eagerly engulfing the smelly man meat as another cock rammed my battered hole from behind. My throat swallowed the mammoth horse dick, again and again, in a desperate attempt to stay on my feet as my outstretched pig hole backed further into the pork which rammed my aching wound.

"Just a Southern boy showing some Southern hospitality," a drawling voice was heard to brag as nervous laughter erupted from the crowd.

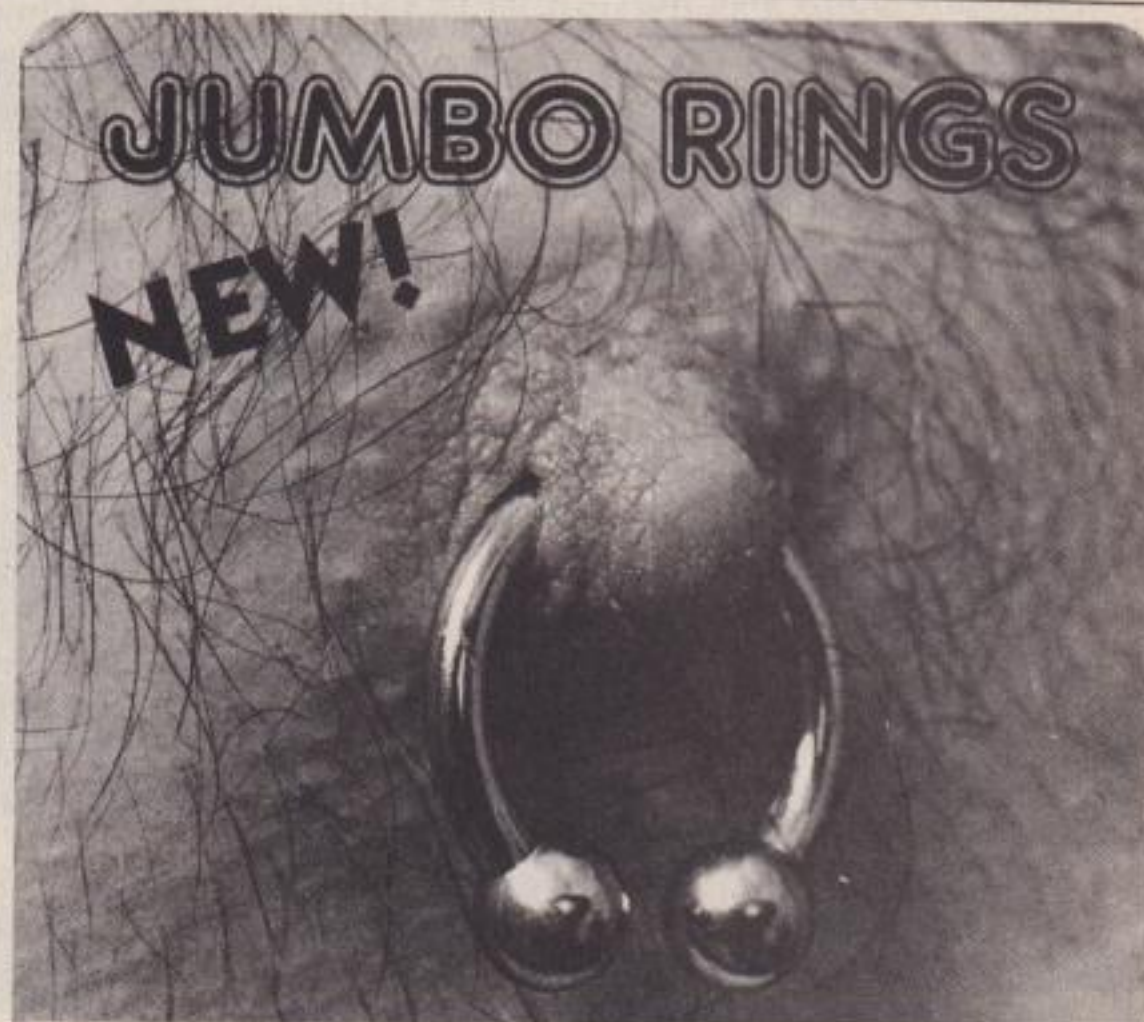
My eyes opened just long enough to see a huge black cock whipping my pink lips. The dark foreskin slipped back and forth as my tongue worked frantically to clean every crevice of the wiry, dangling base before me.

My only concern was the burning pain of a whip as it cracked across my backside. The loud cracking noise filled the room as a welt formed on my hairless ass. Somehow, I understood the message as I took the huge black pole to the nuts. Eagerly I sucked, my mouth emitting hungry noises as I gasped for air. I soon realized that the odor I was smelling was the dirty remains from my own trough. I took the crotch meat in my mouth, all of it, and sucked the smelly residue from it.

"Yeah, let's see that Southern Texas hospitality, boy," the deep drawl of my tormentor came again.

Until now, my heavy pouch had swung freely beneath me with its pearly contents flung back and forth to the rhythm of the pounding force behind me. Each time, the furry belly of the man who stood over me would smack against my hot, outstretched buttocks, sending a sudden vibration to the base of my nuts, forcing my limp tool forward to slap off of the wash-board surface around my gut.

A different sensation filled me as a hand from behind reached between my legs to wrap itself firmly around the base of my vulnerable crotch meat. I felt a sharp pain in my groin as my cock and balls were tugged backwards, then upwards



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between my trembling spread legs. I stood there on the balls of my feet, as my face was forced further onto the log which filled my throat. I could feel the muscles in my legs begin to cramp as my meaty calves and thighs began to feel the strain of the rear suspension. I felt sure that my nuts would break but my only sound was a muffled grunt from my throat which was interpreted as my way of asking for more.

"I'm going to take your nuts and shove them up your ass. You'll never find them again," a voice from behind threatened. One of my nuts was pressed firmly against my burning hole. I felt the oval object bust through my tired opening, then slip back out again as the prodding fingers of my partner pulled still harder on my sagging pouch, determined to stretch it to his needs. I could feel the velvet flesh begin to stretch from the strain as I blacked out for a minute from the pain.

In a moment I came to again. Another huge horse cock was pounding away, splitting my ass with every forceful grind. I found myself frantically sucking a stranger's asshole as it spread before me. With each frictionous thrust from behind, my nose was shoved deeper into the sloppy trough before me. My tongue lapped the hairless base below as my nuzzle slid into the puckering slit. I pushed my snout into the well-shaved crack, as deep as my lip would allow, then withdrew my new-found fuckpiece, as I gurgled for air. Repeatedly, I entered the plump ass that spread before me, each time sniffing at the pink flesh which mushroomed around my nose.

My ravished guts began to fill with warm liquid as I realized that my gaping asshole was being doused with the golden juices of the fleshy hose which filled me. I could hear the soupy liquid as it sloshed inside of my thirsty toilet gut, with each recoiling ram delivered to my well-stuffed brown eye. The pressure continued to grow as each squirt of his waste filled me, threatening to bust my gut while his heavy sack slapped my scrotum with each entry into my sagging hole.

I clinched my ass muscles shut around the massive fuckpole in a desperate attempt to hold the burning load. The bite of my ass crated a vacuum which sloshed and slurped noisily in my best effort to contain the stranger's piss. I knew I could only hope for the best as his urine began to moisten the sloppy area around my hole. I could smell his piss-scent on me as a small amount of the golden brown liquid began to trickle down my thighs. I finally realized that I could hold no more as I watched the waste juices run down my leg and fill my boots. I couldn't stop it as I released my tight hold. My ass muscles sagged, pulling slightly from inside of me, as they continued their vacuum hold on the rod, finally surrendering totally, as the contents of my guts exploded, only to be shoved back inside by the thick plunging mass which continued to use me.

It seemed that the evening would go on forever as one cock after another trashed me. My lips were swollen and my asshole burned for more. I knew where I belonged and I knew who I belonged to... anyone who wanted my trashy, worthless, no-good pighole. I was hungry scum. I would be their toilet. I would be whatever anyone wanted me to be, cock after cock, cum after cum, piss after piss. I was there, to be used, to serve.

I eventually collapsed after the last man had finished using my fleshy remains. There I lay, still handcuffed. The bartender came to me, picked me up and as an extra humiliation, kicked my ass as I staggered toward the door.

After I had recovered from my delirium, I looked up to see the face of the leatherman by the bikes as he stood there, still pulling on his brushy moustache. He looked pissed.

"Where the fuck have you been boy?" he demanded. His deep voice had more than a hint of anger in it.

What could I say. I just stood there with my head down, the smell of sweat and piss filled my nostrils as I smelled myself. Still naked, I looked upon my hammered boy meat laying limp between my hairy legs. I tried to hide the cuffs, but it was all too obvious what had happened.

When he noticed my restraints, a bit of a smile came to his heavy lips. I knew my night was not yet over as he walked over to inspect my predicament.

"What you been doing, boy? I asked you a question."

There was a way he said it that made me feel like a pile of worthless shit and proud at the same time. Proud that he cared enough to call me "boy." I fell to my knees to let him know I was willing and ready to be his. It seemed that it was the only appropriate response. My face went to his boot in hopes that he would allow me the privilege of cleaning it.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Sir. I know that I am trash and that I have not yet earned the right..."

Suddenly, he grabbed me by my hair and pulled me to my feet. My head swirled from the sudden rush, as his powerful arms suspended me. In no time he had me straddling the back of his bike. Still handcuffed, I clung to the bar of the metal support in back of me. I could feel my naked slit sucking on the fine leather of the seat below me, puckering to the vibration like a woman's organ during orgasm, as he skillfully revved the engine and sped away.

In what seemed to be only a few minutes, we were traveling down a dirt road which seemed to go nowhere, the cool air flaring my wet nostrils as it blew by. I leaned forward to sniff the scent of his well-oiled leather. Despite the numbness which still filled my crotch, I could feel the head of my own hard cock as it shared the vibration from below. I leaned forward, pressing my full weight against my crotch in order to maximize the vibration of the engine. My hardened piece pressed downward between my sagging balls and touched my ready hole. For a few minutes, both shared the same space as the bulbous helmet of my shaft was buried slightly into the juicy membrane which surrounded it. I positioned myself upon my cock, taking full advantage of the moment as I fucked myself. The juicy precum spilled upon the hot padding below, as I slid myself further into my hungry crater. I could hardly contain my excitement, as I thought of the smell of his leather which pressed against my nose. I felt the lumpy mass within me, teased by the steady numbing of the engine, pass from my angry shaft into my own fuckhole, lubricating it for whatever use he would have it to serve.

As I released my load, we arrived at an old, secluded house. The only building in sight was a rundown shack which sat behind the rickety farmhouse. I knew there was no way out now.

We entered the house and I stood waiting as he went into the kitchen and came back with a beer. He took a swallow and then just stood there. He didn't have to say what he wanted as I fell to my knees again.

"What were you saying earlier... about trash?" he asked. His intimidating tone made me tremble slightly as I bent over and crawled to lick his boots. I remembered our earlier conversation.

"I'm trash, Sir. I was saying that I don't deserve the honor of licking the dirt from your boots. I know I am scum-trash, Sir!" I said as my tongue nearly touched his boot.

He abruptly pulled his foot back. The sudden withdrawal of his boot made me feel even more humiliated as my tongue and face hit the floor in its absence. I couldn't look up. I just stayed there looking at the floor.

I heard him walk back into the kitchen. When he returned I could see through the corner of my downturned eyes that he had a plastic trash can with him.

"You are trash, boy! You know you do not even come close to being my bootlicker. You need to be with your own kind."

The next thing I knew, I felt the entire contents of the container being poured onto my downturned head. For the first time in my life, I knew what trash really was as I smelled the foul odor of empty cans and raw garbage at the edge of my nose. I took a big whiff and closed my eyes to prepare for what was to follow.

"Eat it!" he ordered.

I hesitated for only a second before he pressed my face into the smelly contents. I raised just slightly to lick the sour film of the substance from my lower lip. I didn't know what the residue was, but I decided to trust his judgment.

"I'm going to teach you the difference between trash and

leather tonight, boy. Right now you are trash, but by the time we get through, you *might* be leather.

There was a knowing firmness in the challenge which caused me to feel safe and secure. Despite the humiliating feeling that came upon me, I knew that he was doing this for my own good. I wanted to do whatever was necessary to please him so I just followed his command. The trash made me gag slightly as I knelt beneath his manly stance and began to eat the rubbish.

"There you are," he said with a bit of laughter in his tone. "You are what you eat, you scum licker!"

A feeling of excitement filled me as I found myself beating my hard meat, which throbbed as he commanded me about. I felt his firm hand grab me by the nape of my neck as I raised my eyes to meet his boot. He shoved my face onto the toe and ordered me to start licking. The sharp contrast of the flavor of his leather filled my tongue as I appreciatively began to cleanse the surface.

"Now, that there is leather, boy," he shouted from above as I frantically licked the film of dirt from the toe. "You have your choice. You can either have trash tonight or you can have leather. What will it be?"

I didn't even look up. My only response came from my wet tongue as I continued to lap at the boot. I was determined to show him that I would do anything for him as I scoured his too-generous offering. My tongue reached deep into the cracks of the boot, then downward to the sole. I was proud to be his bootlicker. I wanted to polish every inch of his fine leather with my anxious mouth before the night was through.

My response seemed to please him. He stood above me with his big arms folded. The wide frame of his shoulders seemed to contrast sharply with his tapered waist. His cock and balls jutted out from his thick manly thighs which rose above me, wrapped tightly in his leather. I could smell his sweaty meat hovering above me, waiting for service. For the time being though, I focused on his boots as ordered.

"I'm going to make you into a leather boy tonight," he

promised, as he bent over to inspect my willing, upturned ass. The round, firm flesh arched to an angle of maximum convenience to him, exposing my vulnerable hole as my wet mouth continued to lap at his boots. I felt his strong hands spreading my ass as he inspected the bruised tissue which encircled my fuckhole. I could feel my hole stretching open as he pried at it with his meaty fingers. I pulled on the base of my nuts as they hung beneath me, stretching the flesh beneath my opening, forcing my slot to gape still further as it sucked for air, or anything, to fill it.

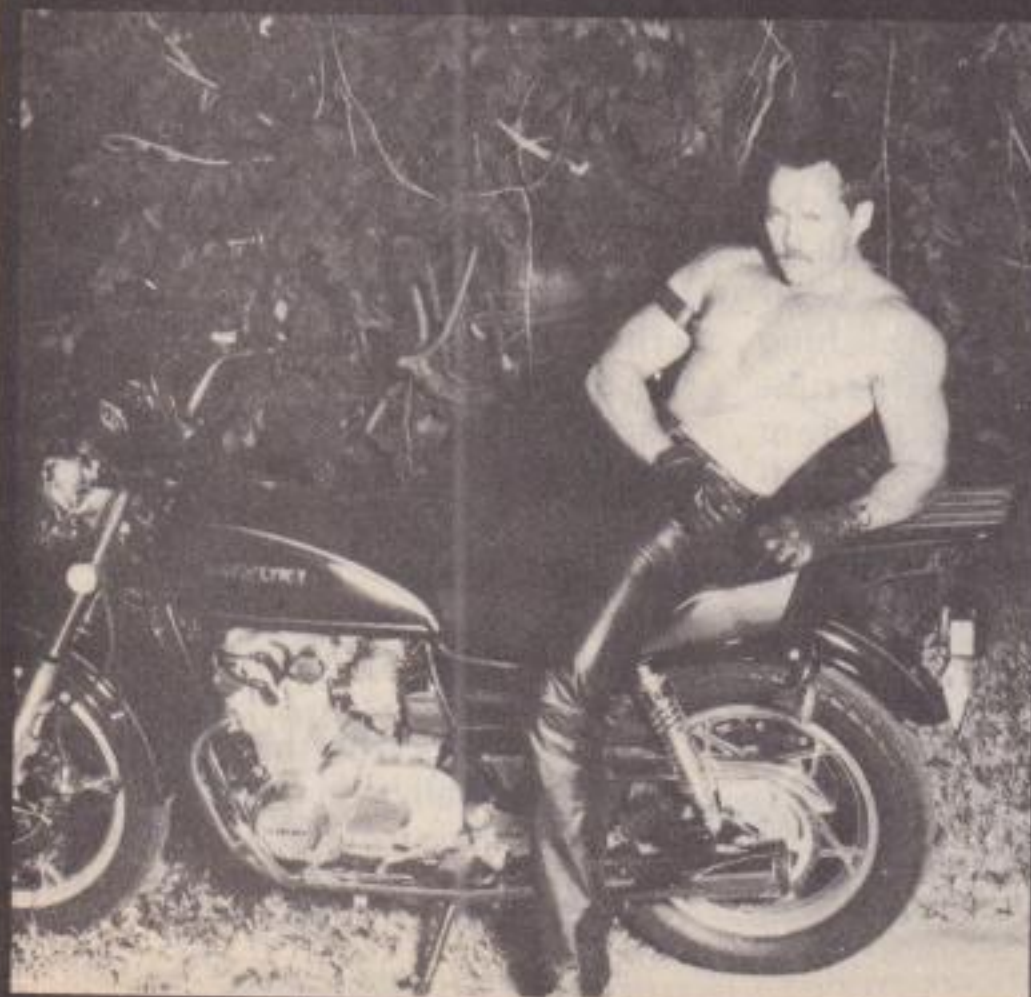
Abruptly, a surge of pain filled my cheeks as I heard a loud smacking noise fill the room. Again and again, the sound of flesh hitting flesh filled my ears as my anxious and eager buttocks got hotter with every swing. I beat my own numb rod, frantically, as it throbbed in ecstasy to each shot of stinging pain which filled my hot, upturned, fleshy bunting. The discipline only made me work harder to please him, to totally serve him, as my nose pressed against the spit-cleansed leather before me, rubbing firmly against the roughened texture to polish the Master's boot.

By the time he ordered me to follow him to the shack outside, I could feel very little beyond the numbness which radiated from my backside. I knew it was best that I follow him.

When I woke up the next morning, I found myself laying cuffed to a leather sling, squinting at the rays of sunlight which slipped through the rustic roof above me. I tried to put the constant blur of the previous night's events together. It had been a night to remember. The details seemed sketchy, but I could tell from the satisfying ache which burned within my asshole that it had been quite a night. I smiled at the thought.

I lay there, alone, still captive, studying my naked body. The only article of clothing which I continued to wear was my boots which sharply contrasted with my naked calves and thighs which reached skyward. I layed there, pondering my captivity, not knowing if or when I would be released. Not caring. There was only one thing I knew for sure. My boots were dirty.

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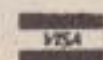
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LEATHER

BULLETIN BOARD



It's Oktoberfest time again. Munich, West Germany, will be inundated by leathersmen from all over Europe and, they are hoping, from the United States and Canada. It is two weeks in length and begins Saturday, 20 September. The European leathersmen are a bit chary about taking Americans into their beds, especially if they are from New York, Houston, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, because of the AIDS crisis. Europe is having its own problems with AIDS and they are definitely into the safe-sex scene. The Munich Leather Club is one of the most active on the Continent. Levis and an assortment of leather is acceptable at their parties. ZUM LOHENGRIN and THE EAGLE are the premier leather bars. BOLT is Levi/western.

By the time you read this column, INFERNO XV of the Chicago Hellfire Club will be history. As you may know by now, DRUMMER magazine, as well as MACH

and FQ have been purchased by Desmodus, publishers of DUNGEONMASTER. They are moving their headquarters to San Francisco and will be at this same address. This issue of DRUMMER is the last one that Alternate Publishing will be putting out. Well, to get back to INFERNO, Desmodus will be publishing the runbook for INFERNO XV. This runbook is something altogether different this year. Instead of just the usual schedules of the run and the advertising, there will be stories and articles by Fledermaus, LaFarge, Frank O'Rourke, John Preston, Spike, and Larry Townsend. Also, there will be photos and drawings by Zeus, Etienne, The Hun, and Rex. If you're interested, send \$9.95 to Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Your copy will be mailed to you in September. I'm not into writing commercials, but I know the book will be exceptional and, after all, I have a slave

auction story in it.

Let me say something about John Embry, the man who started DRUMMER. He started DRUMMER 11 years ago and by publishing it, he gave the leathersmen a magazine with which they could personally identify. Sure, he pissed some guys off, but, in general, he gave many guys what they wanted, a sense of identity. The mag didn't always come out on time, but, when they got it, they were generally happy with it. Name another publication, excepting THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, where guys collect every issue and back issues to fill out their collections. Some years ago I remember getting a call from Boston. This dude's house burned down the night before and he was upset because he had lost his DRUMMER collection and wanted to know if he could replace it. This is not unusual. There are always guys who hunt the bookshops for past issues of DRUMMER that they need. There are no old DRUMMERS. So, we might gripe and carp about old photos reappearing in the magazine, or something of the sort, but we all still open the cover for that bit of magic which validates our lives. For that we have to thank John Embry. John is not retiring, he is planning to go off to the Russian River and do some more writing.

I have known Tony DeBlase and Andy Charles for years. We are Chicago Hellfire brothers. Everyone who has seen DUNGEONMASTER recognizes it as the JOURNAL OF S/M. Andy and Tony are businessmen, but they are committed to giving their readers the very best in this particular genre. I can think of people, as I am sure that you can, whom I would not want to see own DRUMMER. Their first issue will be DRUMMER 99. This is a transition issue, but they are planning a tremendous issue in DRUMMER 101. They are trying to bring back some of the old writers with new material. I believe that they will probably be contacting their readers to get their input as to what they would like to see in the mag. MACH, DUNGEONMASTER, and FQ will continue coming out on a quarterly basis. For you guys who have never seen DUNGEONMASTER send in \$15 for a year's subscription.

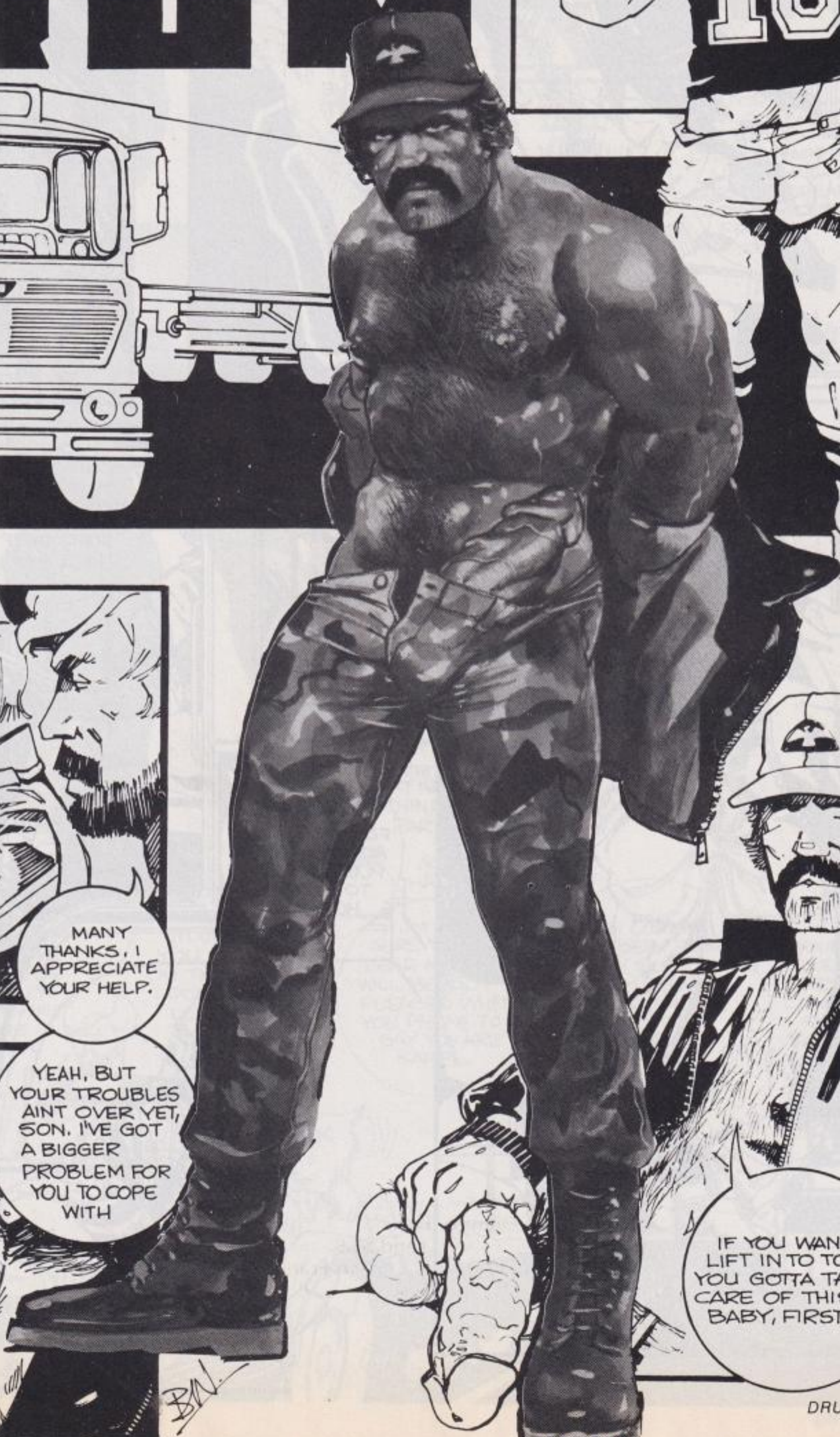
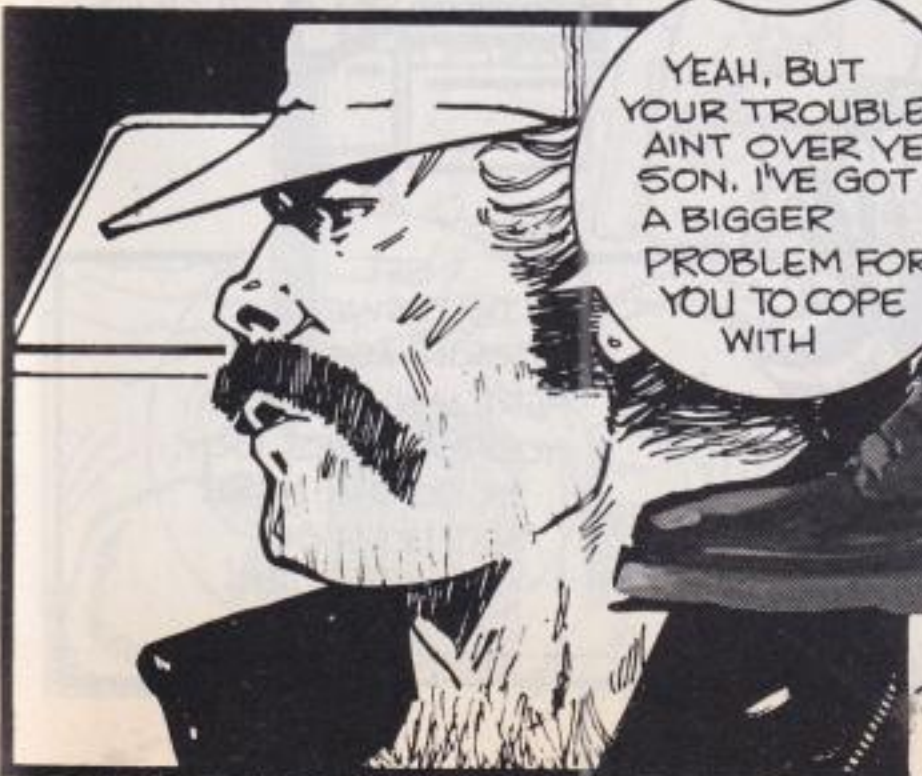
For you guys who think that I'm pushing product, all I can say is, "Screw you in your ear!" If you can't see the value, then you don't see the importance of all these mags to our community.

Later, men.

—Frank O'Rourke



DRUMMER



NO SWEAT, I'LL DROP YOU, OFF WHERE YOU CAN PHONE A GARAGE!

MANY THANKS, I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP.

YEAH, BUT YOUR TROUBLES AINT OVER YET, SON. I'VE GOT A BIGGER PROBLEM FOR YOU TO COPE WITH

IF YOU WANNA LIFT IN TO TOWN, YOU GOTTA TAKE CARE OF THIS BABY, FIRST!





HOLD ON, SONNY. THIS IS GONNA HURT!



OK, GUYS, I WILL NOW CONFESS TO THE TRUTH— IT DIDN'T HAPPEN LIKE THAT. MY CAR DID BREAK DOWN MILES FROM A TOWN...

...AND I DID SPEND A LONG TIME BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD WAITING FOR A VEHICLE OF SOME KIND TO COME ALONG AND GIVE ME A LIFT TO A PHONE!

BUT FROM THEN ON IT WAS WISHFUL THINKING ON MY PART... THIS IS WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED...



YOU POOR BOY... FANCY YOUR CAR BREAKING DOWN SIMPLY MILES AND MILES FROM ANYWHERE!

YOU COULD HAVE STOOD ON THE ROAD-SIDE FOR HOURS, EVEN DAYS BEFORE SOMEONE HAPPENED ALONG!

...WASN'T IT LUCKY FOR YOU I CAME ON THIS ROAD... I DON'T USUALLY. I COME ON THE LOWER ROUTE...

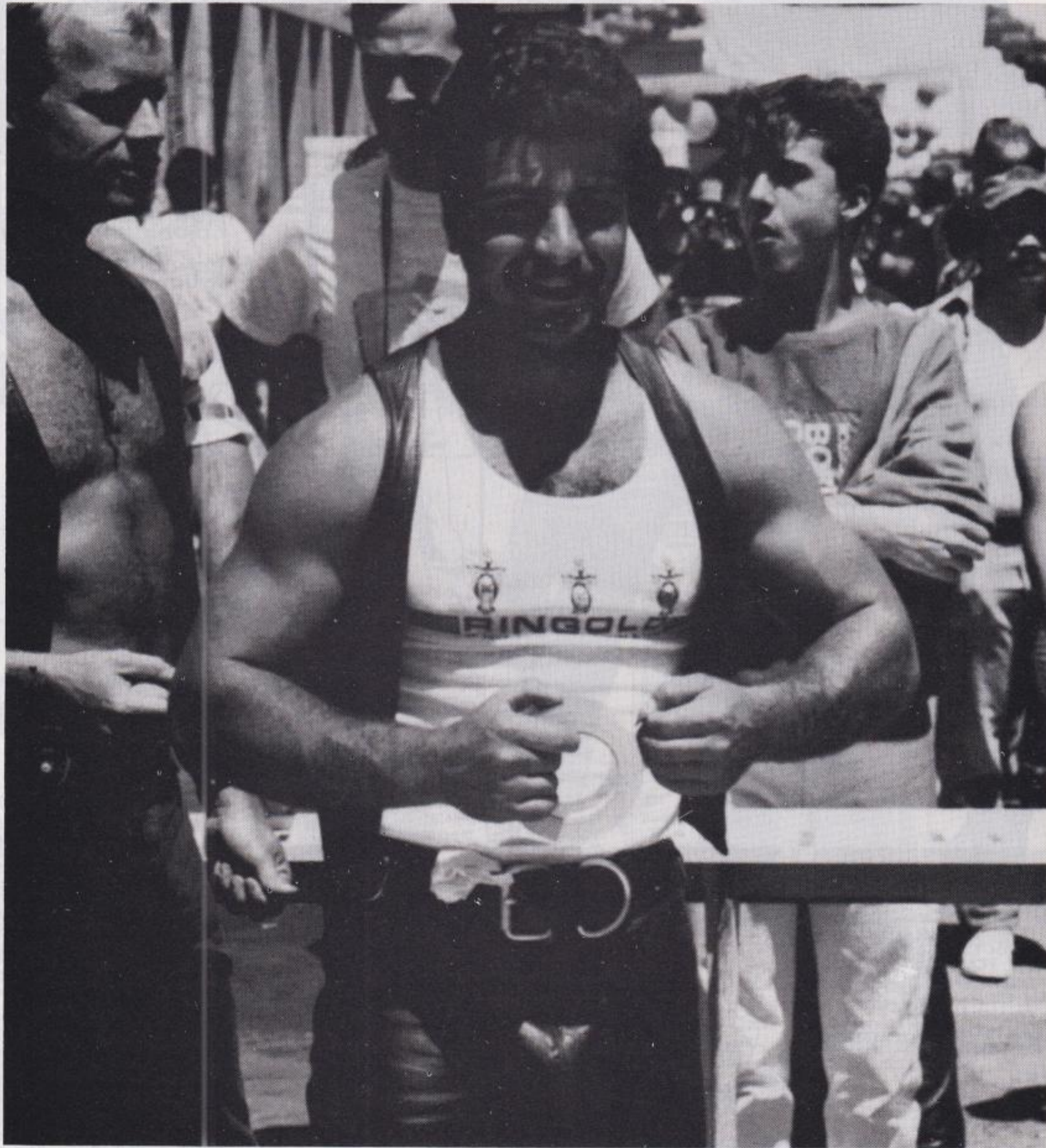
...I'M SURE YOUR DEAR MOTHER WILL BE SO PLEASED WHEN YOU PHONE TO SAY YOU ARE SAFE...

...YOU COULD HAVE BEEN PICKED UP BY SOME ROUGH PERSON AND GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED...

...A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU ON THESE VERY LONELY ROADS... YAK, YAK, YAK...

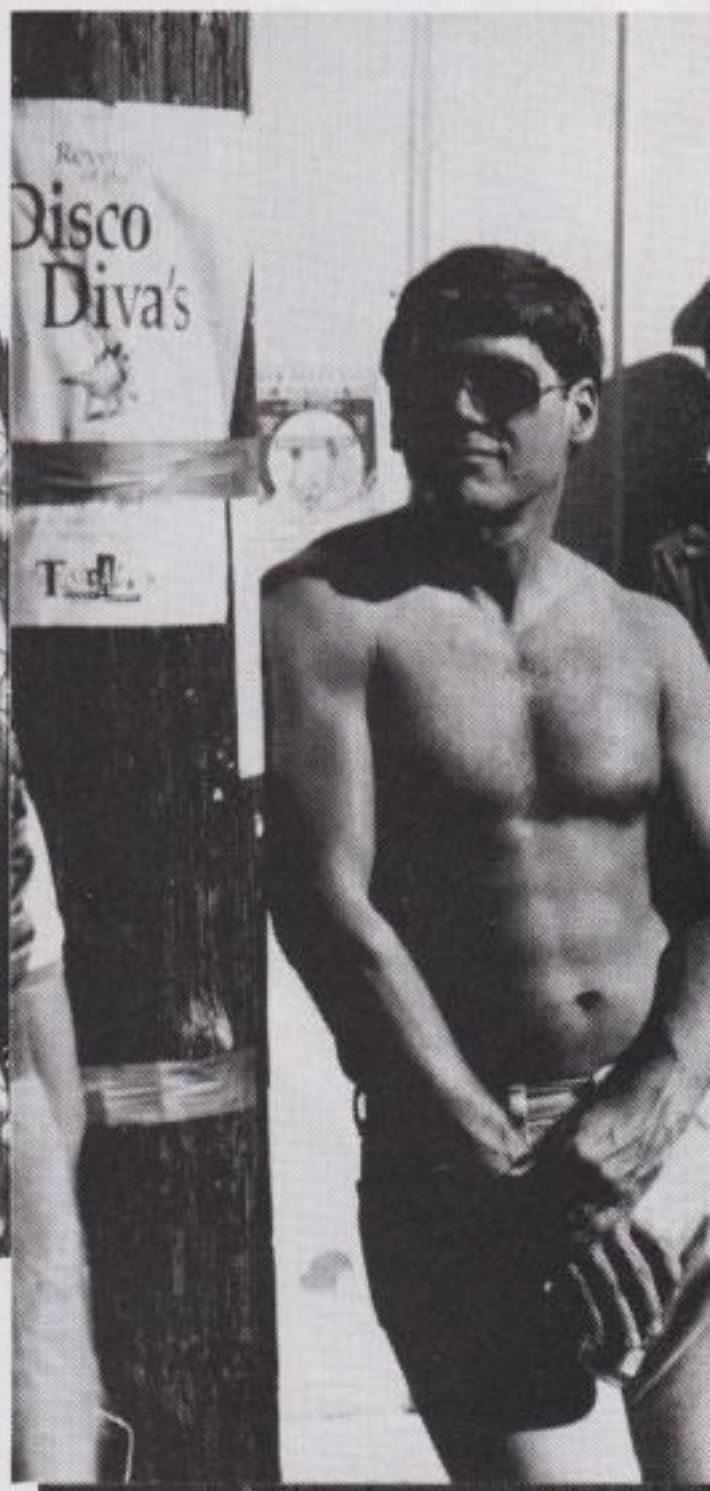
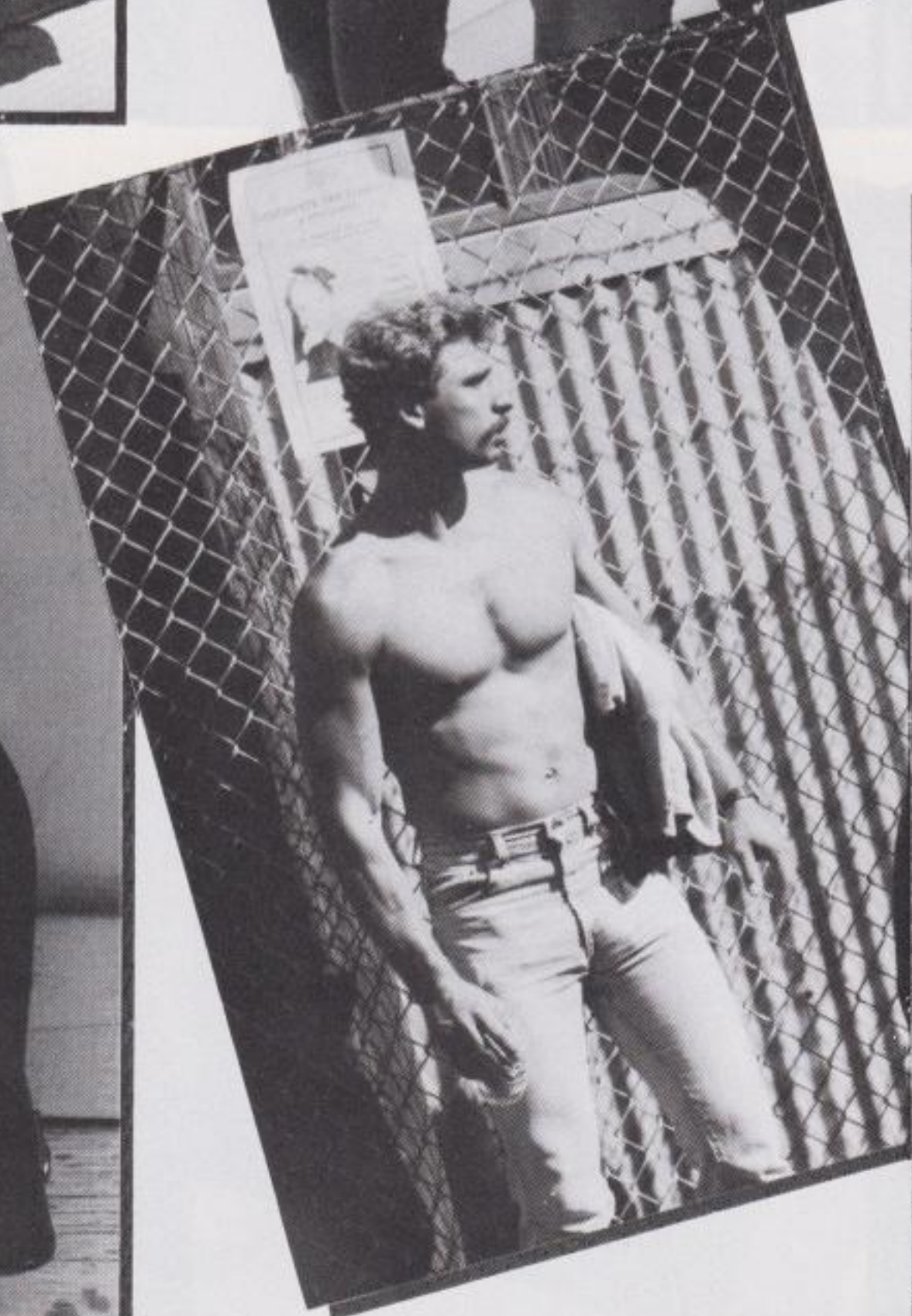
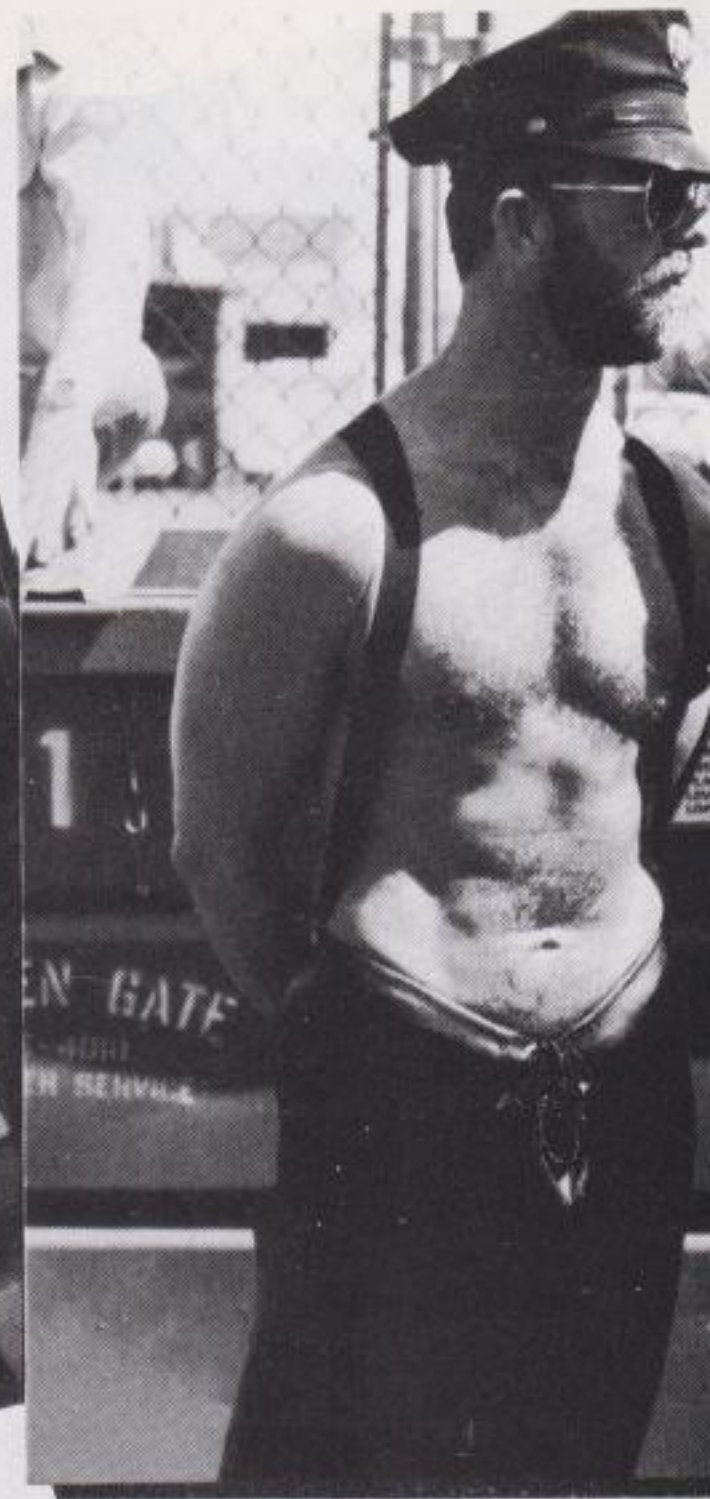
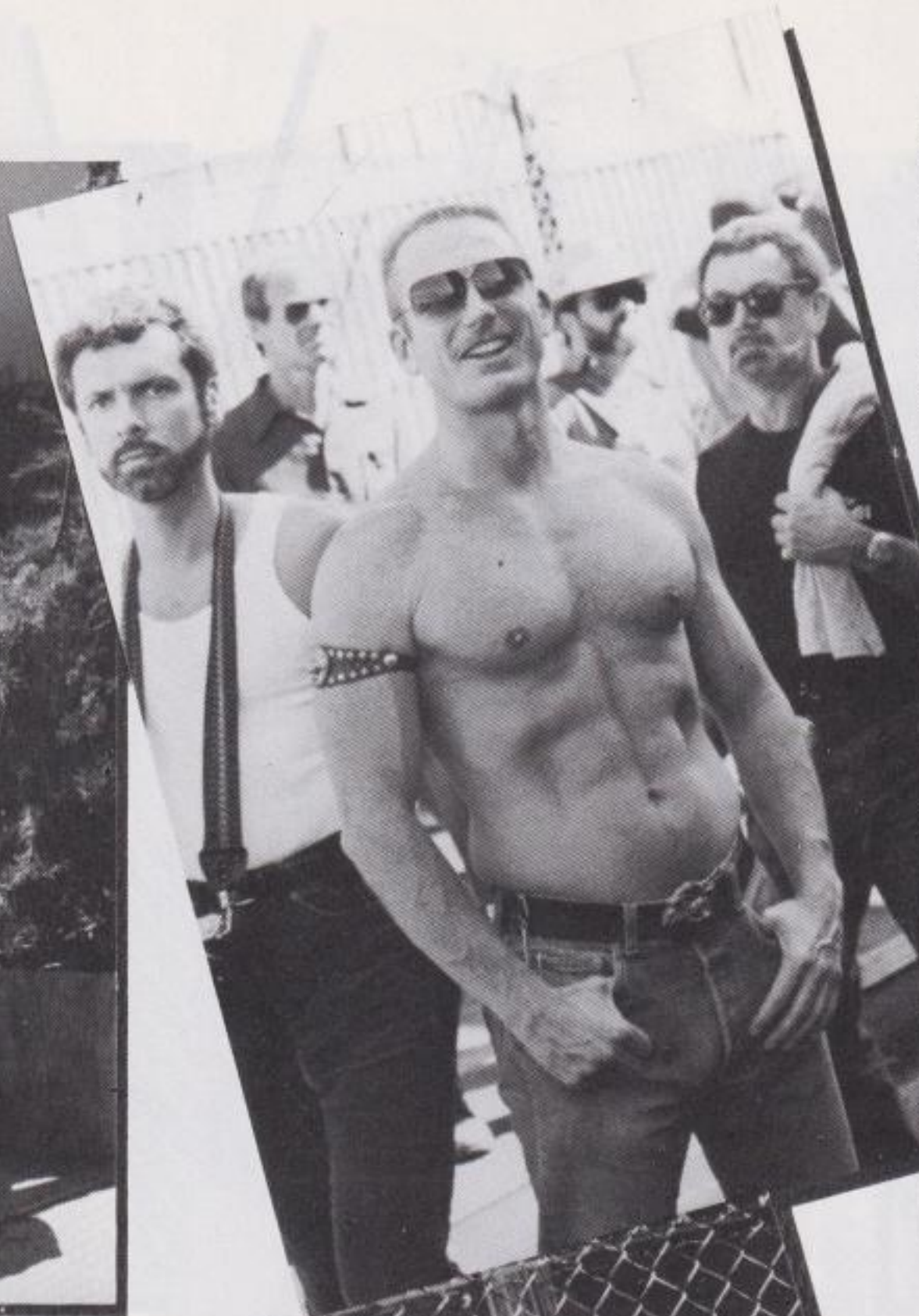


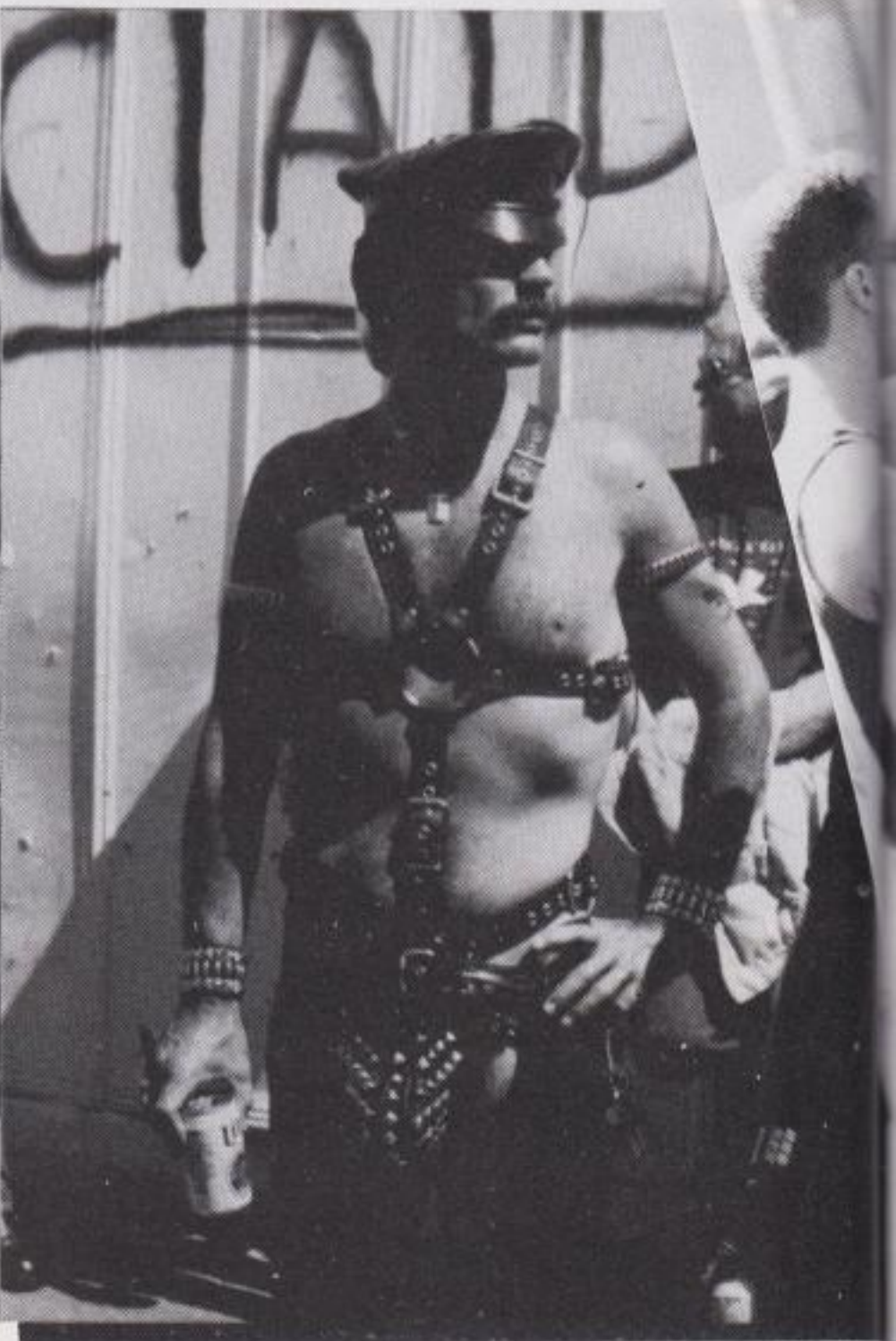
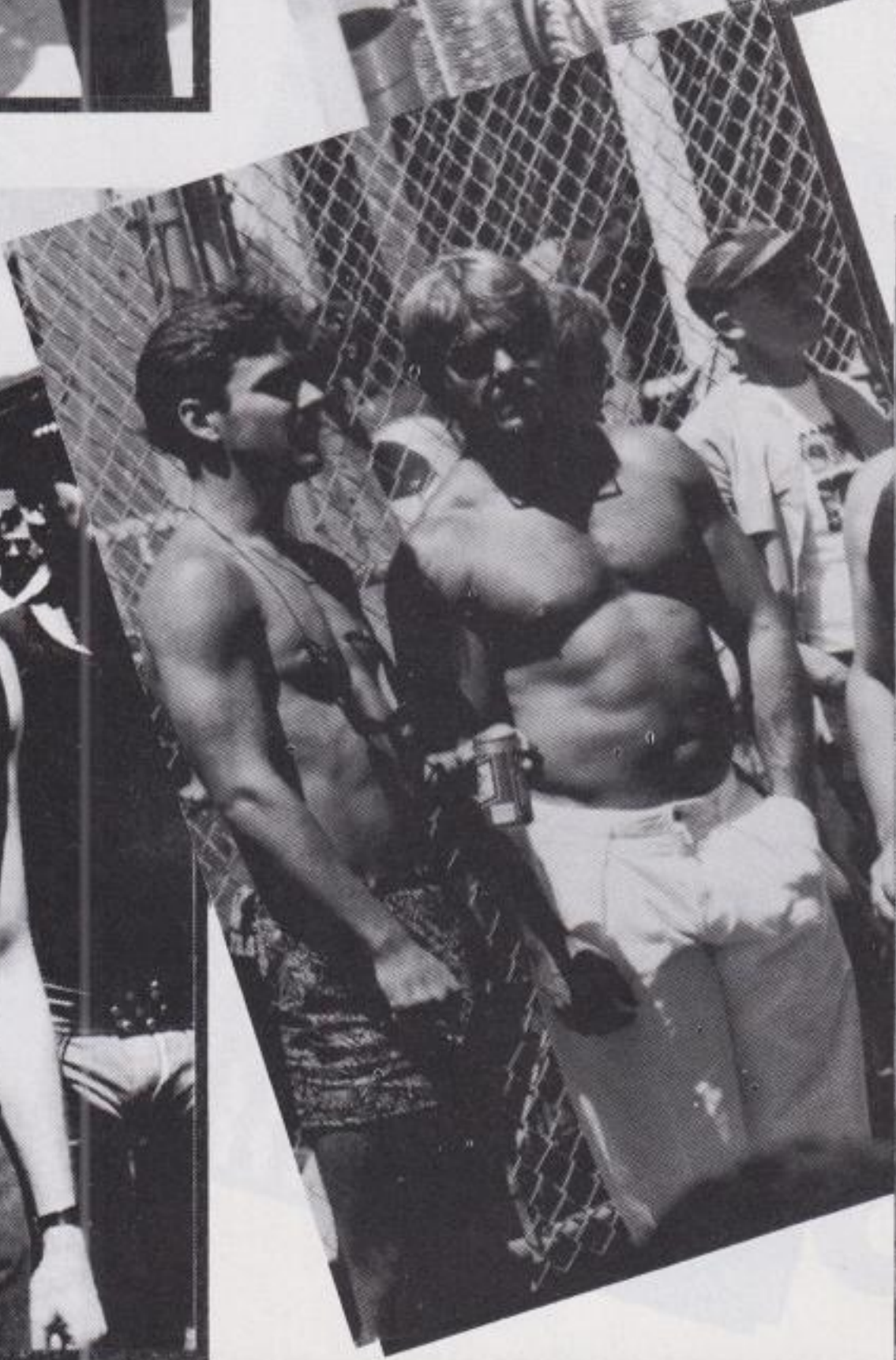
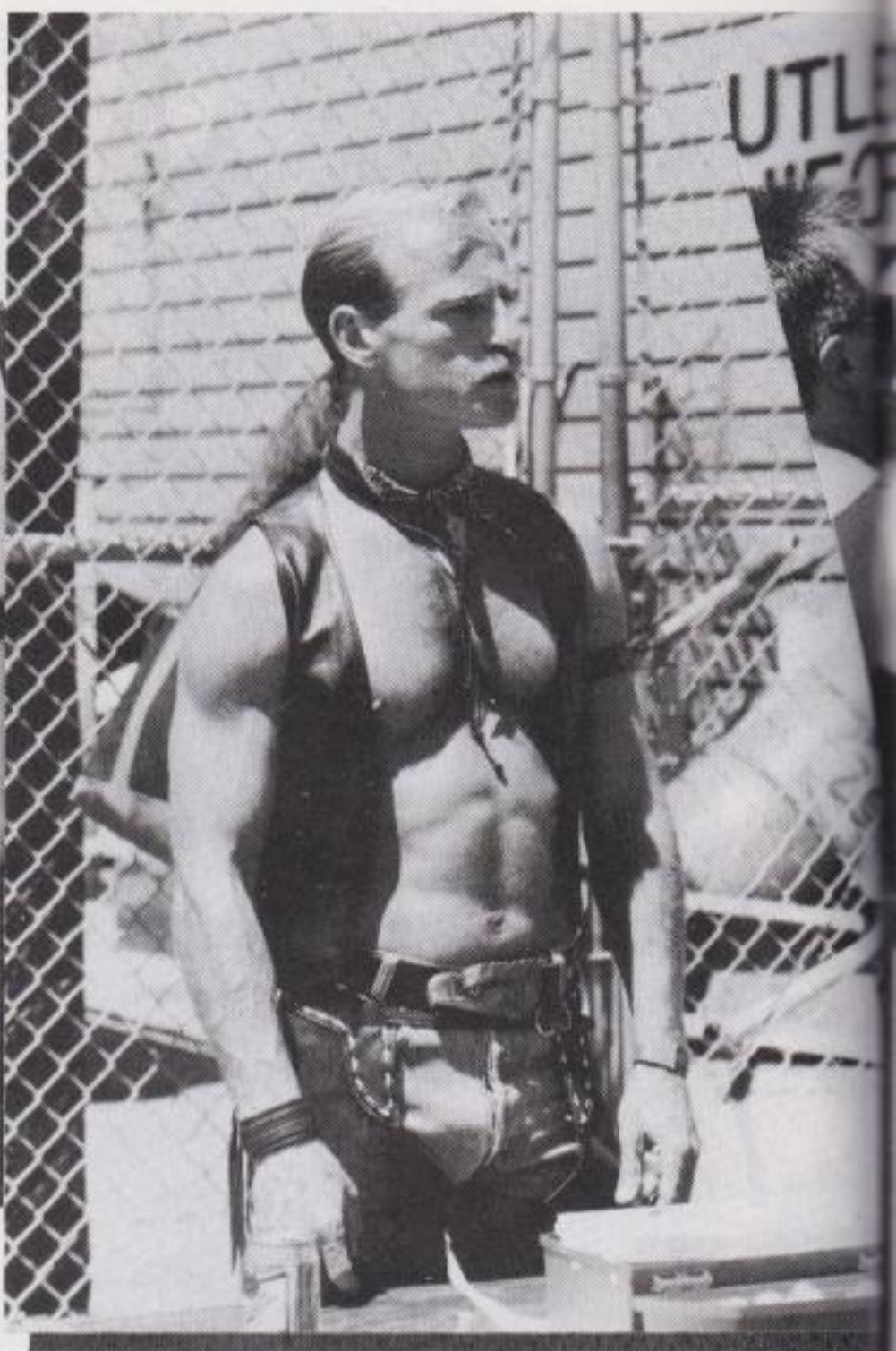
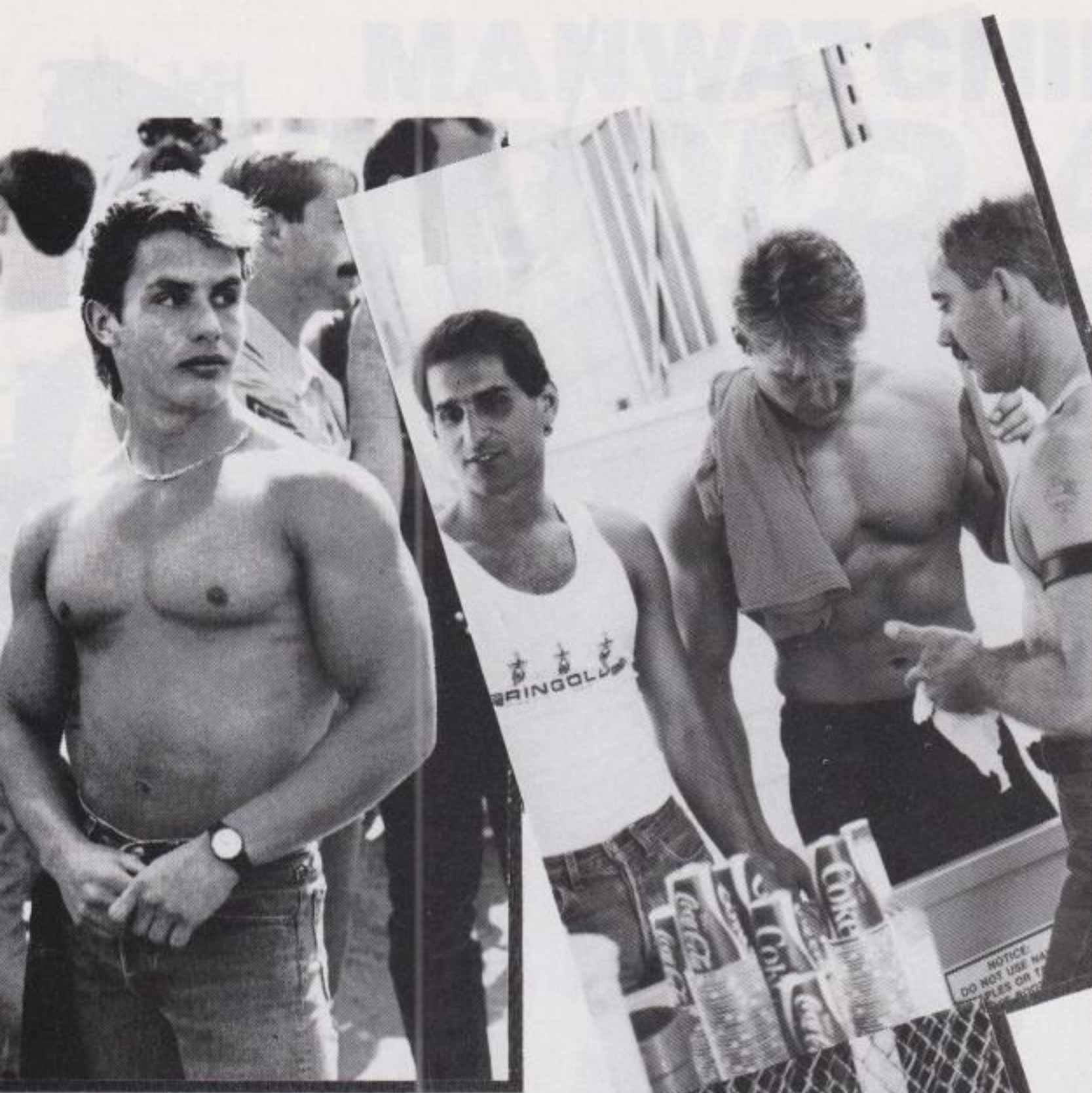
MANWATCHING IN *RINGOLD ALLEY*

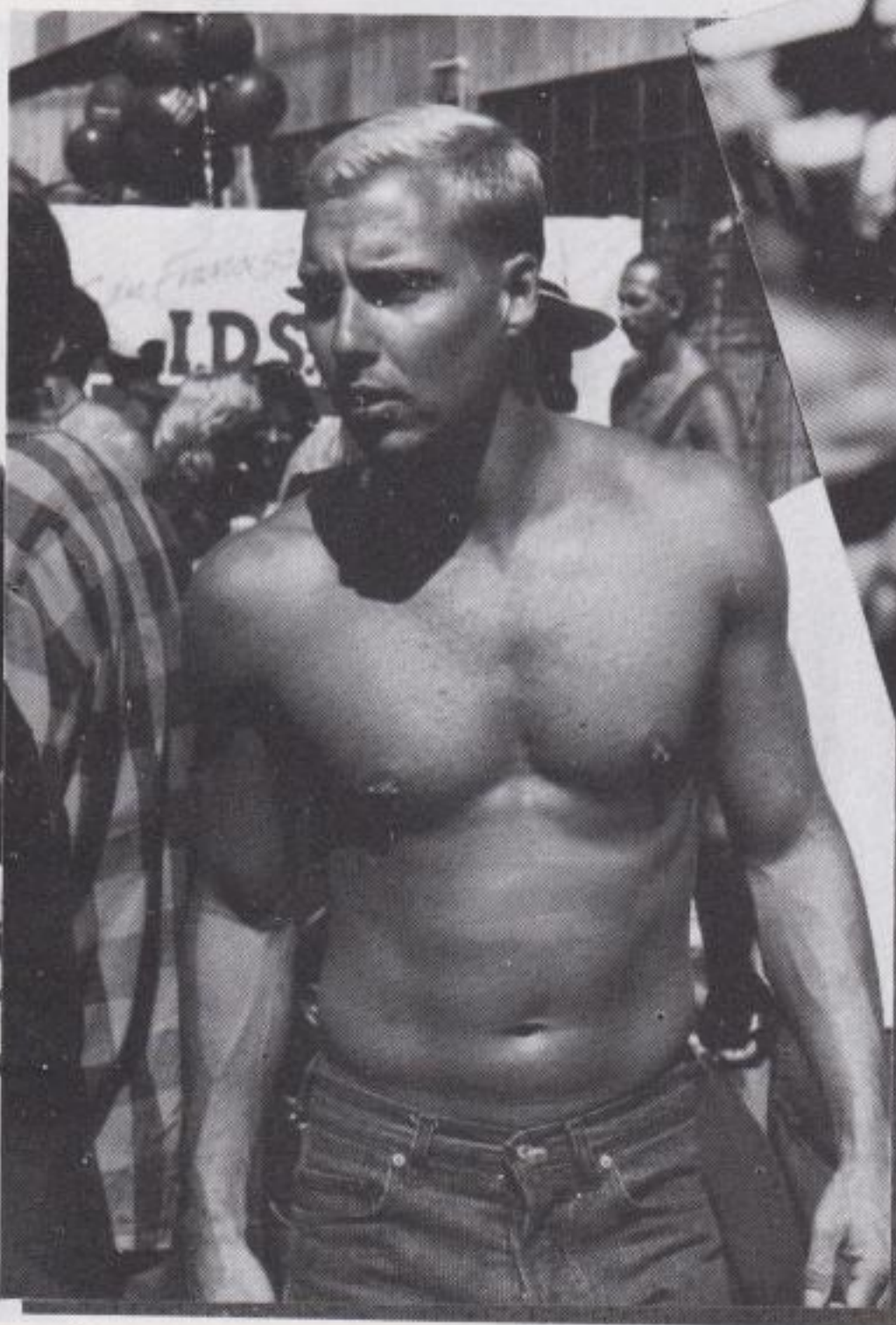
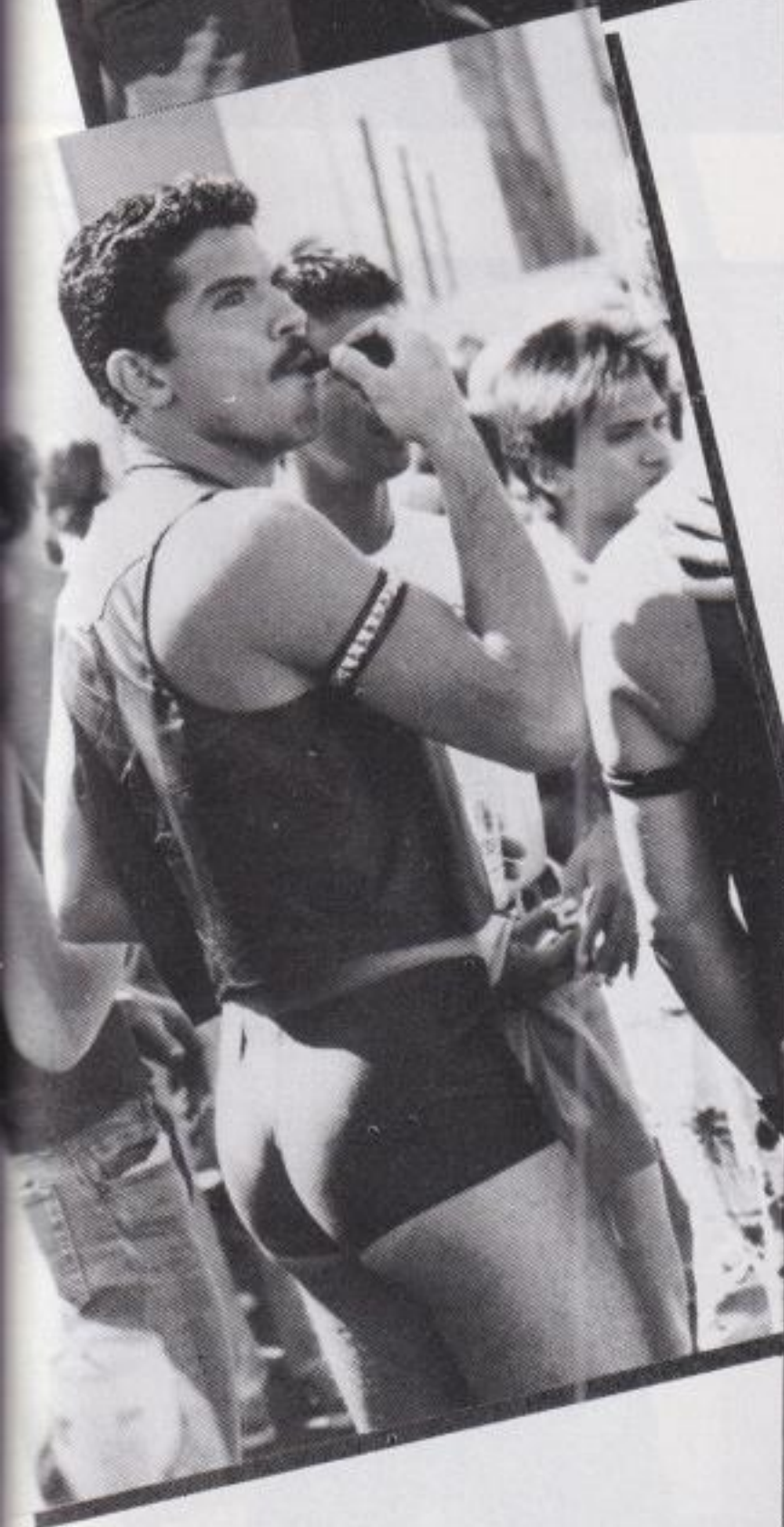
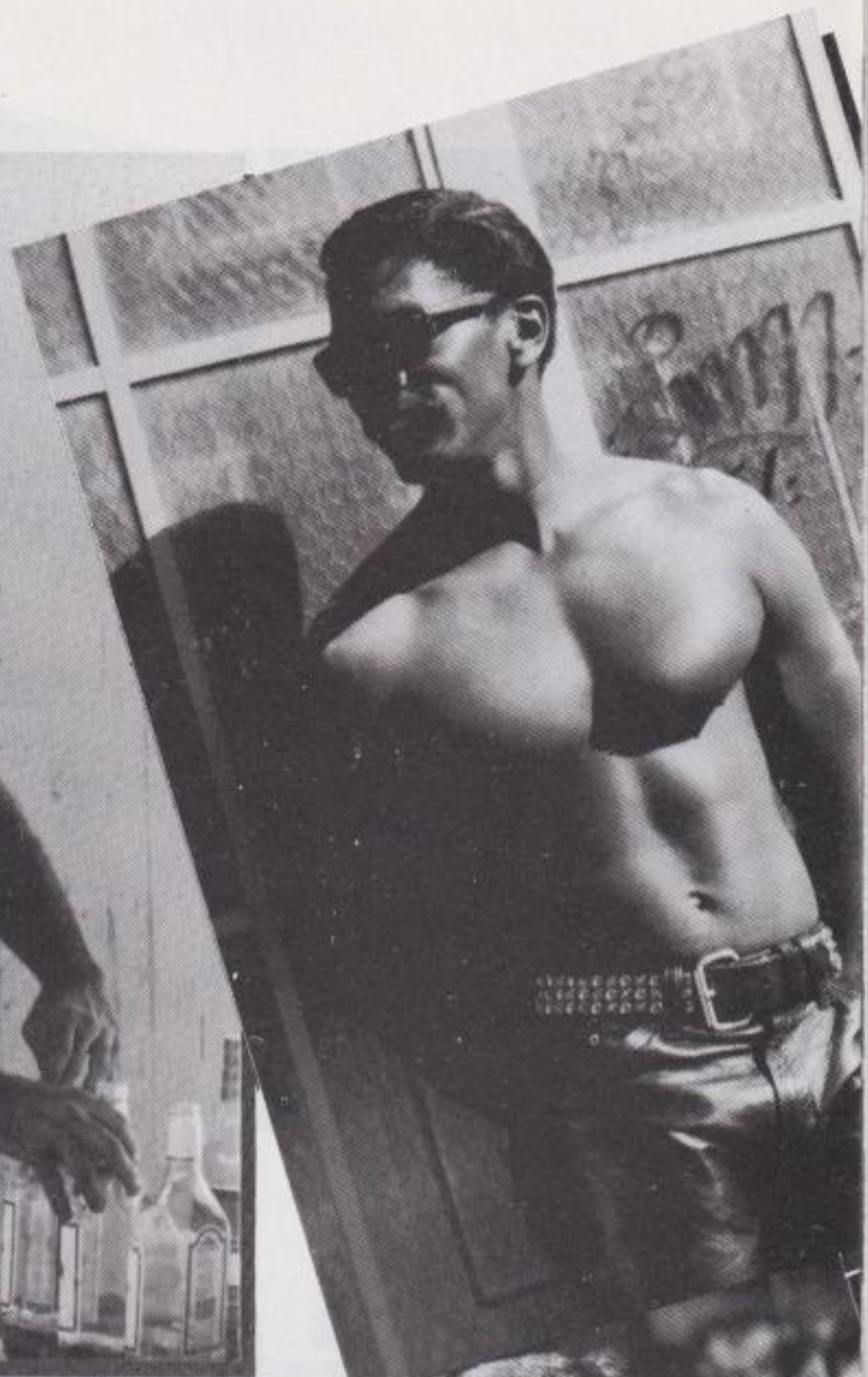
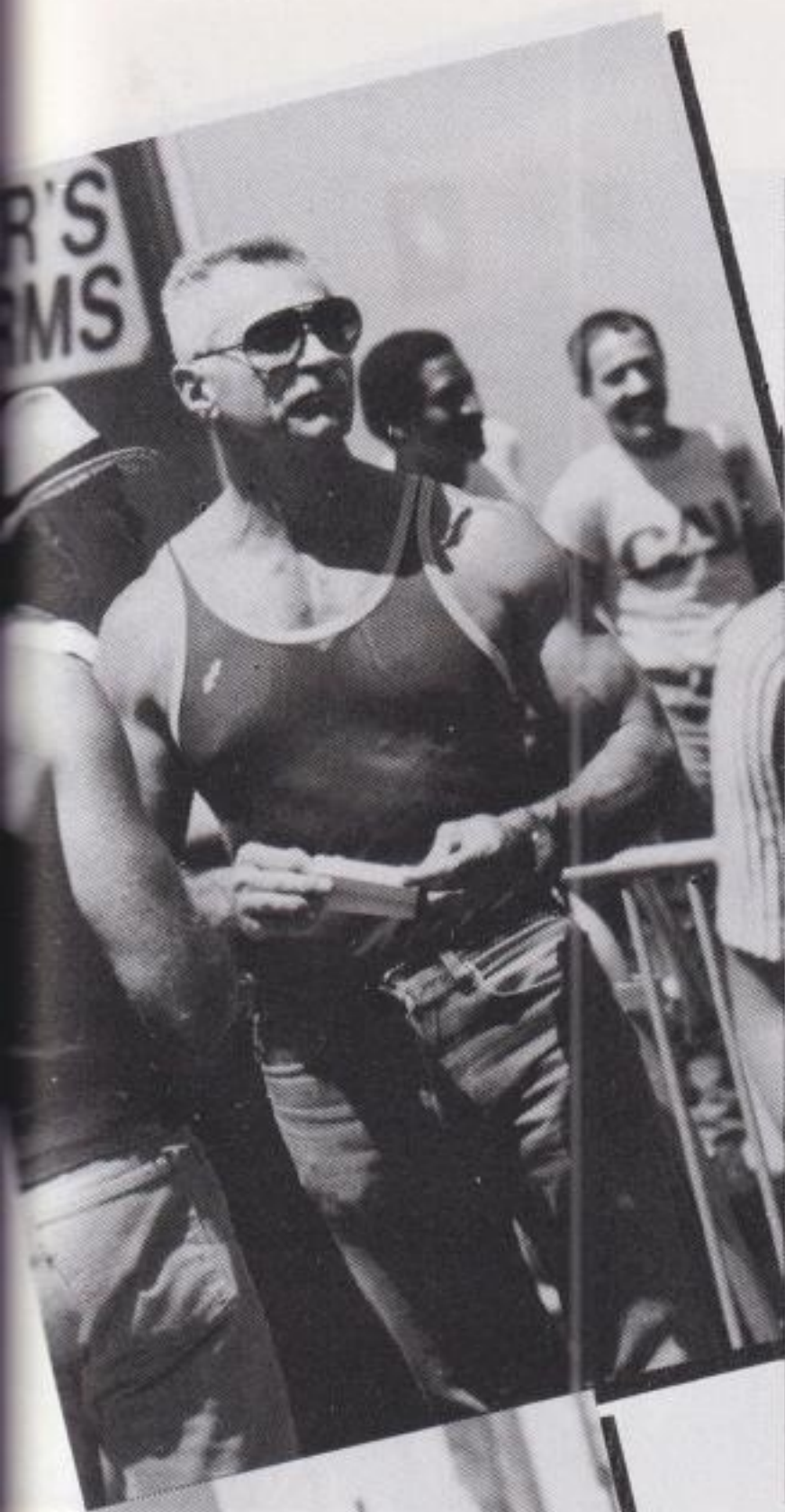


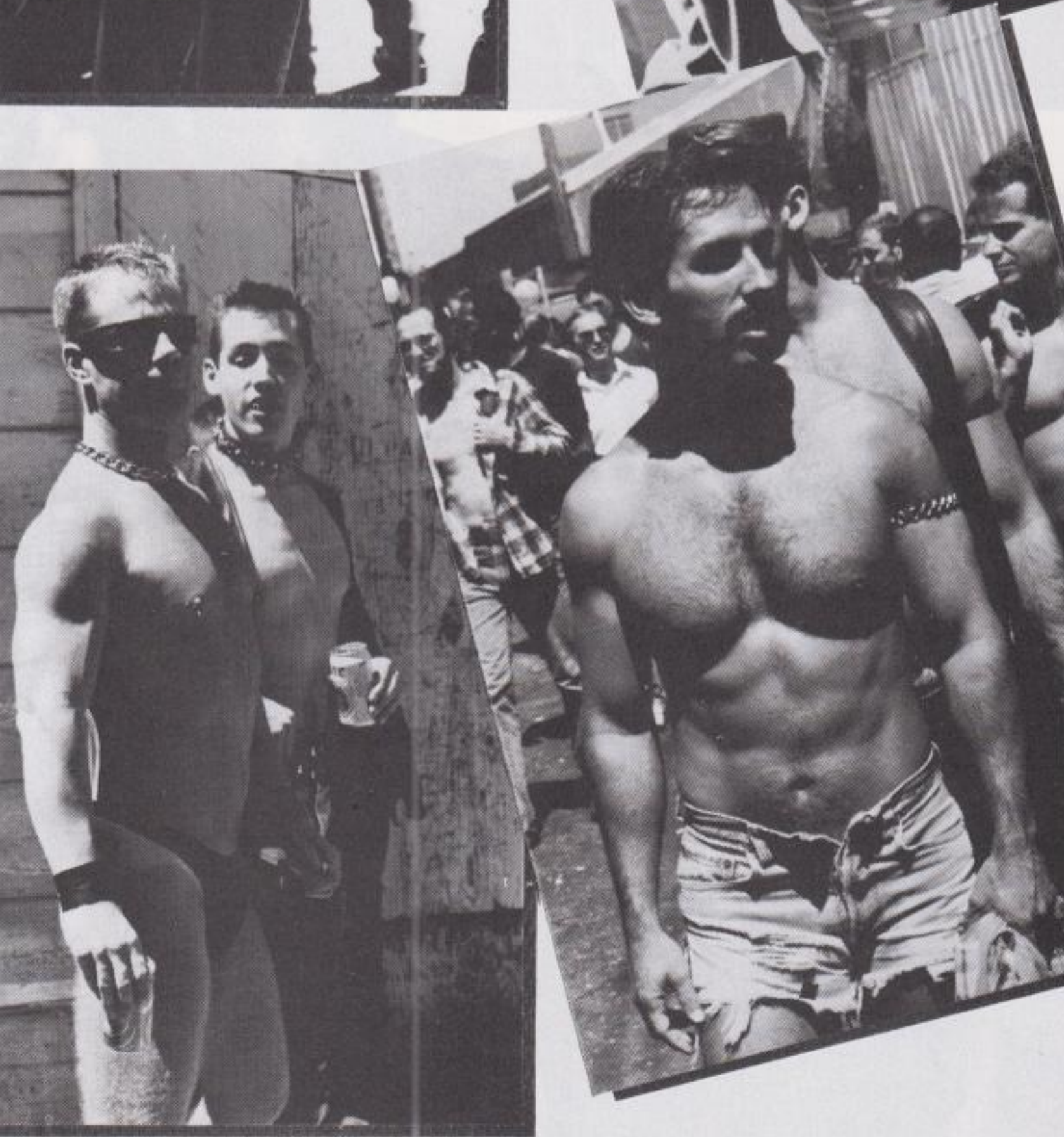
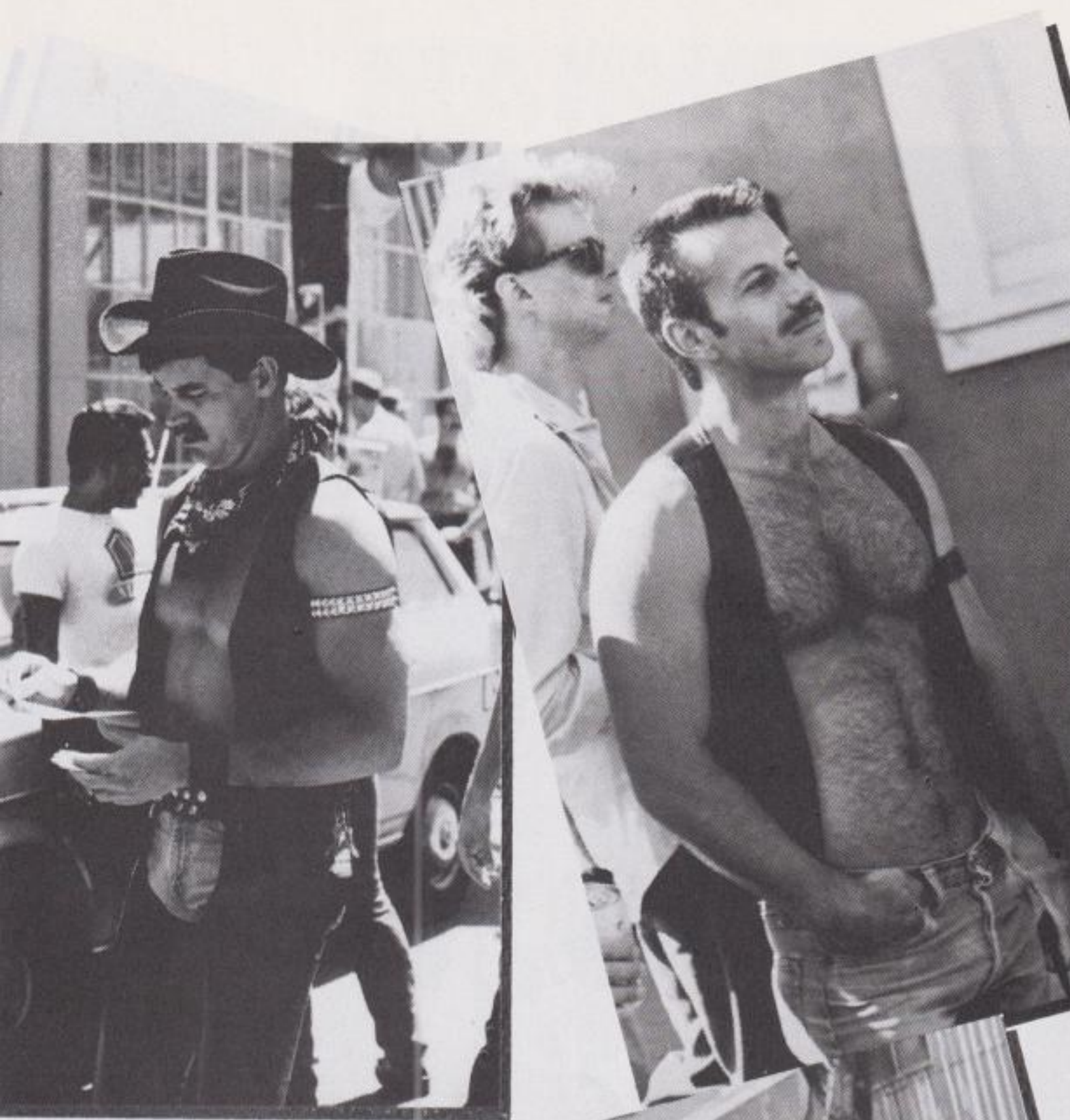
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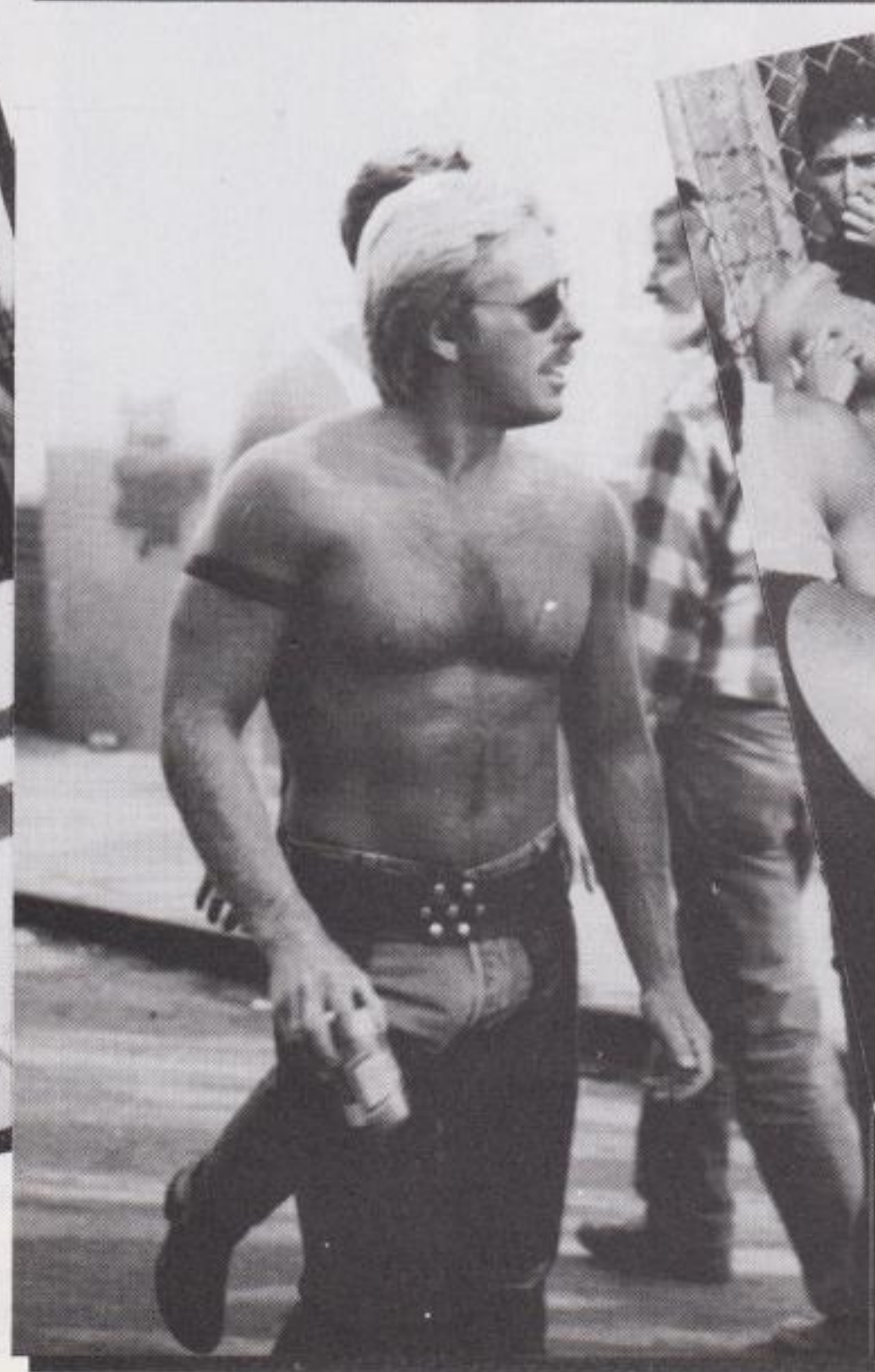
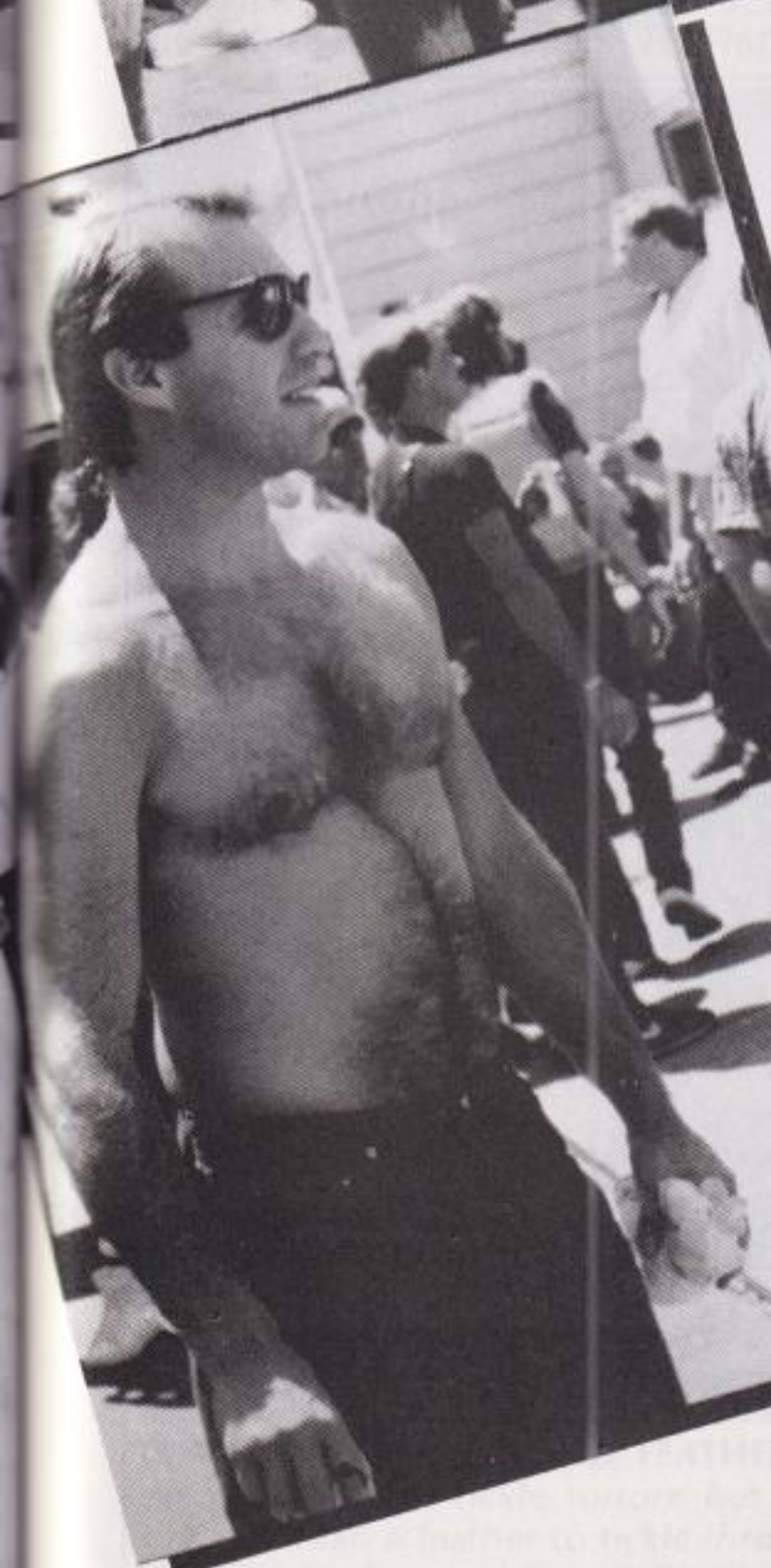
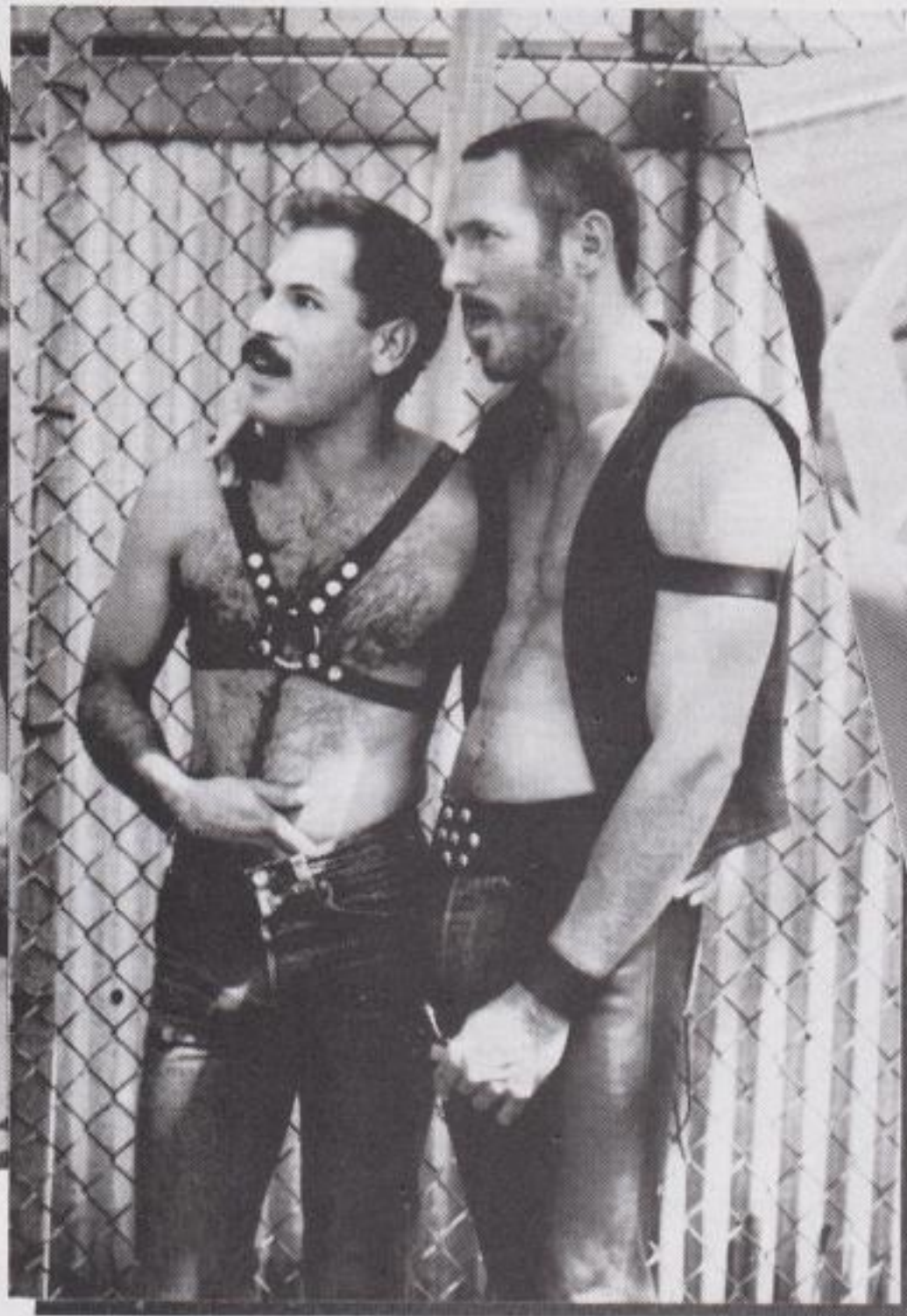
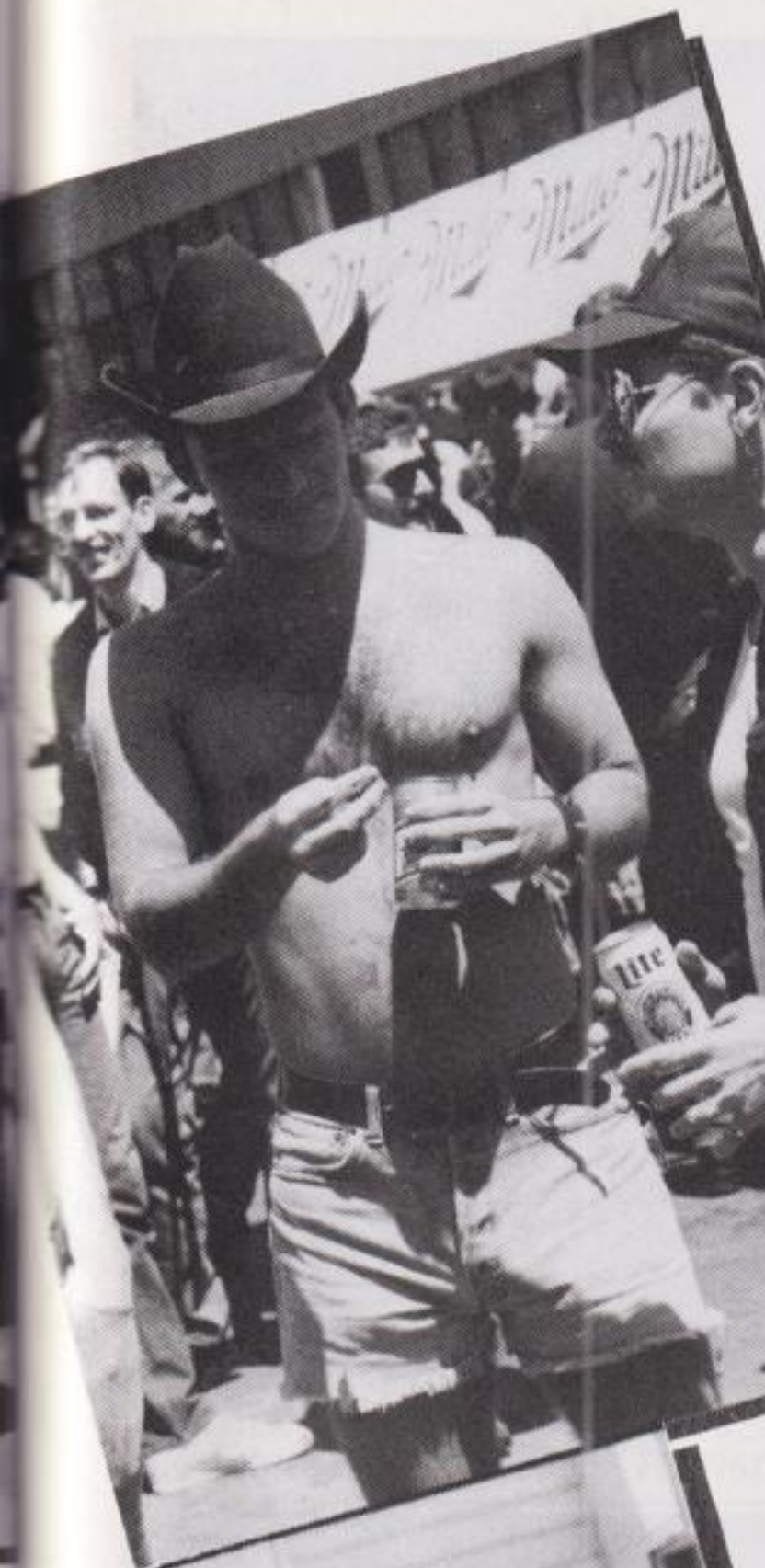
RICHARD LAW











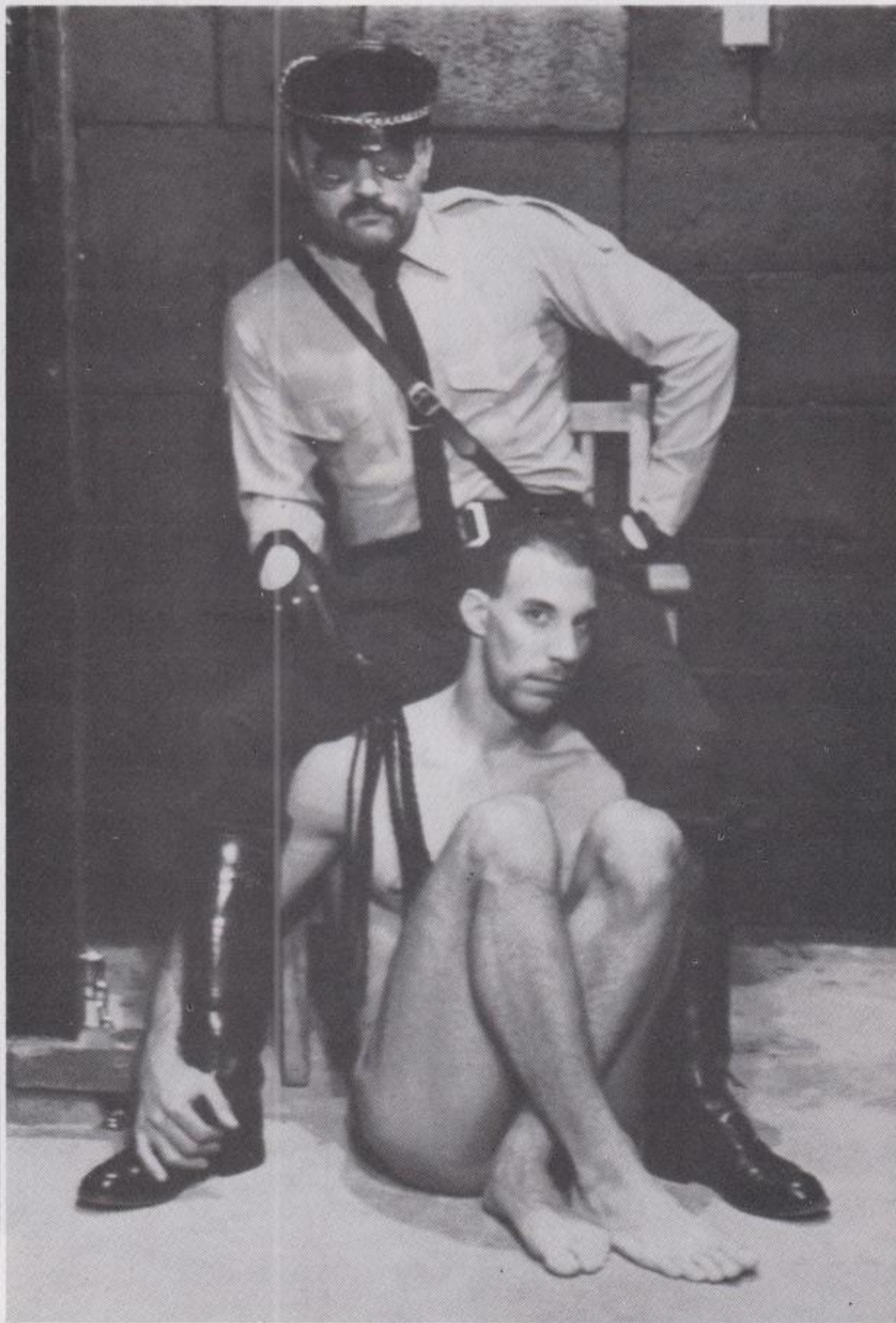
TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

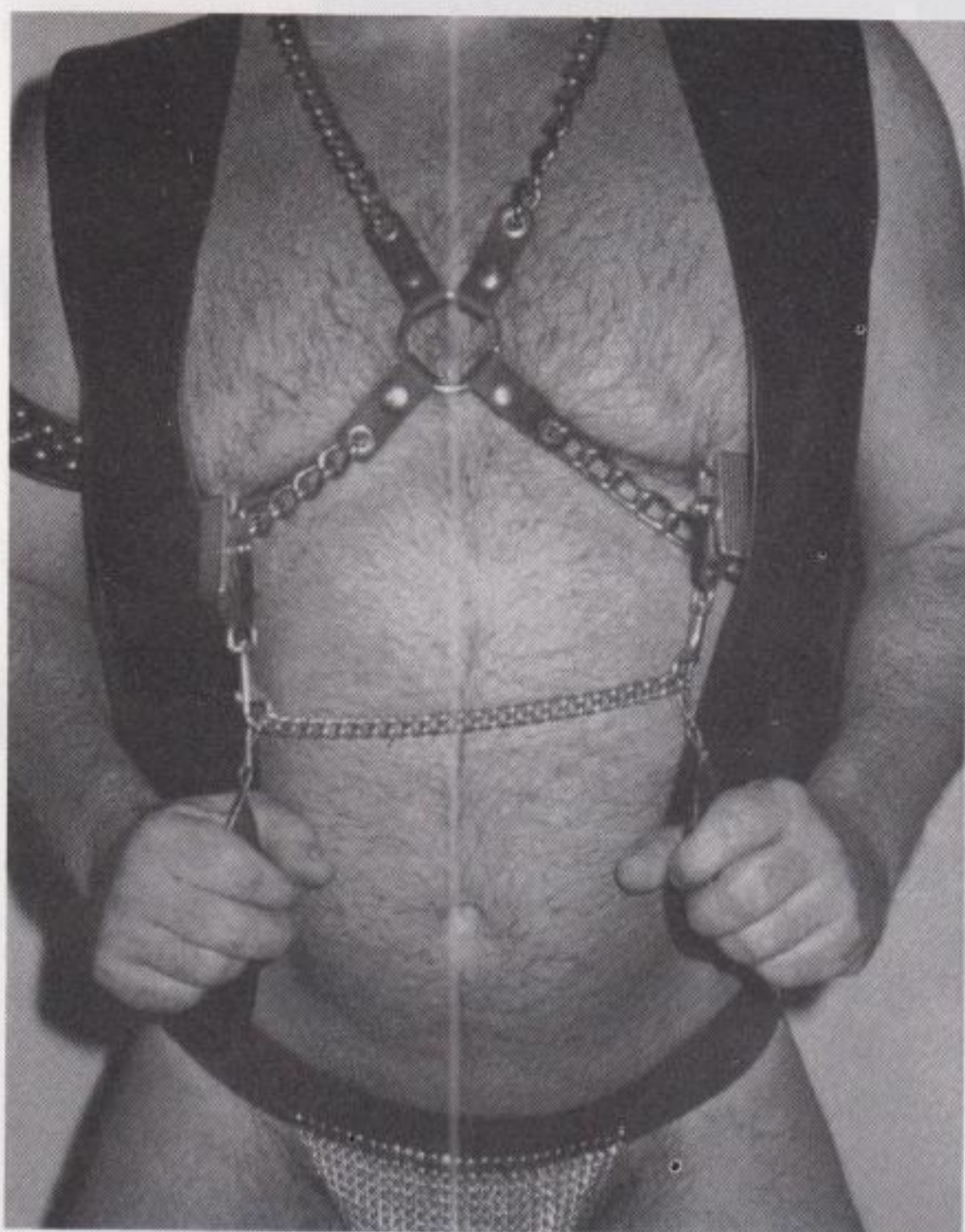
Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, California 94142-2009. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can

assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside *another* envelope and mail it to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



SERIOUS MEN: *This Atlanta couple is looking for others into serious S&M. Frankly, my dear, you'd better give a damn! TC 1158*



LEATHER & CHAINS: 44 years old, 6', 200 lbs., Top/bottom from the gulf coast of Mississippi. TC 1161



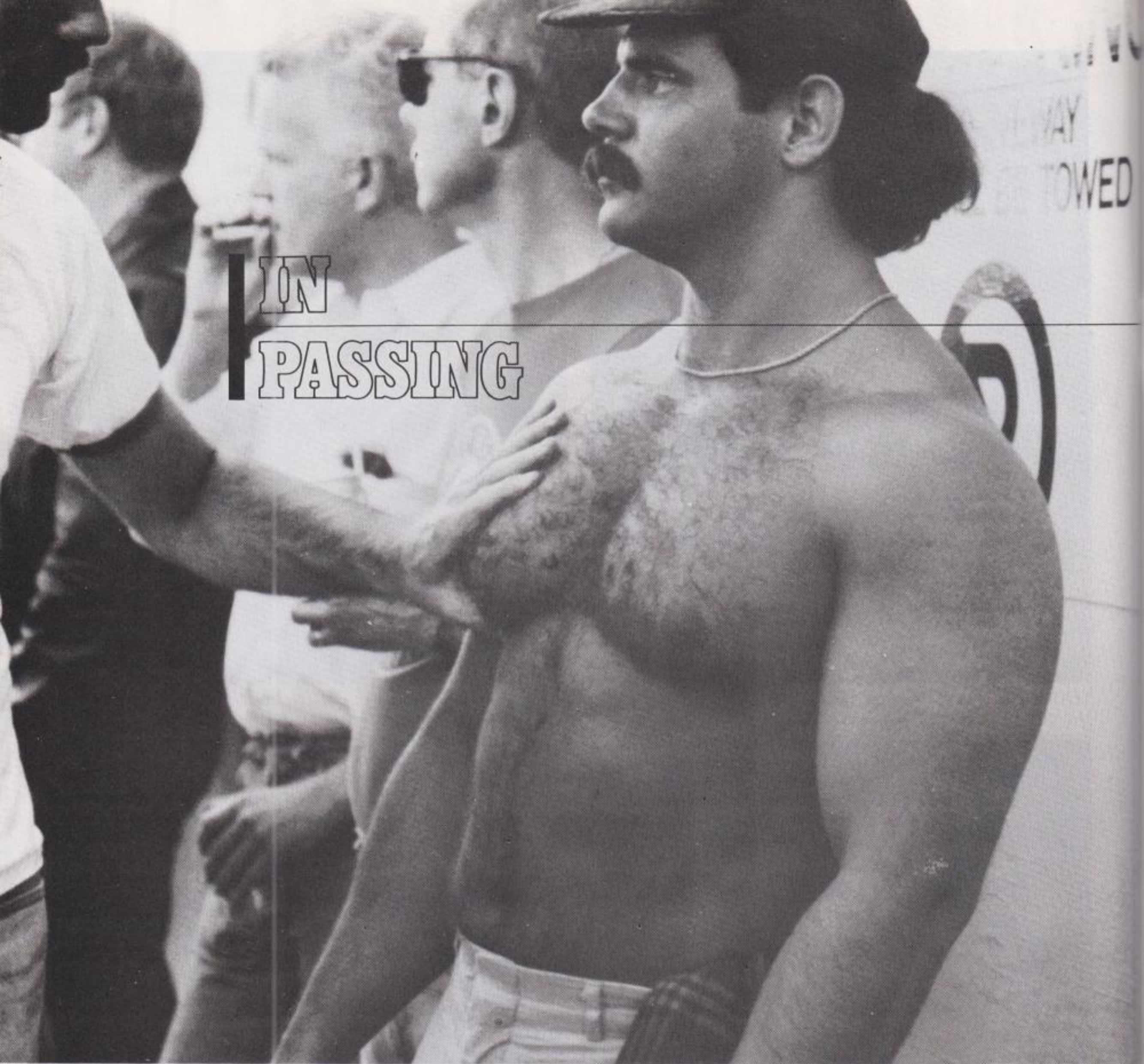
TOUGH CUSTOMER? Not exactly. Muscles more like mussels and the physique of a herring—but lithe and limber, and into wrestling and heavy writhing. This 44-year-old rural dropout, living in both Northern Ireland and France, would like to contact sparring partners, preferably hairy grizzlies, for farmyard encounters. TC 1160



IT WILL TAKE A STRONG FEATHER: This 30-year-old from Wyoming is into tickle torture but I recommend something stronger than a feather to tickle through that rubber suit. He's also into leather, bondage C/B torture and prolonged teasing. TC 1159



NO RAINCOAT: The exhibitionist still wants to form a club (See Malecall in Drummer 86) and accepted our challenge to show it all—well at least show it most. He's 35, 140 lbs., br/bl, recently shaved and from Washington, DC. TC 1162



IN PASSING

Cumming events!!!!

Drummer 99, the next issue to reach your eager hands, will spotlight a special photo series featuring Mr. *Drummer* 1985 Steve Reiswig, and his equally hunky lover, who was Mr. Northwest *Drummer* 1984, Ray Woods, in a powerful, yet erotic, visual statement on the specter of AIDS and leathermen's reaction to it. *Drummer 99* will also give you a look at the sweat and strain being enjoyed by some of the more than 3000 participants in the second Gay Games currently underway here in San Francisco.

Drummer 100 will be the biggest issue, and we think, the best issue ever. To celebrate reaching the century mark of issues published we are trying to assemble something truly golden. Many of the men who have been so important to the success of the first 99 have been asked to plan a special contribution to

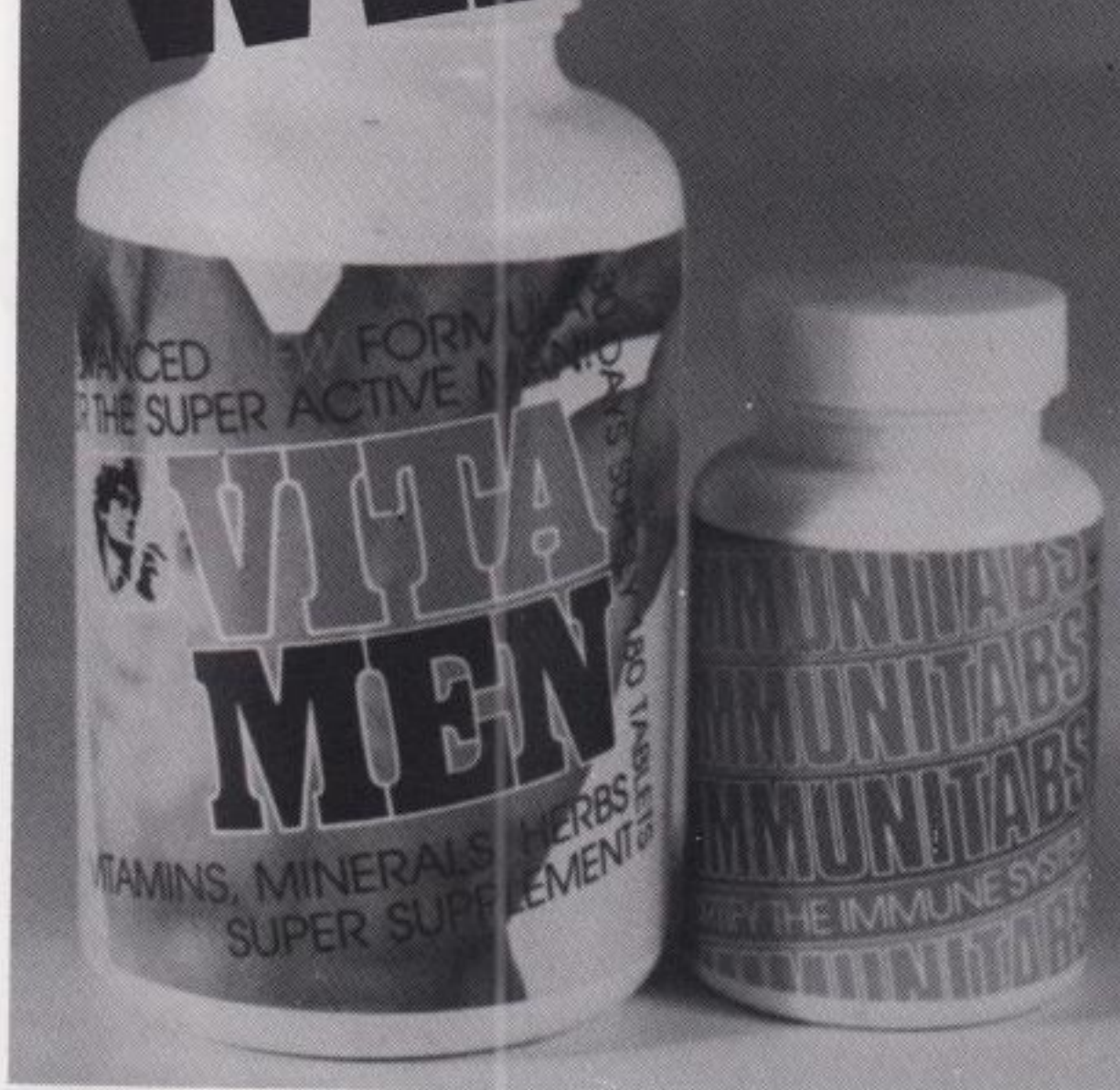
Drummer 100. Robert Payne, Jack Fritcher, John Preston, Larry Townsend, Frank O'Rourke, Rex, Cavelo, The Hun, Jim Moss, Robert Pruzan, and the Zeus Collection are just a few of those on the list of contributors so far.

By the time you read this, ownership of *Drummer* will have passed from John Embry/Robert Payne to myself and my lover, Andy Charles. We look forward to continuing the tradition John started over 11 years ago and pledge to continue to produce a unique magazine of special interest to leathermen and others who hear a different drummer and are proud to march to their own unique cadence. There will be more about our plans for *Drummer* and its brother publications, *Mach*, *FQ*, and *DungeonMaster*, in *Drummer 99*. We look forward to being with you at least another 100 issues.

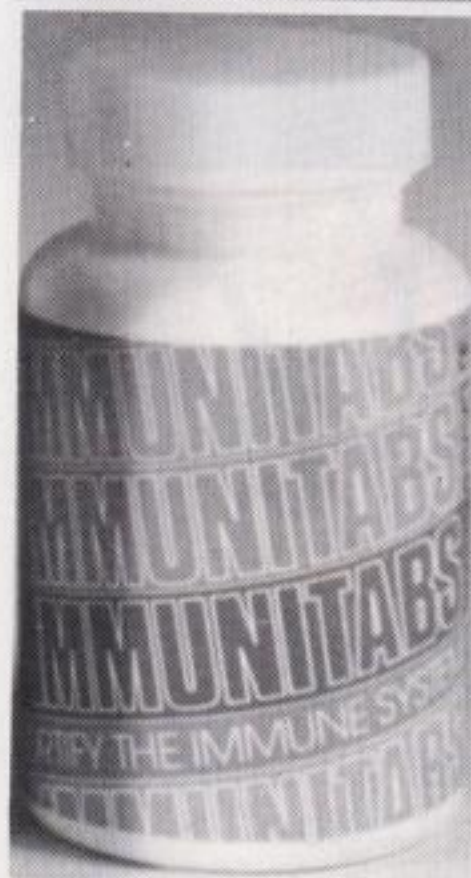
—Tony DeBlase/Fledermaus

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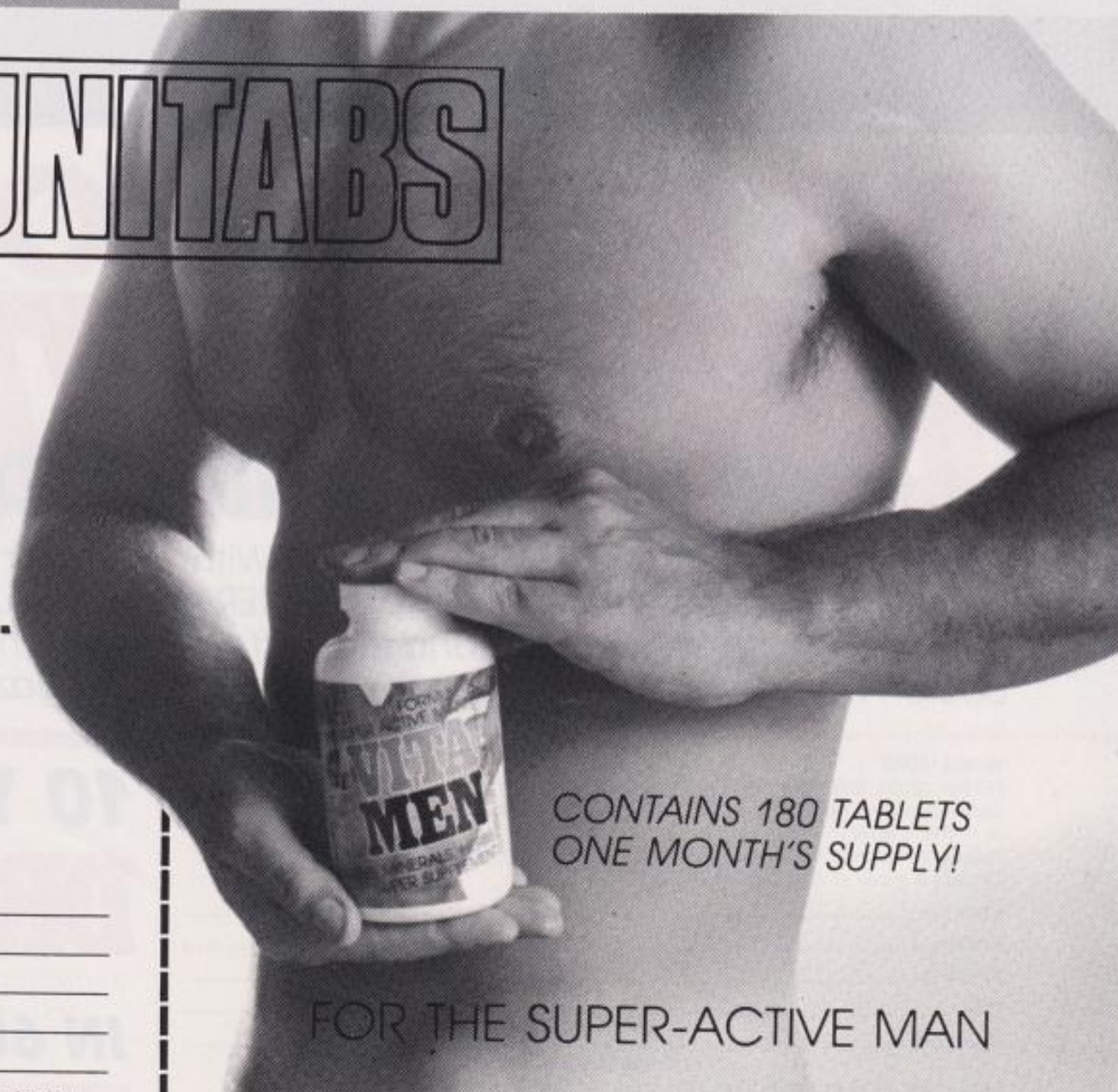
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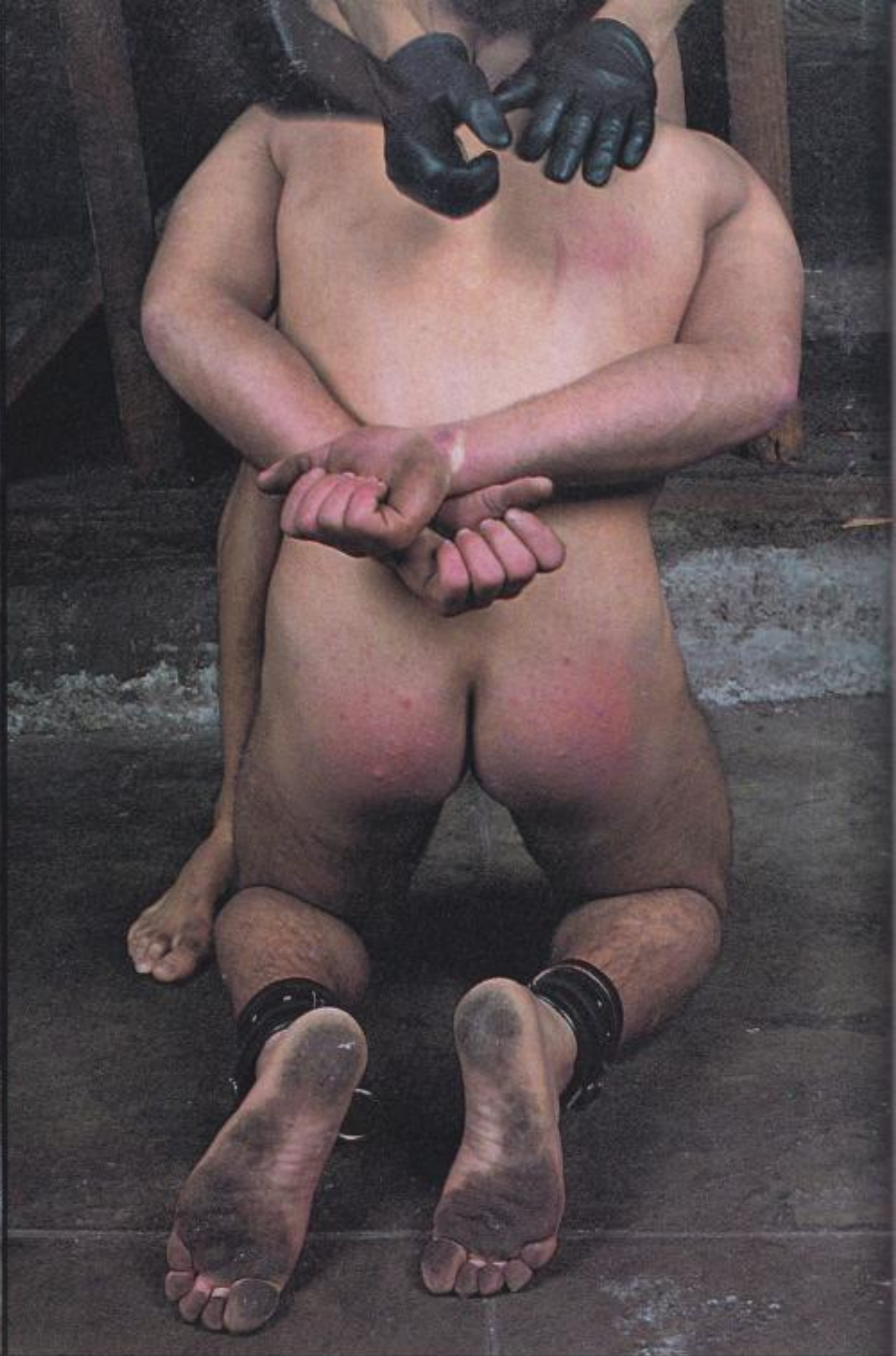
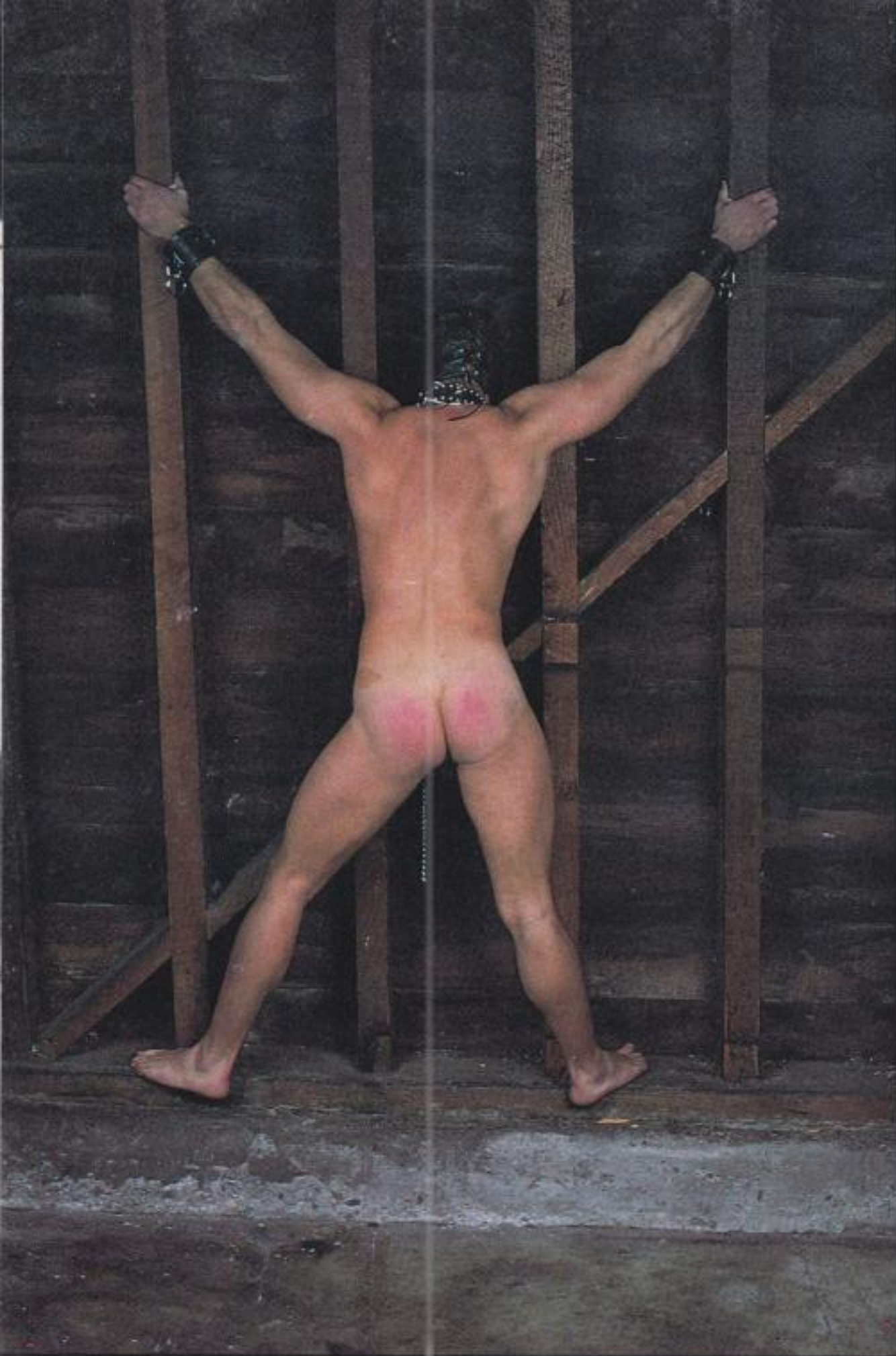
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